

JANUARY 27, 1901.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

Senators Investigating San Quentin

SENATE AQUIRES
SHARPLY CRITICIZED.METHODS IN VOGUE AT THE
STATE'S PRISON.

Going to CORONADO

Going to the Battleground "Iowa"

Two Admirals

Then go to sea

War vessels are apt to be ordered
out of next month. Better
our times there this summer
plenty of room.E. S. BABCOCK, M.
COPORATION, CO.
H. P. NORMAN, Agent,
20 Spring St., Los Angeles.

WHAT THERE IS TO DO AT

Hotel Casa Loma

RELANDERS

GOLF
TENNIS
CROQUET
CLOCK GOLF
TETHER BALL
SHUFFLE BOARDS
COACHING PARTIES
DANCING AND CARD
FINE DRIVING TOURS
ELECTRIC CAR RIDE
POOL AND BILLIARD
GOOD RIDING HABITS
PICKNICKING IN THE
MOUNTAINS

In fact everything to make it a
memorable vacation.

Illustrated booklet.

J. H. BOHN, Prop.

Hotel Arcades

Santa Monica by the
Finest Winter Climate is the
Elegant Hotel, Steam Heat

Elevators, Electric Light

Sunny Rooms Overlooking

The Ocean.

Hot and Cold Salt Water

Fine Golf Links

Boating and Fishing

Delightful Drives

Service, Table, and Apartments Unexcelled.

Owned by S. F. R. R. rates not over

this rate, every half hour. The

minimum stays one week from

W. E. ZANDER, Man.

ARLINGTON

HOTEL...

BEAUTIFUL

Santa Barbara

BY THE SEA

City of roses and flowers. Ocean blos-

oming every day. Perfectly dry climate.

The finest green in our golf links is the

finest. Five minutes' drive on the road

from the hotel.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor

HOTEL

La Pintoresca

PASADENA.

Open Till May

First-class Cuisine and

entertainment. 100 feet above

the level, commanding a glorious view

of the mountains.

An Ideal Golf Course

A. C. WENTWORTH, Prop.

and formerly of Hotel La Pintoresca

Tourists, Attention

Before returning East do not forget

to visit the

most famous hotel of Central California.

THE

Hotel Del Monte, Monterey

Hotel Vandemoer, San Jose

Palace Hotel, San Francisco

Information call or address me

C. A. MURKIN, M. D.

West Third Street, Los Angeles

WITTLER'S FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

THE GREENLEAF

Needs Reasonable Room

Commercial.

SAVANT'S WALL-PAPER STOCK OF H. L. LEADS

Pasadena, half price. Walter's 425 N. Spring

SAVANT'S

WALL-PAPER STOCK FOR DIVORCE SHALL

NOT BE CHANGED.

(EXCLUSIVE)

A bill recently introduced

into the Legislature to regulate

divorce proceedings.

The bill

provides that the cause for divorce shall

be instituted in this State which shall

be based upon a cause which is not a

cause for divorce in the State from

which the parties came.

That is to say, a wife comes here from,

say, New York, and applies for divorce

for other than statutory grounds there,

the case is not to be considered.

It is to be considered by those who

oppose the bill that in New York the

only cause are those of desertion and

adultery, and that therefore such causes

as the worst of cruelty, drunkenness,

conviction of felony, etc., would have a

large effect if the bill were passed.

If it were passed, however, it would

have a large effect on the law.

Another objection to the bill is that

it excludes those persons coming from

other States who are not subject to the

laws of the State of California.

That is to say, a person immediate

and most recent investigation.

Today's investigation

has convinced us that many

are and have been radically

different from the people here.

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(COAST RECORD.)
CROSS GUILTY,
SAY ALUMNI.

**Right of Free Speech
Not Abridged.**

**Report of the Committee
is Adopted.**

**Mrs. Howell not Abducted—
Boy Prevents Murder—Robbers Beat a Victim.**

IN THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.—
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—At a meeting of the alumni of Stanford University, residing in this city, to-night, the following report was presented and adopted:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—The Stanford University Alumni Association of San Francisco: Your committee elected at the meeting of the association held November 29, 1900, to ascertain the confidential and other reasons for Dr. Ross's enforced retirement, Regis Howell, attorney. This information, as those interviewed on both sides have stipulated that the detailed information should be treated as confidential, your committee is able to report only the ultimate facts. These are as follows:

"Mrs. Howell not abducted. Stanford stayed in the opinion general in university circles in 1896; that Dr. Ross's pamphlet, entitled 'An Honest Dollar,' illustrated by political cartoons, signed by himself, was printed in the university and published. Dr. Ross's pamphlet, and published and circulated by one of the political parties during the campaign of that year, was undignified in its form and manner of treatment and the language used, and the spirit and manner of its publication; because jeopardizing the university's right to a reputation for political non-partisanship. This incident, together with Dr. Ross's general conduct, and the fact that campaign was deemed by Mrs. Stanford a symptom of unfitness for the responsible position of head of the economics department of the university.

"Second.—The justice of the criticism then expressed may be deemed to be correct by Dr. Ross, since he has been admitted by him to your committee that he would not again pursue the same course under similar circumstances.

"Third.—Your committee is unable to find that Dr. Stanford's objection arose because Dr. Ross's pamphlet, and his general conduct in the university, in evidence that he had at that time no opinion upon either side of the particular question involved in the case, since she has not abandoned her objection to his conduct in the campaign of 1896, although his views upon the question thereafter radically changed.

"Fourth.—That from December, 1896, ago from Modoc county, California, from economic to social science, until the time of his dismissal, his position in the university was pre-eminent.

"Fifth.—The want of confidence engendered by the incidents of 1896 was never removed from Mrs. Stanford's mind, nor was it removed by the incidents impairing her faith in his good taste and discretion. Among your committee has found:

"The most recent and the classroom lectures, brought to her attention by friends present, and by lampoons in the college annuals, and reports that his name was mentioned in the speech derogatory to her deceased husband."

"Sixth.—Your committee has been unable to find any evidence that Mrs. Stanford ever took exceptions to Dr. Ross's economic teachings.

"Seventh.—That his ultimate demand for his removal was due to the opinions expressed in his speeches on 'coöperate immigration' and 'twentieth-century city,' but because he deemed that his opinions were erroneous, and that he was redressing, after three years of trial, these qualifications of his conduct, that your committee has been unable to escape the force of the following facts:

"First.—Dr. Ross did not in the position of one able to remain in the university, who chose to resign; but of those who wished to remain, he did not necessarily attempt to tell Mrs. Stanford his reasons for doing so, and hence it came to the attention of the force of his own reasons for his own acts.

"Second.—Dr. Ross's statement ignores the criticism arising from his conduct during the year 1896, notwithstanding that he knew at the time of publishing his statement that he did not have one of the operative reasons for his silence.

"Third.—The established fact that Dr. Ross desired to remain at Stanford, notwithstanding the criticisms of his critics, is inconsistent with the theory that he really regarded those criticisms as involving any abridgment of his rights.

"Fourth.—The admission of Dr. Ross to your committee that he would not regard a rule against the participation of students in politics, or the expression of political views, as impairing the proper right of academic freedom, does not detract from the claim that the character of his conduct in 1896 is capable of that construction.

"The foregoing facts and upon the testimony as a whole, your committee concludes that the action of Dr. Stanford in asking the dismissal of Dr. Ross involved no infringement of the right of free speech.

(Signed) "A. H. SUZZALLO,
WALTER M. ROSE,
CHARLES K. FIELD."

BORN ON THE FLYER.

**TWINS USHERED IN SWIFTLY.—
(DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)**

SPOKANE, Jan. 26.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Twins, the first saw the light about 11 o'clock in the morning, were moving at a speed of forty miles an hour, as they took off the Oregon Railway and Navigation train at Spokane late this afternoon. Their mother, Mrs. P. T. Cooper of Portland, Or., gave birth to them while in a sleeper of the train. At 12 o'clock in the morning, when the first baby uttered its first cry, and the hour later when the second saw the light.

The train, which is the flyer from Portland, was speeding up the hill from

Walla Walla Valley, when Mrs. Bulger called in the ladies in the car, who were all that is woman in their attire to the sufferer. When Colfax had been reached, the infant boy and girl were in blankets, the mother was resting quietly. She was brought on to Spokane and the train was stopped at a convenient crossing, an ambulance called and the mother and babies removed to Sacred Heart Hospital, where all are doing well. Mrs. Wilcox, wife of Mrs. Bulger, was accompanying the mother. Mrs. Bulger was on her way to join her husband at Nelson, B. C., where he is engaged in shipbuilding for the Canada Pacific.

DAMAGE FOR LIBEL.

ONE ATTORNEY SUITS ANOTHER.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.—
STOCKTON, Jan. 24.—A. H. Carpenter, a local attorney, today filed a damage suit for \$10,000 against A. H. Aspinwall, Attorney General of the state, alleging the Attorney General libeled him by accusing him of subornation of perjury during the trial of Arthur Ennis, charged with stealing a horse from the Sargent ranch. A witness named John Sargent went back on a sworn statement he had made before the trial before the trial. Aspinwall claimed he had been robbed of his horse, containing \$11, by a man who occupied the place directly behind her. The man escaped.

THIEF Party at San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—The Duke of Manchester, accompanied by Eleine, Duchess of Manchester, and their son, the Hon. George, were in their private car. The Duke party will remain here for several days, but their plans beyond that are unsealed.

Chief Steals in Church.
SACRAMENTO, Jan. 26.—Miss Mary, a young girl, educated in the Catholic cathedral today, was robbed of her purse, containing \$11, by a man who occupied the place directly behind her. The man escaped.

GUILTY Negro Takes Poison.
STOCKTON, Jan. 26.—Eugene Robinson, colored, pleaded guilty to two charges of burglary and attempted robbery, and was sentenced to five years to eleven years at Folsom. Robinson, on his return to jail, after sentence, took morphine and may die.

Bids for Lumber Opened.
SEATTLE (Wash.), Jan. 26.—Bids for 3,000,000 feet of lumber to be shipped soon to Manila were opened to-day. The quietest bidder was Henry Jones, who bid \$150,000. The advance and Eddie Jones were strongly played.

Montanic got away flying and ran into Bathos, unseating Redfern. He was hit in the head and died.

For a time it looked as if he would not be caught. Burns sent Vesuvian to him, but he could not catch the light-weighted leader. Montanic tired in the back stretch, and fell back beaten. The advance, who got away easily, had moved up and took command in the stretch.

Sloan on The Lady. Sloan was right with him and an exciting finish resulted. Jenkins landing Eddie Jones winner, by a head in the time of 1:29 1/2, having the fastest record, at 1:29 1/2, a fraction of a second of the world's record. The Lady, ridden by Tod Sloan, was favorite, but The Duke and Eddie Jones were strongly played.

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**HUNG HAS A
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Message.**

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Los Angeles, Cal.

CITY DIRECTORY

The Los Angeles City Direc-

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Los Angeles Modern

Supply all their right, left and

the publishing of the Los An-

geles City Directory Company

will be the sole publishers of the

new directory.

Los Angeles City Directory Co.

215-216 Bunker Block.

Please Note:

NOT A WORD YET.

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reached its Maximum, Say

the New Associated Press.

JAN. 26.—United States

called upon Prince

Cheng to return to Peking

and the Chinese

Government to their

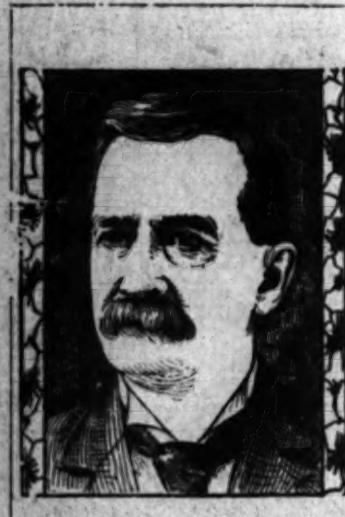
respective demands.

United States has

not yet been received.

United States has

36 Members of Congress Send Letters of Endorsement To the Inventor of the Great Catarrh Remedy, Peru



**Congressman Goodwyn,
from Alabama.**

Hon. A. T. Goodwyn, Congressman from Alabama, in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, says: "I have now used one bottle of Pe-ru-na and am a well man today. I could feel the good effects of your medicine before I had used it a week, after suffering with catarrh for over a year."

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a national curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Pe-ru-na cures catarrh in all phases and stages. There is no remedy that can be substituted.



**United States Senator Roach
from North Dakota.**

Hon. W. N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota, in a letter written from Larimore, North Dakota, says:

"Persuaded by a friend, I have used Pe-ru-na as a tonic and am glad to testify that it has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite. I have been advised by friends that it is remarkably efficacious as a cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."

Senator Roach's wife recommends Pe-ru-na also. She says: "I can cheerfully recommend your excellent remedy, Pe-ru-na. Indeed, I know of no other remedy as good as yours. It is a grand tonic and many of my friends have used it for catarrh with good results."



**Congressman Linney,
North Carolina.**

Congressman Romulus Z. Linney, from North Carolina, writes:

"My private secretary has been using Pe-ru-na for several weeks. I wish to testify as to its great value and merits in cases of catarrh. He had as bad a case of catarrh as I ever saw, and since he has taken Pe-ru-na he seems like a different man. He started on Pe-ru-na his health was very much run down, and he could not work at all, but on his first bottle he began to improve. I don't think any man under a nervous strain should go without it. I cannot express how well it has done him."

**Congressman Ogden, from
Louisiana.**

Hon. H. W. Ogden, Congressman from Louisiana, in a letter written at Washington, D. C., says the following in regard to Pe-ru-na, the national catarrh remedy:

"I can conscientiously recommend your Pe-ru-na as a fine tonic and all-round good medicine to those who are in need of a catarrh remedy. It has been commended to me, by people who have used it, as a remedy particularly effective in the cure of catarrh. For those who need a good catarrh medicine I know of nothing better."



**Congressman Smith, from
Illinois.**

Hon. George W. Smith, Member of Congress, in a recent letter to the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., says the following in regard to Pe-ru-na for catarrh:

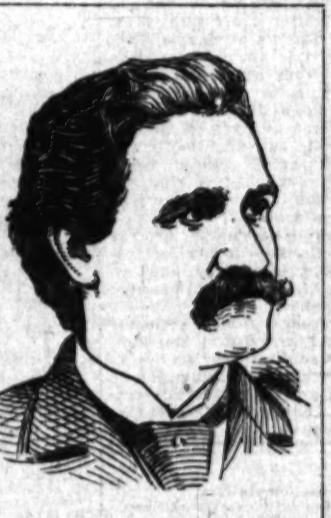
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

"Gentlemen—I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na. I have taken one bottle of my catarrh and I feel very much benefited. To those who are afflicted with catarrh and in need of a good tonic I take pleasure in recommending Pe-ru-na."

"Respectfully, GEO. W. SMITH."

Congressman Smith's Home address is Murphyboro, Ill.

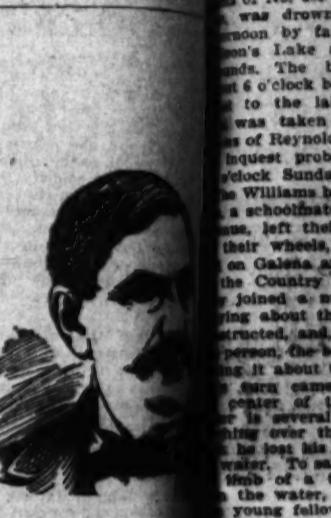


**Congressman Meekison
from Ohio.**

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State, but throughout America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as mayor of the town in which he lives, Napoleon, O. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State. In a recent letter he says:

"I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be able to fully eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing. Yours truly,

"DAVID MEEKISON."



Hon. David Meekison.

**Congressman Cummings from
New York.**

Congressman Cummings from New York, in a letter written from New York City regarding the merits of Pe-ru-na, says the following: "Pe-ru-na is good for catarrh. I have tried it myself and it relieved me immensely on my trip to Cuba, and I always have a bottle in reserve. Since my return I have not suffered from catarrh, but if I do shall use Pe-ru-na again. AMOS CUMMINGS."

**Congressman Barberham from
California.**

Congressman J. A. Barberham of Santa Rosa, Cal., writes:

"At the solicitation of a friend I used your Pe-ru-na, and can cheerfully recommend it as an excellent remedy for some of my family, and I concur in the statements of Gen. Wheeler."

**Congressman Howard from
Alabama.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1899. The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

"Gentlemen—I have taken Pe-ru-na for two weeks and find I am much relieved. I feel that my cure will be permanent. I have also taken it for la grippe, and I take pleasure in recommending Pe-ru-na as an excellent remedy to all fellow-sufferers. Very respectfully, M. W. HOWARD."

Congressman Howard's home address is in Fort Payne, Ala.

**Congressman Crowley from
Illinois.**

Jos. B. Crowley, Congressman from Illinois, writes from Robinson, Ill.: "Mrs. Crowley has taken a number of bottles of Pe-ru-na on account of nervous trouble. It has proved a strong tonic and lasting cure. I can cheerfully recommend it."

**Congressman Worthington from
Nevada.**

Congressman H. G. Worthington, from Nevada, ex-Minister to Argentine Republic, also at one time Collector of Port at Charleston, was an intimate friend of Gen. Grant and is one of the two living pall-bearers of President Lincoln. Congressman Worthington writes the following letter:

"Allow me to express my gratitude for the benefit derived from your remedies. I have taken one bottle of Pe-ru-na and it has benefited immensely a case of catarrh of some months' standing, and I cordially command its use to all similarly afflicted."

**Congressman Livingston from
Georgia.**

Col. L. I. Livingston, member of the Industrial Commission and the leading Democratic member of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representatives, whose home is at Atlanta, Ga., writes the following in regard to Pe-ru-na, the catarrh cure. Col. Livingston says:

"I take pleasure in joining with Gen. Wheeler in commending Pe-ru-na as an excellent tonic and a catarrh cure."

Pe-ru-na is a specific in its operation upon the mucous membranes. It is a tonic that strikes at the root of all catarrhal affections. It gives tone to the minute blood vessels and the terminal nerve fibers.

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Southern California by Towns and Counties.

ed, Peru.

PASADENA.

gressman Linney,
North Carolina.

gressman Romulus Z.
North Carolina, writes:

"My private secretary has

Pe-ru-na for several days

to testify as to its great

merits in cases of catarrh,

my had as bad a case as

and since he has taken one

like a different man.

On Pe-ru-na his system

much run down, and at

not work at all, but even

the bottle he has been bu-

I don't think any man w-

a nervous strain should be

him."

cowboy Drowned at Wilson's Lake.

Calina Club Wins Golf Tournament.

Speaker Club Discusses Henry V'—News Notes and Personals.

MEMORIALS.

JAN. 26.—(Regular Correspondence.) Harlan J. Williams, the well-known author of "The Story of the 500 North Park Oaks aviators drowned at 4 o'clock this morning by falling from a raft on Wilson's Lake at the Country Club grounds. The body was recovered at 6 o'clock by a party of men who took the lake for that purpose, and taken to the undertaker of Reynolds' on Main Street, where a service probably will be held at noon Sunday morning.

Williams boy and living Thompson, who lives on Lester Street, left their house at 1 o'clock yesterday morning, and after missing a number of hours they were found in the water at the lake.

Victoria will be held February 3 at the Church of the Angels, Garvanza.

Assemblyman W. S. Mellick arrived this morning from San Francisco and will spend the remainder of the session in Pasadena.

C. D. Daniels and wife entertained at dinner last evening at their Columbia Hill home for Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hiltner.

The Fraternal Brotherhood installed officers last evening, after which they enjoyed a pleasant musical and literary program.

Services for the late Queen Victoria will be held February 3 at the Church of the Angels, Garvanza.

Assemblyman W. S. Mellick arrived this morning from Sacramento and will remain Sunday evening.

Mrs. Katherine Scudder entertained informally this afternoon for a few friends.

A. W. Howard of Minneapolis is a guest at the home of Dr. Solon Briggs.

Miss Buttis' Mexican hand-carved and burn-leather goods are attracting decided attention from discriminating purchasers of unique and original and exclusively of design.

Miss Buttis has gained a high reputation as a designer and manufacturer of leather goods, and her work is generous in its appreciation of this artist's work.

Miss Buttis' manufacturer of Mexican hand-carved and burn-leather goods invites you to an informal opening, Monday, January 28, 43 East Colfax Avenue, between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Many birds are nalmed and killed.

Complaints have already begun to come from residents who feel that the birds are a nuisance.

It is hard to get a good tender to go to the spot, but if the boy had seen the bird, there was no means of raising the body, they were ready to do so.

Orchard to whom the news indicated, organised a party, who met with grapping irons and hammers, and were soon able to remove the bird.

As a result, the body was removed within a short time after their arrival.

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURMEUR—A Stranger in a Strange Land. GRIMMETH—Vauville.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Presiding Elder Dies.

Rev. C. R. Ebey, presiding elder of the Los Angeles district, will occupy the pulpit this morning and evening at the First Methodist Church, 2216 Sixth and Crocker streets, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. D. McLeod. Active Burglars.

The D. Capasso Company, dealers in fruits and groceries at No. 414½ W. Spring street, report to the police that Friday night thieves entered their place of business by breaking in a side window and carried away four cases, hardware and other supplies, the value of about \$5, and also \$10 in cash.

Lamb is Fleeced.

H. Milne of this city, according to the telephone company, was fleeced \$40 by two bunglers of San Francisco in a saloon in the northern city last Thursday. John McKay was arrested and charged with having been a party to Miller meeting a "stranger" and a dice game for the purpose of securing the pile of a third supposed "lamb," but Milne was the lamb.

Christian Socialism.

Tuesday evening next at Hall, Bishop Montgomery will deliver a lecture upon "Christian Socialism." The bishop has become known as a close student of socialism.

F. Francis, the president of the Newman Club, will introduce Dr. John R. Haynes as chairman of the evening.

Many prominent guests have accepted invitations to be present on the platform, and there will be a packed house.

Epworth Leagues.

A social was given by the Epworth League of the Methodist Church Friday evening, which was numerously attended. An entertainment was given by the Columbian Megaphone Company, and refreshments were served.

Beautiful children hats in the latest designs are now on sale at \$2.50 each.

Our special sale on Indian blankets, baskets, drawn work and leather cases this week. We save you 20 per cent. Campbell's Curio Store, 232 S. Spring.

The telephone company, in order to promote the convenience of their new system, has opened a toll station and contract department at 204 S. Broadway.

Beautiful children hats in the latest designs are now on sale at \$2.50 each.

Accordingly, please call at 308½ S. Spring. Tel. main 307. Callers called for. Home delivery, station wagon, called for.

Hair on the face destroyed by electricity; no pain, no marks. Hair specialist, 213 S. Broadway, room 234.

Wanted—Man to contract for the purchase of our packing cases and boxes. Broadway Department Store.

"More fun taking care of home" 25¢ up; borders, 4c foot up; 7-1/2¢ opaque shades, 3c. Walter, 627 S. Spring.

For time of arrival and departure of our trains, see "Time Card."

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

The Native House will serve roast turkeys with dressing today from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m. Price, 25¢. Tel. main 21 for \$4.50. Music by Arden's Orchestra.

Just received, Belgian tuberous rooted begonia bulbs; also French impatiens, spirea, geraniums, Main St., Rose-Flor, Seed and Plant Co.

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Just received, Belgian tuberous rooted begonia bulbs; also French impatiens, spirea, geraniums, Main St., Rose-Flor, Seed and Plant Co.

Hair on the face destroyed by electricity; no pain, no marks. Hair specialist, 213 S. Broadway, room 234.

WANTED—Man to contract for the purchase of our packing cases and boxes. Broadway Department Store.

"More fun taking care of home" 25¢ up; borders, 4c foot up; 7-1/2¢ opaque shades, 3c. Walter, 627 S. Spring.

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JANUARY 27, 1901. EDITORIAL SHEET.

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Amusements.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1901.

IN FIVE PARTS.

Part III—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

SPECIALS.

In order to attract more attention in our millinery department, we intend to offer an inducement that will be appreciated.

Latest style Milan and Panama braid sailor hats in black straw, only choice of the lot.

69c.

Worth easily \$1.50 and \$1.75.

A special stock of fancy feathers, flowers &c &c besides just in for early spring styles.

SELLER & CO.
SELLER & CO.

With Dances of Events.
CROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER OLIVER MOROSCO
Lessor and Manager.

TONIGHT—ALL WEEK—ONLY MATINEE SATURDAY.

The Funniest Thing that Ever Happened."

The New York Melodramatic Theater Screening Comedy Success.

A. BRADY AND JOSEPH R. CRISMER'S PRODUCTION

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

"Laughed until the Dewey Arch down on Madison Square

tumbled with vibrations of joy."

—New York World.

DIRECTED BY THAHL AND KENNEDY'S NEW YORK COMPANY

and approved, extolled, commanded, lauded, eulogized and cheered as the

best and cleverest American comedy seen in years.

BEATS NOW SELLING FOR ALL PERFORMANCES.

PRICES—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

THIS WEEK—T. DANIEL PRAWLEY and Company in "SECRET SERVICE"

RHYMEUM—The Tide of Vaudeville's Popularity was Never Higher!

Another Galaxy of Great Ones!

Eugene O'Rourke and

In a Delightful Farce Comedy. "PARLOR A."

BILLY LINK
Jokes—Songs—Parodies.

F. CROSSTY AND
INEZ FORMAN

New Sketches. "A Model Housewife."

JOE MCLOUTH

New Songs and Composers.

THE FIVE O'LRACCS

Transcendent Hit Made by These Marvelous Artists.

Never Changing—Best seats 25c and 30c. Gallery Box. Phone Main 1447.

ANGELAS THEATER H. G. WYATT & CO.

EVER NIGHTS—Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday—Jan. 29, 30,

and Feb. 1. A notable production of Marie Corelli's Famous Novel, in

Married Love. (Directed by Wm. A. Brady.)

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN."

Cast of the New York Company. Seats now on sale. Prices—25c,

30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c.

MARTIN, 531 S. SPRUCE ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

ENTERTAINMENT AND ENTERTAINERS.

"Our" Price.

Perfume, 65c.

Swamp Root, 65.

Pinkham's Compound, 6c.

Carter's Pills, 15c.

Stuart's Dryer Tablets, 10c.

CARTER'S GOLD CAPSULES

Best thing to take when you feel cold coming on. Best thing to have when you HAVE A cold or cold.

Price, 10c.

Boswell & Moxey Drug Co.

Reliable Prescription Druggists.

THIRD AND BROADWAY.

JOSEPH'S DIRECT PHARMACY ONE FLOOR.

ains.

thousand square
entry on furniture
in Barker's. But
ed prices. It's a
ed-up-over-night
best we have for
gain so good and

boards
ek.

by friend this week.

Closets.
is Week.

week. Oak, with adjust-
able top.

Week.

gives sides and glass
eleg.

\$18.

at its former price,
and value; highly polished
and sides.

This Week.

and 7 feet tall. An
exquisitely made carved.

Price.

a full bolt if we
splendid stuffs

for \$2.50 yd.

Week. \$2.

ug Story.

mines seeing the
all the big carpet
of the cleverest
you are missing a

RING ST.
ting.

ORE 113-115
N. Spring
MADE TO SEE.

Selling.
Every nook and corner
irresistible reductions

90c

Worth \$1.25

Satin Damask

Red Satin Lined, in the
finest patterns, two yards
wide; heavy, strong and dur-
able. No better item made.

12c

Fancy Flannels

Beautiful fancy flannels, sup-
erior to all others. They are
the favorite bedding wear
that will be marked down
from 10 to 15 per yard.

position and finally as emer-
gent. Latterly he has been employed
as a drawing expert, with headquarters
in New York City, N.Y. He is consider-
ed one of the best practical men.

W. J. Davis has been em-
ployed for the Artesian
Company at Clifton.

They driving over the To-
ledo country, around Lake Erie,
but in a manner that
caused little trouble to
deep owners. Warned of the
recent experience of loss
by mailmen when carrying
their stocks across
the plain between where sheep
are kept, he did not dare to let his

sheep be done up in the
winter. The interior department
hidden the greater part of the
stream. New grass
then have to be found for
the sheep and goats.

After the inspection
of District Attorney
was elected.

Wiley E. Jones, who
went home to Texas
and got into a
Southwest, was a
man with the branch
of the business, and
to teach to him back
country for office.

While he was still on
the board appointed by
the Board of Trade, that
people might be recognized

chenille fringes at half.
we have a special line of
chenille in black, white and
all colors, in three widths;
4, 6 and 9 inches, worth in
a regular way \$1.50, \$3.25
and \$4.00 per yard, these
goods are specially used for
making ruffs, neck wear and
dress trimmings, sale price
75¢, \$1.50 and \$2 per yard.

uit specials.

garments. tan, severe cloth suit,
with fly front, jacket with
waist, which have sold at \$1.50, \$2.00
..... special at \$7.75
tan venetian cloth suit, tight fitting jacket
with satin lining, formerly
\$10.00..... special at \$12.50
light and dark gray striped cheviot suit,
satins lined ston jacket, which sold at
\$20.00..... special at \$18.00
tan venetian cloth suit, all silk lined,
double breasted ston jacket; was
\$20.00..... special at \$30.00
new mixture scotch cheviot suit, lined
all through with soft silk, tight fitting
jacket with velvet collar, formerly
\$20.00..... special at \$25.00
impeccable suit in new blue, lined all
through with taft silk, scalloped front
suit jacket, was \$42.50..... special at \$30.00

suits jackets.

tan venetian cloth jacket, box front,
edged all round with velvet which we
have sold at \$7.50..... special at \$8.50
tan, severe cloth suit, high storm
color, satin lined, which was
\$10.00..... special at \$12.50
tan harvey cloth jacket, box front,
straps and silk serge lined; it sold for
\$12.50..... special at \$9.75
dark blue harvey cloth jacket, box front,
tan, severe, in white, which was
\$10.00..... special at \$10.00
blue harvey cloth jacket, high color,
fancy silk lined, was
\$17.50..... special at \$12.50
tan harvey cloth jacket, box front,
straps and silk lining, was
\$19.00..... special at \$18.00

linen offerings

napkins.

boujour best rice powder in
white, flesh pink and bru-
nette; this is beyond doubt
the purest face powder on
the market, regular price
25¢. to introduce it 15¢.

Velvet ribbons at about half
a line of fancy brocade vel-
vet ribbons, in narrow and
wide widths, are to be closed
out, the narrow width, worth
30¢ at 15¢; wide width
34.00 sale price \$2.25.

towels

14x24 handstitched buck towels, 15¢
value and extra special at 12.50 each

18x28 double warp hemmed buck tow-
els, homespun weave, worth
20¢ at 15¢ each

22x32 knotted fringe satin damask tow-
els, with open work borders, worth
30¢ at 25¢ each

26x47 four-ply yarn, unbleached tur-
kish towels, gold at 25¢ each, at 20¢ each

rice powder 15c.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.
ALBERT MCFARLAND.....Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday,
and Monthly Magazines.

Vol. 22, No. 55. Founded Dec. 4, 1861.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 15,000 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 30,000 miles of leased wires.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEGRAMS.—75 cents, money or 50¢ a word; Daily telegrams, 50¢; Telegrams, 50¢; Telegrams, 50¢; Telegrams, 50¢.

SWORN CIRCULATION.—Daily net average for 1860, 15,000; for 1861, 15,000; for 1862, 15,000.

TELEGRAMS.—Address, "Times Building, 1st Floor, Post Office, and Subscription Department, 1st Floor, Post Office, and Local News Room, Post Office."

AGENTS.—Eastern Agents, William & Lawrence, Nos. 81-82 Tribune Building, New York; 27 Washington Street, Chicago; Washington Bureau, 40 Post Building.

Offices—Times Building, First and Broadway.

Edited at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission, as well as the second class

PRICES AND POSTAGE OF THE MIDWINTER NUMBER.

The postage on the three Magazine sheets, mailed together, is 4 cents. The following table shows the prices of the Midwinter Number when sold over The Times counter:

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15 copies85
16 copies90
17 copies95
18 copies	1.00

The weight of the three Magazine parts is 12 ounces. The weight of the complete paper, including news sheets, is 22 ounces. Postage on this issue will be 6 cents when all the parts are mailed together. If the news sheets are not included the postage will be 4 cents.

CONGRESS AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The President, on Friday, transmitted to the Senate a report from the Secretary of War, inclosing the report of the Taft Philippine Commission and other important documents, bearing upon the situation of affairs in the islands. Among the latter was a personal letter from Judge Taft, president of the commission, to the Secretary of War, dated December 14, and a dispatch from the commission, dated January 2, which throw a great deal of light upon conditions as they exist in the islands, and also point out the needs of the situation in a clear and comprehensive manner. The dispatch of January 2, summarizes the situation and points out its needs with considerable detail and particularity, as follows:

"Root, Secretary of War, Washington: If you approve, ask transmission to proper Senators and Representatives of following: Passage of Spooner bill at present seems greatest to secure best results from improving conditions. Until its passage no purely civil government can be established; no public franchise of any kind granted, and no substantial investment of private capital in internal improvements possible. All are needed as most important, and will include, publication of peace party communication with declared purpose of securing civil government from inevitable but annoying restraints of military rule long before subject can be taken up by new Commission.

"The time is near at hand, in our opinion, when disturbances existing can better be suppressed by the native police of a civil government with the army as an auxiliary force, than by the continuance of complete military control. For this reason the military should be put in the hands of the President to act promptly when the time arrives to give the Filipino people an object lesson in the advantages of peace. Quasi-civil government under quasi-power most restricted and unsatisfactory. It is a bad thing to give good material for judicial and other services, by necessarily provisional character of military government and uncertainty of tenure.

"Sale of public lands and allowance of mining claims impossible until Spooner bill. Hundreds of American miners on ground awaiting transfer to the United States. Good opportunity in pacification. Urgently recommend amendment Spooner bill so that its operation be not postponed until completes suppression of all insurrection, but only until in President's judgment, civil government well established. Conditions rapidly improving to point where civil government, with aid of army, will be more efficient to secure peace than military control."

The Spooner bill in its present form provides that "when all insurrection against the sovereignty and authority of the United States in the Philippines Islands has been completely suppressed by the military and naval forces of the United States, all military, civil and judicial powers necessary to govern the island shall, until otherwise provided for by Congress, be vested in such person or persons, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct, for maintaining and protecting the inhabitants of said islands in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion."

The President, in his message transmitting the report of the commission, earnestly recommends the enactment of legislation "under which the government of the islands may have authority to assist in their peaceful industrial development in the directions indicated by the Secretary of War." That this recommendation should be acted upon by Congress as promptly as possible is a self-evident fact. The passage of the Spooner bill, with the modification suggested by the commission, would seem to be the shortest, the most direct, and the most effective means for the accomplishment of the desired end. It would render possible and practicable the immediate formation of a civil government in the islands, upon authority derived from Congress, but delegated temporarily to the President. The latter, it is unnecessary to say, can be trusted to use the powers

thus delegated to him without any sense abusing them. Having a solid basis of authority upon which to work, the commission, or such other persons as the President might select, would be able to lay deep and solid foundations for a free and enduring government in the Philippines.

A definite starting point seems to be the greatest present need. The situation is ripe for the formation of a civil government with administrative power. Everything is now apparently at a standstill for the lack of such a government with such powers. The time for comprehensive action by Congress has not yet arrived. In the nature of things, Congress cannot know in minute detail the needs of the situation. Later on it will become the duty of Congress to enact specific general laws for the government of the islands. The work of the commission can then be revised, subtracted from or added to, as the legislative power of the nation may deem wise. In the mean time definite beginning in civil government should be made without unnecessary delay. Congress need hardly do better, under the circumstances, than to pass the Spooner bill as recommended by the commission.

A Chicago crank has been attacked with "Nation's Eye." He smashed the fitting in a saloon in that city and declared he was the "Eye" of the Nation.

The Salt Lake Railway people are busily engaged in selecting officers for the road, and the people of Southern California regard all these evidences of future activity with much satisfaction. They are coming out of the doldrums, and male and female, are terrors to that place. He is possessed of considerable wealth.

The marriage of Miss Alberta Whipple and S. Henry Cheda, both of San Francisco, was celebrated a few days ago. Mrs. Whipple is the step-daughter of Henry L. Smith, secretary of the San Francisco Board of Trade, and the wife of W. H. Whipple, of the Walsh Piano Company of New York. She is a striking blonde and highly accomplished. The groom is a native of San Francisco, and one of the most prominent business men in that place. He is possessed of considerable wealth.

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JANUARY 27, 1901. SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1901. III

**HOMAGE TO MEMORY
OF GOOD VICTORIANS****SOCIAL SERVICES IN CHURCHES
OF LOS ANGELES.****CEREMONIES THIS AFTERNOON Under
auspices of British-born Residents
and Memorial Services This Evening
Memorial Numbers of Lots.****There will be many services in
memory of the dead Queen of England
in honor of the beloved Victoria.****Funeral services will be held in
the British Church at 3 o'clock, and the
ceremony leaving it to the public extends
to 4 o'clock.****Dr. George Thomas Dowling,
curate of Christ Church, will
conduct, and the bishop of
London will preside. This service
will be in the British Church.****McKinley will have a warm
welcome in Los Angeles when he visi-****ts on Friday, May 11 at 11 a.m.****Services will be held in the
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British Church at 11 a.m.****BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE****75c SILKS. 75c****The last of our January Clearance Sales takes place
Monday, the 28th inst., and to say it will surpass
any of our previous efforts will be putting it****mildly. Through the efforts of our eastern buyer we have
secured the entire sample end of this spring's output of
choice imported and domestic silks from one of the
largest importers in the trade. To these we will add a
number of our novelty waist patterns, comprising the
choicest selection it has been our pleasure to offer our
patrons this season.****The goods are now on exhibition in our north show
window, and represent silks worth from \$1.25 to \$3.25
a yard. The entire lot will be placed on sale Monday,
January 28th.****Your choice 75c a yard.****On page 6 of part III of this morning's paper you will
find a half page of special January clearance sale prices
which it will pay you to look up.****BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE****We have the
only exclusive
driving department
in the city.****H. JEVNE****OLIVE OIL.****Did you ever attempt to make a salad without olive oil? Ever
seen poor, rancid olive oil in**

Embroidery remnants at half.

Hundreds upon hundreds of embroidery remnants are to be closed out at half or less. All materials and all widths. Qualities worth from 5c to \$5 a yard. All over, edges and insertions. Many of the patterns are matched. Prices are all marked at average half.

A. Hamburger & Sons
127 to 145 N. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

A practical chiropodist.

Near the manicuring and hair dressing parlors you will find a practical chiropodist. He has treated many prominent people of Los Angeles and letters of recommendation from many who are well known. His work is perfect. His prices are popular. Difficult cases are selected. Ingrown nails are a specialty. Single corns removed.

20

Dr. Meyer.

The Leader.

REDUCTION SALE OF CLOTHING

Men's, young men's and boys' suits, overcoats and furnishings are included

A sweeping reduction in all kinds of clothing goes into effect tomorrow morning, Monday, at 8 o'clock. These sales occur but once or twice a year and they are genuine clearance sales made for no other purpose than to prepare stocks for future business. Until now we have maintained regular prices on all our suits and overcoats. We were giving good values at regular prices but now that the clearance time has come, we are willing to sacrifice all profit and a little of the cost.

Tremendous outpouring of honest values

Not a catch penny scheme to attract those who are not thoroughly posted on clothing values. Our suit prices do not fluctuate. Every suit and overcoat is honestly priced when it enters the store and the price never changes until the clearance time comes. Economical buyers will do well to buy suits for a year or so in advance.

Men's \$9.50, \$8.50 and \$6.68
57½ suits for \$6.68

A big assortment of cassimere, cheviot and Scotch mixtures, including blues, black with small stripes and a big variety of checks, small plaids, etc. Lined with a heavy grade of Italian cloth, finished and made as well as our better suits. Good, honest, all wool suits. Choices for \$6.68.

Men's \$12.00 and \$10.00
suits reduced to \$7.98

Stylishly made suits of Scotch goods, Sawyer's cassimere, serge, cheviot, etc., in stripes, plaids and figured effects. Four-button cut-away, sack or English frock styles; made with a broad shoulder effect and satisfactorily lined. Choices for \$7.98.

Men's \$12.50 and \$13.50
suits reduced to \$9.98

High-grade business suits cut and lined as well as tailors can do. Military effect four-button sack coats. A choice line of cloths from which to select. Durable, dependable suits reduced now to \$9.98.

Men's \$17.50, \$16.50 and \$12.98
\$15.00 suits cut to \$12.98

We consider these the greatest values in the store. Made of fine imported and domestic vicuna, serge, Oxford cheviot, fancy worsteds. Scotch goods and cassimere, 4-button single breasted sack and 3-button double breasted English frocks. Elegant in fit and finish. Reduced now to \$12.98.

Men's \$22.50 and \$20.00
suits reduced to \$14.98

The very finest suits we have in the store. Some stores would charge you \$25 or \$30 for the same quality. Made of the finest imported cloths. Highly tailored and proper in every line. The nobbiest and most attractive effect of the season. Suits which can only be compared with the finest product of custom tailors. Reduced to \$14.98.

Men's \$7.50 and \$10.00
suits for \$5.98

All our heavy tailors and one line of dark mixed clover cloth overcoats are included in this lot. Warm, heavy, comfortable coats for men who appreciate warmth. \$7.50 to \$10 lines cut to \$5.98. Reduced now to \$5.98.

\$12.00 and \$10.00 over-
coats reduced to \$7.98

All our men's overcoats of bavaria, Oxford, Milton and Cervi cloth, formerly priced at \$10 and \$12, are included in this lot; half box or full cut, well lined and perfect fitting. The bavaria and Milton have velvet collars. Choose for \$7.98.

Men's \$12.50 and \$13.50
overcoats reduced to \$9.98

Heavy, medium and light weights, in a great variety of cloths of covert cloths and whipcord; some have silk linings, others have fancy faced backs; some of the black, gray and blue cloths are lined with Farmertown satin with sleeve linings of silk. Splendid coats handsomely made for \$9.98.

Men's \$17.50, \$16.50 and \$15
overcoats reduced to \$12.98

These are the best coats offered on the coast for the money. Every proper style of cloth, heavy, medium and light weights made of fancy black cloverts. Herringbone and whipcord also Kersaya and Milton, the nobbiest goods to be found. Reduced now to \$12.98.

Men's \$20.00 and \$22.50
overcoats reduced to \$14.98

Imported cloths including covert, whipcord, Milton and Cervi cloth, formerly priced at \$10 and \$12, are included in this lot; half box or full cut, well lined and perfect fitting. The bavaria and Milton have velvet collars; some are lined throughout and others have silk lined with silk; others have body lining of fancy cloths. The swallow of the swell. Choices for \$14.98.

Youths' \$8.00, \$7.50 and
\$6.50 suits cut to \$4.98

Sizes 10 to 19 years. All our broken lines of youth's suits that sold from \$8.50 to \$8.00 are included in this line. All sorts of cloths are among them. Choose from the entire lot for \$4.98.

Youths' \$10.00 to \$15.00
suits cut to \$8.98

You can choose from any suits formerly priced from \$10 to \$15 each. Among them are cheviot, fancy wools, cambric, cambric and Scotch mixtures in sizes 10 to 19. Reduced now to \$8.98.

Boys' \$4.00 to \$6.00
suits reduced to \$3.00

An immense assortment of suits for boys from 2 to 10 years. Middle weight and double-breasted styles made of the finest materials that can be had for \$4.00 to \$6.00 suits. Light and dark suit cloths suitable for all ages. The entire line is offered at \$3.00.

Boys' \$2.50 and \$3.00
suits reduced to \$1.50

Boys' \$3.00 to \$4.00
suits reduced to \$2.00

Boys' \$4.00 to \$7.00
overcoats reduced to \$3.00

All styles of coats are included in this line. Materials are all wool, double-breasted style, dark effects. Materials are cambric, cambric and Scotch mixtures in sizes 2 to 10 years. Reduced now to \$3.00.

Strength and Nervous Debility

Quickly and Permanently

Years' Successive Practice Has

All Question Their Ability

and Poisons

PRIMARY, SECONDARY OR TERTIARY, accompanied by copper-colored spots, weak memory, corpulence, nervousness, lack of ambition, paleness, etc. DR. MEYER & CO. rebuild shattered constitutions consistent with a permanent cure.

Causing a dragging down pain, muscle palsies, etc., cured in a few weeks.

Fracture cured without operation, often curing in one week's time.

DR. MEYER & CO. have the largest and best equipped laboratory in the world, and the most extensive practice.

CASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

dangerous disease, heretofore by bad treatment, hopeless to our treatment, which has been brought about after years of study and practice of the best physicians.

DR. MEYER & CO.'S treatment is effective, no injurious effects of any nature.

Anal fissures

Persons having reason to believe a small swelling of their rectum, the first step is to consult a doctor.

DR. MEYER & CO. have the best microscope and

microscopes are the best.

Never use poisonous mineral drugs. Our famous remedies and freshest vegetable extracts, by express

agents FREE OF CHARGE.

Reasonable

In all cases. If it is not paid, deposit the full amount of the bill.

DR. MEYER & CO. cure thousands of men

Cures—Free Book

Our home physician in many instances, it is not always

possible to get a diagnosis sheet, free advice and confidential. No printing or envelopes

free of charge.

DR. MEYER & CO.'S microscopes are the best.

Never use poisons mineral drugs. Our famous remedies and freshest vegetable extracts, by express

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Cures—Free Book

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free of charge.

Women's outer apparel is all reduced.

Reduced prices are general in the cloak and suit department. Every garment of outer apparel has suffered price cutting. In addition to our own garments you will find a lot of suits sent us from New York. They are sample suits which were submitted to our buyer. No two are exactly alike. They are worth from \$30 to \$90, but we can not put them in stock because there is only one of a kind and size. To dispose of them quickly they are offered at the uniform price of \$45. Detailed description follows:

PLAIN WAISTES—Are selling at prices ranging from \$10 to \$20. All are made in the latest style. Black, brown, green and navy. 98c per dozen.

PLAINWAISTES—Made of good French fabric in all the latest styles, the colors being black, brown, green, navy, etc. 50c per dozen.

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PLAINWAISTES—Made of good French fabric in all the latest styles, the colors being black, brown, green

Y. JANUARY 27, 1901

EDITORIAL SHEET.
Color illustrations.

chiropodist.

parlers you will find a practical
and well known. His
Difficult cases are selected.
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YEAR.

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**EAGLE**

THE EAGLE looks down upon a land where the flags are at half-mast and the windows draped in mourning. Many people go about with an expression of silent grief on their faces, and all for a foreign ruler.

Could those English who regard American friendship with skepticism but see the spirit with which Americans view the death of the good Queen, going to the consciences of official and social materialism? It is a victory that could be materially promoted, and much of the agitator's inflammatory influence lost. The Eagle wishes that it might be.

England and America do not always agree. No two nations ever do; but these two world powers, speaking the same tongue, having the same religion, and cherishing the same high aspirations generally, should reduce the inharmonies to a minimum and stand closer together than any other two nations.

It does not pay to quarrel with your neighbors, especially where arbitration and honest reasoning are so effective in settling any controversy.

The feeling of Americans for England is not one of hostility. The American government has professed a frank, frank, and generous. It is generally the voice of the blatant agitator that is loudest and soonest heard when any little misunderstanding occurs.

The Eagle hopes that, as the death of the venerable and peer-loving Queen marks the final plod of separation between England and Germany, so it may make warmer the feeling of kinship between England and America.

So this bird desires to impress upon your mind, my English friend, that in time of international trouble, regardless of outside of a nation's territory, it is always felt—so do not judge your neighbor by that.

The Queen, however, brings forth the other extreme, and shows you the nation's heart. Judge it from whether the American people cherish friendly feelings for the Judge.

Let England meet half-way the magnanimous Yankee spirit and there will always be an ever-strengthening bond among the two great English-speaking nations together.

King Edward, so long regarded as a mere idler in the court of England, has yet the chance of a life long enough to establish a name in the history of his country, as a wise and illustrious ruler, and a good example to the world. He may come to a prince the same as to ordinary men, should now be relegated to the past, and the remembrance of the King will be a joy to the nation, for his future as a king. Let him now, like Prince Hal, turn his back resolutely upon the frivolities of Falstaff of his youth, and let him be a good king, and he has had the advantages of a long and illustrious example.

We of a country where our government sometimes changes every four years, can hardly realize what the Queen's death really means to the English people. She was part of their lives. They had learned to regard her as a mother, and she had been incorporated in their national hymn, and it will be long before they learn to sing "God Save the King" with the fervor that they sang "God Save the Queen."

Grizzled old veterans, who all their lives have known no other sovereign, still feel it to be an honor to serve. It is hard to say that for some time, when the band strikes up the old familiar air among the tents on faraway battlefields, there will be a stern old eye that never wept before.

It is said that on the occasion of Em-

peror William's visit to the dying Queen, it was deemed necessary to guard the chosen one with a secret guard of honor from some doubtful assassin. Is it not possible that the governments of the world, by their negligence, are aiding the political class, and allowing anarchy to gain ground—a heinous crime that is enough to incite every government to place under rigorous police surveillance all suspicious characters, to expose all blatant idlers, investigate closely every unauthorized secret meeting, and have the power to arrest any man who is carrying around in his bosom the idea of murder as a social purifier?

Self-preservation is a duty that the nation owes to the people who take upon themselves the burden of government; for it is a burden and a grievous one to the conscientious official, and he should be protected so that it would not be deemed necessary to go to him with a cordon of soldiers and a bomb-proof armor every time he goes to the post office.

The Bank, as an element, is growing too numerous; decidedly too numerous. The Eagle is weary of him. We may have him in Los Angeles, who knows?

There is a movement on foot to make a national park out of the historic old camp grounds of Valley Forge. The idea is good. Valley Forge means much to the student of American history. It was there that the patriot army spent the winter of 1777, the time of greatest peril in the life of the nation. It was a crisis such as few countries would have experienced since the days of the Gauls, when through a supernatural power bent down and crushed upon the handful of torn and frozen colonists some more than mortal strength was needed to enable them to rise from the earth, to be reborn, to be crushed, and win a victory that was to inaugurate the beginning of a nation.

Lexington—Valley Forge—Yorktown! The three mark spots in American history that no true patriot can forget; but of the three let us remember Valley Forge, for it is the result that will be materially promoted, and much of the agitator's inflammatory influence lost. The Eagle wishes that it might be.

England and America do not always agree. No two nations ever do; but these two world powers, speaking the same tongue, having the same religion, and cherishing the same high aspirations generally, should reduce the inharmonies to a minimum and stand closer together than any other two nations.

It is good for Americans to remember that the English are frank, frank, and generous. It is generally the voice of the blatant agitator that is loudest and soonest heard when any little mis-

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It is said that on the occasion of Em-

STREET-CAR FUNNYISMS.**Incidents of an Early Evening Ride.****Wild Rushes for Seats on the Inside.****Backward Steps and Tableaux. Rejected Poodle and the "Goo-goo Eyes."**

You have ever taken particular pains to notice the funny little things that occasionally happen when you go home on the trolley car at night?

Take the Main-street line, for instance. There are the usual steps, and to the reverent mind in safety, and then through a sun-parched power bent down and crushed upon the handful of torn and frozen colonists some more than mortal strength was needed to enable them to rise from the earth, to be reborn, to be crushed, and win a victory that was to inaugurate the beginning of a nation.

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FREE TO WEAK MEN "CALTHOS"

Lends A Helping Hand To All Sufferers From

Lost Vitality and Nervous Debility

Sent Absolutely FREE To All Sufferers, by Sealed Mail.

No C.O.D. or Deposit Scheme.

Until further notice the well-known experts, Von Mohl Co. of Cincinnati, O., will send free to all who apply enough of their famous "CALTHOS" to cure all diseases, and to restore health to last five days. In many instances where the ailment has not advanced to the point where this cannot occur. This is one of the greatest medical discoveries of the century.

Take the Main-street line, for instance. There are the usual steps, and to the reverent mind in safety, and then through a sun-parched power bent down and crushed upon the handful of torn and frozen colonists some more than mortal strength was needed to enable them to rise from the earth, to be reborn, to be crushed, and win a victory that was to inaugurate the beginning of a nation.

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If you are weakened by indulgences in youthful errors, excesses in later life, overwork and nervous debility, or any disease that has manifested itself in all stages of nervous weakness before epileptic convulsions or insanity has supervened, then "CALTHOS" will put healthy glowing blood in the veins again. It is a great tonic, and a valuable form of the mineral world, and its standing in the commercial world is ample proof of its value.

"CALTHOS" is the discovery of Prof. Jules Léonard, of Paris, France. Before the introduction of this great wizard, Medical Science agreed that there was no specific remedy for nervous debility and the various forms of nervous weakness.

"CALTHOS" Changed This Opinion.

"CALTHOS" reaches the seat of disease as no other remedy can do, acting directly on Nerves, and giving them a new lease of life and vigor.

"CALTHOS" is a preparation of the best form of the mineral world, and its standing in the commercial world is ample proof of its value.

The Von Mohl Co., 171 B., Cincinnati, O.

Large Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

WHY IT CURES MEN.

Why the Frightful Tension of Stricture is Dissolved Like Snow Beneath the Sun—in Fifteen Days.

Why Weak Men Are Restored by the Magic St. James Treatment Applied Locally and Directly to the Affected Parts.

Stricture

In 15 days, without pain, injury or inconvenience. The boughs will tremble at night and day, and the roots will be torn from the ground.

What is Stricture? "CATHOS" cures every symptom of stricture, leaving the canal as healthy as when nature formed it. NO SURGERY, CLIPPING, CUTTING, OR DRAUGHTS TO IRRITATE THE MEMBRANE. NO INTRICATE DRUGGING TO RUIN THE STOMACH. The St. James treatment is local, direct and positive.

Varicose.

Varicose is an accumulation of stagnant blood in the veins due solely to imperfect circulation, and has its origin in a diseased and torpid prostate gland. Operation of this disease are only temporary, and a mechanical device yet discovered has cured a single case. Operative removal of the prostate gland removes the varicose condition. Varicose disease and the stagnation of blood are removed, and the stagnant accumulation is replaced by pure, strong, firm, elastic tissue.

"CATHOS" is a powerful emollient, and the varicose condition is removed and the skin is made smooth and elastic again.

Prostate Gland.

Contracting and strengthening the ducts. FOR EVER STOPPING drains and curing while the patient sleeps.

Dr. George "Gran-Solvent" will dissolve, digest and forever remove urethral calculi.

Every Man Should Know Himself.

Space will not permit a complete description of the incomparable St. James treatment in urethral diseases. Every sufferer from Stricture and its offspring, Prostatitis and other glandular diseases, should write to St. James Association, 223 St. James Building, Cincinnati, O.

HOPE TREATMENT Can be used by the patients as successfully as by ourselves.

St. James Association, 223 St. James Building, Cincinnati, O.

giving the person nearest him a violent blow.

Most beggar pardons.

At each stopping place people continue to crowd about, until the cars resemble a beehive with the inhabitants of the city. Finally the conductor begins to call off the streets after this order:

"F'r'nt! A-a-a-a! Ni-i-i-i! Trans-

DARK TABLEAU.

"Gimme' Tenth-street dar, boss" exclaims an ebony-hued washerwoman with a bundle of laundry in her lap.

"Hold on-wait for the car to stop," orders the conductor, as the "cu-lid lady" steps down from the running board.

JANUARY 27, 1901.

PATTERNS
HERE.
This section
is for
those who
have
seen
all others.

NEWS OF THE COURTS.
Commercial News.

XTH YEAR.

king.
Order

his best to make at
Fine Kid Gloves.

Bargains Here.

Scrap Slippers 89c.
With lace turned soles,
decorated with bows and
ribbons \$1.50 each Monday.

Scrap Slippers 89c.
All sizes of kid, just
the style for which you
pay \$1.50, here Monday.

Ville de
Paris.
A. Fesnot.
22-23 S. Broadway.

PROCRASTINATION

In this case means less. Dry goods are necessities and you must have them some time or other.

OUR FINAL REDUCTIONS ON
DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

At the end of our January Clearance Sale holds out again to you through some advantageous money-saving opportunities. Here are some of them:

Particularly "Cheap"

Round Values in

Dress Goods.

Novelty silks in the handsomest of patterns in stripes and plaids, in solid and wool effects; excellent for waists and linings. \$1.00 and \$1.25 rolls at the final reduction price of 65¢ yd.

Silk flannel, black and white plaid, colored brocades, plaid and corded silks they sold from \$1.25 as high as \$1.75 yd., final reduction price 75¢ yd.

Lingerie. Tempting Prices.

We will name only a few of the items here that have been repriced for special selling:

\$1.50 wool waists at 75¢
\$2.00 wool waists at \$1.00
\$2.25 wool waists at \$1.45

BESSING SACQUES, all of which have been reduced for immediate buying.

Wool waists of black taffeta, skillfully made and trimmed. 100 silk waists (black) \$6.50
100 silk waists (colored) \$6.75
100 silk petticoats \$6.80

NOVELTY HOSIERY.

100 and 75c fancy hose in dots, stripes and plaids, final reduction price 45¢ pr.

Red reductions for hurried clearing Linens, Laces, Ready-made garments and Bedding.

Now or Never.

Underwear \$1.23.
One two thread, satinette
silk or drawstring, medium
size and stitched, tan
and black, regular \$1.50
\$1.23.

Underwear \$1.45.
Silk, satin or drawstring, shirts
with front and back drawstrings
in size and stitched, tan
and black, regular \$1.75 garment.

Men's Socks 12¢.
Light and natural wool
one regular 25¢ values; one
28¢ value. Monday 25¢.

Don't Be Discouraged.

If you have called and found me too busy to talk with you, call again. It will be worth your while, for I can give you what you are looking for. I am a commercial woman, a business woman and satisfied. Don't imagine because some "small fry" truss fitter who lives on the overflow of my business cannot fit you that your case is hopeless. I hold any rupture that can be reduced, no matter who has failed. That's why I'm busy. Buy of the maker.

W. W. SWEENEY,
Trusses, Elastic Hosiery and Supporters,
213 W. FOURTH STREET.

REMNANT
SALE

After
Much
Selling...

There are short lengths of
goods left on hand—enough for
a whole suit or overcoat in
some cases. Some are
Cotton Yarn or Trousers
alone. These must be disposed
of before we take stock. It is
Your Opportunity.

We have laid up our front tables with them—you take your choice. All
the former are made by the
former, and the price over
from \$20.00, others \$17.50.

Made to Order in
Sack Suits at the
small price of
\$15.00
and get the choice of patterns—Fit guaranteed.

Next
to the
Orpheum.

BRAUER & KROHN,
TAILORS.

CONSUMPTION CURED

WILL CROWD THE HOUSE.

Effect of Congressional Reapportionment.

Changes on the Floor of the Chamber.

Either desks or Cloakrooms Must be Removed to Make More Room.

BY JOHN ELFRITH WATKINS JR.

INTERVIEWED BY RICHARD E. COOPER

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1901.—That

the great hall of the House of Repre-

sentatives will have to be remodeled

is now a certainty. The reappor-

tition bill adds twenty-nine new

members to the lower legislative body

of the nation, but where the grand

total of 389 members, additional

and five decreases, are to sit after

the beginning of the Fifty-eighth Con-

gress is worse than a Chinese puzzle.

It is a problem now racking the brains

of the House leaders.

Representatives and delegates sit-

ting in the Fifty-eighth and sub-

sequent Congresses have derived

from the desks or cloakroom com-

forts of present members. This, at

least, is how the situation appears

today. It is unlikely that Brother

Jonathan will thrust his hand into

his wallet and bring forth lucres

wherewith to build an entire new House

of Representatives.

There is a well-considered scheme to

tear out the present amphitheatrical

series of chairs and desks and to sub-

stitute rows of upholstered benches

therefor. The seating methods in vogue

are being looked into. Whether to adopt

curved benches extending between the

present aisles and completing the

aisles or removing the desks of mem-

bers or substituting straight benches is a source of

discretion.

The present House of Commons is

regarded by some members as a good

model for imitation as to seating ar-

rangements. Were its floor plan ad-

opted, the Speaker's desk would be

in the center of the long side of the

hall. Directly in front of the desk would be

the entrance to the "Speaker's gallery,"

which is just above the

opposite extremity. Parallel to

the space would be placed ranks of

benches on either side.

The benches on one side would be

reserved for the Republicans, those

on the other for the Democrats. In

the House of Commons the benches

at right of the speaker are re-

serve for members of the govern-

ment. The opposition members take

those on the left. The ministers sit upon

the front bench on the government

side, while the opposition leaders take

similar seats on the left. As in our

House of Commons, the clerks

of the bar stand behind the

Speaker's gallery is just above him.

Above the reporters' gallery and be-

hind the bar are the galleries for ladies.

Strangers are given places

in an upper gallery opposite the

Speaker. They are admitted only by

order of the members of parliament.

The known as the "Speaker's gallery."

This can be entered only by the

Speaker's order, obtained by members

of the house, or by members re-

served for the government.

Members of the government are re-

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Members of the opposition are re-

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

The Committee of Safety has accepted the cause of Charles Fusselich and will make a vigorous protest against the election of Fred Hughes as assistant fire chief.

Dan Wall, a young man, who is suited "Blind Tom" while driving the other night, was arrested and detained in the police court yesterday and fined \$10. He seems not yet to have recovered from the punishment inflicted on him by D. H. Brown, the valorous man, who came to his rescue.

Wong Do, accused of assault to murder, was discharged by Justice Morgan yesterday. Wong Quong, the complaining witness, has disappeared.

L. Cunningham was sentenced to serve 10 days in prison. M. J. Rossiter, on a charge of petty larceny.

William Brockway, a physician charged with practicing medicine without a license, was fined \$10.

Judge Conroy dismissed an order to show cause against the Union Jack Oil Company yesterday, and dissolved a temporary restraining order without prejudice. Plaintiffs wanted the company enjoined from selling delinquent stock.

Three more oil companies incorporated.

The number of new citizens naturalized last year was 635.

Foster Backman, charged with embezzlement, was admitted to bail yesterday.

(AT THE CITY HALL.)

STARTLING RUMORS

IN CIRCULATION.

COUNCIL'S USURPATION AROUSES POPULAR INDIGNATION.

The Committee of Safety and Other Public Bodies Express the Causes of Charles Fusselich as Assistant Fire Chief.

The story was in general circulation about the City Hall yesterday that when the new commissioners were being sworn in, they agreed that the five "Councilmen" responsible for the removal of former Fire Commissioner Bacon. This contemplated action was generally attributed to the executive committee of Friends of the Committee of Safety.

Whether such a proceeding is actually in contemplation is not definitely ascertained. J. G. Koepfli, the chairman of the Executive Committee, does not deny that the matter is under consideration in the secret conference room. He says that the case has been taken up in its relation to the public weal, and that the legal right of the Council to take such action is not called in question. It is upon the broad basis that the Council's action is opposed to public policy and against the best interests of the city that the committee is looking.

City Attorney Mathews does not believe that the law would justify impeachment proceedings under the circumstances.

"Would an attempt, on the part of a Councilman to coerce or intimidate a committee of public safety, cause for proceedings to remove an elective officer?" was asked.

"No," replied the City Attorney. "An appointive office which is removable may be removed at the pleasure of the appointing power, and the law does not contemplate calling the process of the appointing power in question."

A section of the Penal Code provides that certain officers may be removed by impeachment. The Council does not consider its provisions. It also provides that misconduct on the part of a civil officer may be brought to the attention of the committee.

Other officers liable to impeachment may be tried for "willful or corrupt" misconduct in office. But the same section goes on to say that the trial must be held before a court of justice.

The meeting of the Fire Commission tomorrow will undoubtedly be a lively one.

Want shade trees.

The City Improvement and Boulevard Association, by J. G. Lampadius, its secretary, has petitioned the Council to commence proceedings to plant shade trees on Central Avenue from Second to 10th streets, from Temple to Jefferson street. Eucalyptus and acacia are the trees named in the petition.

Inspected the outfall.

City Engineer Stafford and Homer Hamer, former City Engineer Olmsted's chief deputy, spent yesterday in an inspection of the outfall sewer.

THE ICEMAN'S GLOVE.

The iceman and the plumber and the coalman sat apart—No glad or joyous sentiment was found in either.

The coalman and the plumber signed some bills both long and deep, and soon the iceman hung his head and soon began to weep.

"Now, what is this?" the plumber cried. "I know I have my woes. The coalman and the coalman and mild-wore pipe in ever frost."

The coalman said: "That's my complaint. The weather is so bland that I can't get a customer."

The iceman wept. "I'm not good for nothing which is not in demand."

The iceman wept. "The weather is bad."

The coalman and the coalman and mild-wore pipe in ever frost."

The coalman said: "That's my complaint. The weather is so bland that I can't get a customer."

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THE OIL INDUSTRY
**SAN NICOLAS
ISLAND NEXT.**

**Prospectors to Explore
That Field.**

**McKittrick as a Grow
ing Oil Center.**

**Progress Made in Many Fields.
Dull Day on 'Change
Field News.**

Not content with the almost uninhabited field for operation in the State, oil prospectors have turned covetous eyes toward the islands of the sea. San Nicolas Island, lying sixty miles off the Ventura coast, will be the next undeveloped field entered by the prospectors. There are several indications on that island which point to rich deposits of the precious fluid below the surface.

A party of engineers and geologists will make from the San Nicolas tomorrow for the survey of the island. The San Nicolas is said to make a good location for the formation of various sections. John Rupke of this city, a man of considerable capital, heads the party, and the scientists who will accompany him are Prof. Philip Jones of the State University, Engineer Jones of the Lipman Company, and H. H. Huntington.

San Nicolas was once the home of a race of Indians now extinct. There are many relics of Indian life to be found in the ruins of their homes, and in the burying grounds. Some of these relics that are recovered will be taken to the State University, but the main object of the trip is to learn if there is oil on the island.

MCKITTRICK LIVELY.

AN ACTIVE NORTHERN FIELD.

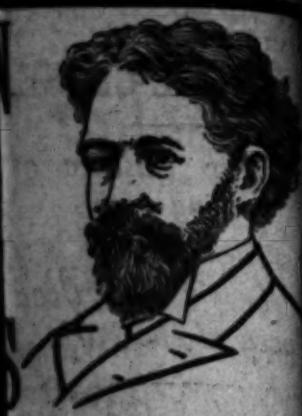
McKittrick is lively again. The town of McKittrick is filled to overflowing with residents, a room being had by the best of luck, and a meal coming only after much waiting; and the oil fields present scenes of activity all along the line, from Dabneyville, on the south, to the addition on the northwest.

Apparently the best progress being made is that of the Dabneys on the Eldorado ground. There are situated seven producing wells and the daily output of the group has been doubled. The new well has been drilled to a depth of 1,000 feet, and is producing 100 barrels per day.

The Dabneys are a large amount of oil.

The Lincoln Oil Company has a well on the Eldorado ground which has been abandoned.

The Dabneys are a large amount of oil.



We treat absolutely nothing but genuine Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, People who have been badly treated by druggists and all contracted diseases.

You DON'T have to pay us a cent for a thorough examination, including analysis.

in the world hang on the wall.

appliance known for the treatment of the kidneys and bladder.

convenience of the who come from all over the world.

desirable place in the city for you to go to if you need treatment or advice.

whether you need treatment or advice by mail.

one to ONE THING Success as it comes to a particular SPECIALTY.

the DOCTOR is the one who does himself to limited field.

symptoms peculiar to the society in second to none in importance which requires study, research and time.

the organs are to some extent involved.

Unhealthy generative organs of the affairs of life than any other is too true. Thousands of men could be promptly cured. They do not know the cause of their trouble and that causes many trouble.

that troubles continually distract the mind, preoccupation, distract mind, general loss of energy and

is not subject to be passed.

to any of the above named disease.

some medicines render who are

body without an expert explanation for the medicine, which is when

disbursed in a certain amount on the face of the earth.

on his part for which he is to

in first, in making a correct diagnosis for the treatment of disease, doing the right thing in the most successful and also the most through the hands of the doctor.

majority of patients who go to doctors to believe in them.

not to be an indication of the cure, either electricity, etc., or the deilitated condition of the patient.

no one would suspect of the induced procedure is caused by

induced condition. This is done

and belts.

and advised in our other complete

THE LIQUIDATION SALE BREAKS ALL RECORDS.

This great money raising sale keeps merrily on breaking sale's record after sale's record, just as if it was an every-day occurrence for such things to happen; but they really do not "happen." They are the result of selling the best merchandise at lower prices than the same goods were ever sold for in Los Angeles, and the public's appreciation of the fact. The store is full of bargain opportunities; below are a few examples—hundreds of others we cannot print are waiting for you in every department of the Big Store.

Shoe Department

Every pair of shoes in this great department has shared in our generous price reductions. The prices we quote below are for the best grades of footwear that are sold under our fullest guarantee.

Men's Shoes

Broken lines in "Hanau" shoes, tan, vines and chocolate, sold regular at \$5.00 and \$6.00	\$3.60
Dongola lace or button shoes with kid or patent leather tip; reduced from \$2.50	\$1.97
Handsome dongola button or lace shoe, patent leather tip and extended sole; reduced from \$3.00	\$2.50

Broken lines in black or tan vicia kid, calf and Russian calf, sold regular	\$3.00
Broken lines in black or tan vicia kid, calf and Russian calf, medium or double soles, genuine 5.00 values	\$4.00

Boys' Shoes

extra strong wax calf shoes, side extension sole and sizes 2½ to 5½, reduced from \$2.00	\$1.49
--	---------------

Rubber Heels

rubber heels made of rubber, put on	35¢
-------------------------------------	------------

Men's Suits at \$9.85.

That are Actual
\$15.00 Values.

It's just like putting money in the bank, buying clothes at such prices. You will find radical price reductions on our entire stock of high-class men's clothing. Variety is broad and the styles are good all the way through, and the prices are a third to a half below value.

\$10 Suits and Overcoats reduced to	\$6.35
\$12 Suits and Overcoats reduced to	\$7.95
\$18 Suits and Overcoats reduced to	\$11.75
\$20 Suits and Overcoats reduced to	\$14.45
\$25 Suits and Overcoats reduced to	\$19.85
\$30 Suits and Overcoats reduced to	\$23.75



Every garment that goes out of this establishment bears our guarantee; they must be right—the worst thing you can do to us is to keep wrong goods. If they're wrong we want to right them.

Jacoby Bros.
CLOTHIERS FOR ALL MANKIND:
331-333-335 S. BROADWAY.

Ladies' Waists.

The Liquidation sale prices on ladies' silk waists seem to have struck an immediately responsive chord, but there's opportunity for all. More time for fitting if you come in the morning.



Regular \$5 and \$6 waists, \$3.50. Our fine silk waists that sold as high as ^{\$10 and} \$2.50 - - \$5.00

Ladies' Suits.

There are about 70 tailor made suits, all the latest fall styles, that sold originally at from \$15 to \$45 now—

\$9.50 to \$30.00.

Ladies' Skirts.

\$5.00 Golf Skirts, reduced to

\$15.00 Silk Skirts, reduced to

Wrappers.

Fleece lined Wrappers in blue, helio and all the new shades sold regularly from \$1.25 to \$4.00, now

95c to \$2.50.

Blue and black Indigo Prints, fast colors that sold regu-

larly at \$1.00 reduced to

Ladies' Underwear.

Natural wool, plain or ribbed, **65¢**
\$2.25 values

Natural or white. Ribbed wool, **\$1.15**
\$1.75 values

Children's natural gray ribbed union suits; **35¢**
values

18¢

Ladies' Silk Hose.

Black, white and tan.

90¢ values at

\$1.00 values at

\$1.25 values at

\$1.50 values at

\$2.00 values at

Ladies' Handkfs.

Lace trimmed and Swiss em- broidered kerchiefs that remained over from the holidays; values from 25¢ to \$12.00 at a reduc-

tion of

One Third.

Fraternal Miscellany.

The Order of Washington, a fraternal and patriotic benefit society with headquarters at Portland, Oregon, proposes to soon invade our territory. The affairs will be in charge of Zue G. Peck, formerly of this city.

Z. G. Peck, formerly of this city, is now State Deputy of Illinois for the Companion Lodge.

The monthly social of Herodians will be performed by Deputy W. F. Kennedy of this city, assisted by the officers of Compton Lodge.

Supreme President C. P. Dandy paid a visit to the city recently and delivered his annual address.

On Thursday evening of last week a public installation of the officers of Court Occident, East Los Angeles, the affair being followed by a speaker. The court, which met during its session, was followed by a dinner meeting on the first and third Fridays of each month.

The officers of Companion Court Los Angeles were installed on Tuesday of last week by E. W. Reavis, the affair being followed by a banquet in the adjoining banquet hall.

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The monthly social of the Knights of Columbus will be held on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month.

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OIL KING'S

COLLEGE.

Student Life at Chicago University.

Glimpse at a Students' Delicatessen.

How They Live and Study—Youthful Professors, Elderly Students.

BY EMMA M. GREENLEAF.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES
CHICAGO, Jan. 8, 1901.—In all the length of this great bustling city—twenty-four miles, it is now from north to south—nothing is of more interest to one who stays long enough and about whom than the Chicago University and its immediate neighborhood. On one of the main streets, a block distant from the central buildings of the university, is a small, one-story, wooden structure, bearing a sign which reads "Rockefeller's Delicatessen." I went in one day, and stood there taking a hasty account of the university students who come in between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. The most common purchase they made was pears and milk, five cents apiece.

On the other side of the building,

hidden by a rude board partition at the end of a short counter, and ordered rolls and coffee ten cents; and a very few asked for ice cream. "Five-cent or six-cent?" invariably asked the stout German woman who took the orders.

Nearly all of these men and women were well dressed. Creased trousers, light-colored shirts, indicated that both sexes had learned a world of good taste. People have a consideration for food which allows that enables them to eat with satisfaction, according to the bulk of their purse. Only a very few of the students and young people can possibly know what one eats, but all may know, at a glance, how one dresses.

On the other side of the magnificently built and gilded hall of the university, the fraternities and the residences of wealthy young men—those who have a consideration for food which allows that enables them to eat with satisfaction, according to the bulk of their purse. Only a very few of the students and young people can possibly know what one eats, but all may know, at a glance, how one dresses.

"Everything in the house except one meal is taken," she replied.

I found her in the suite of four, small, dimly, dark rooms at the top of the second floor. I looked in at every open door as we passed through the long hall. A young man—a student—was bending over a sofa which he was darning; in another two fellows lay stretched out on a bed with their hands behind their heads, both smoking and in other rooms, were at work, sweeping, laying tables, or bending over books. It was a hive of human activity. At half past seven, would swarm into the university class rooms. My conductor had thrown open a door leading into the largest of the four very small rooms in the "second story, back."

"Isn't there a disagreeable odor here?" I asked, as I stood a moment to see what the sight was like.

"Oh, well, she answered, "the men who have just moved were awful smokers, but they sleep in here; a little air will make it all right, you could use it for a dining-room."

"Do you furnish everything necessary for a home? One rents for light housekeeping?" I asked.

"Everything but the silver and linen."

"Where is the cooking stove?"

"There is a little kitchen, but all the people on the floor cook in, but each one has his or her own time, or two or three people can cook at the same time, when they haven't many things."

"I had found out what I wished to know and so I had her good day and came back thinking that perhaps I would write a letter some day like this:

"Dear Mr. Rockefeller, do you think that instead of engaging a new professor every week or two for the benefit of the Catholic Church was given at Swindon's Hall Friday evening?"

"Mrs. W. L. Crane, wife of the Southern Pacific agent for the wharf station, while visiting their ranch north of Los Angeles, said to me, "What a wonderful place! This is the most comfortable for two or three dollars a week! It would mean longer years of work, but an unusual activity to many young men and women who are now making young happiness, and stay true to their ardent desire for an education."

Within the university halls and class rooms themselves one meets, constantly, interesting people. Men and women from all sections of the United States come up to the Chicago University, hoping to find the particular kind of inspiration, knowledge and satisfaction with which they come. There are, to be sure, hundreds of thousands of the immature, and the thoughtless who come because their parents bid them, or because they are young and just yet to find their lives, but other hundreds are there who are men and women, with a definite purpose in their hearts.

A young, bright young woman between thirty-five and forty-five years old said to me one day: "I have a husband who is occupied with his work, and I am a widow, and I have a son nine years old in school. I have always wanted a degree and I am going to study now until I get one. My husband does not care for my studies, but some of my relatives, particularly my father-in-law, call it 'cranky,' my father-in-law, however, every day that my degree and my success, the higher will come about the same time."

I happened to know that this woman had been a teacher, and her parents had no term examinations, so I was reasoning, I knew also that she did not like afternoons, too, nor evenings, nor even clubs. I looked at her in admiration, and should be, at this moment, a teacher, but she had not good sense and cultivation, had not introduced better methods of teaching into her school. There were a number of men in the different classes whom she could not teach, and I knew it was the men and women, mature in mind and body, who were the best listeners to all instruction; doubtless

it was they who got most, in knowledge and inspiration.

The university has very many very young instructors. Nobody says "Professor." It is quite out of fashion. "Mr. and Miss" are the terms used in addressing the members of the faculty, except by the freshmen and the "Seniors."

The instructors, then, are, many of them very young. I was speaking to a Colorado girl one day in the hall. A boy came along and she addressed a question to him. As she turned to me again I asked:

"Who is the lad?"

"My instructor in theme writing," she replied.

It is quite natural that these buoyant and young young instructors should not sympathize with the earnestness and ambitions of mature men and women who come to them for help. To their complete young lives it seems impossible that a man should have such great maturity and still want knowledge. Some of them have the attitude of men in bondage, compare to it, attempt to make them do what opportunity offers. One, I especially observed, who never took his chair on the platform, but sat with his feet on the floor, his chin tucked up and jerking utterances that "the wind was in the east." The individuals of the "Rambler" presented very much the same picture.

Joseph A. Boone, late Co. E, Fifth Cavalry, native of New York, admitted from San Francisco, June 3, 1883, died January 25; aged 20 years.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

SUCCESSFUL "LITTLE MEN."

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LOST

On Broadway, between 4:30 and 5 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, a small Terrier, white, with one black ear; license tag No. 188; answer name of Banjo. A suitable reward is offered to 825 N. Broadway.

AUCTION

The auction contents of a 10-ton truck removed to our warehouse, 425 and 445 S. Spring St., for conveniences of sale, consisting of Oak and Ash Bedroom Chairs, Bookcases, Stands, Tables, Dressers, Piano, Cupboards, Linen-closets, Trunks, Boxes, Mattresses, Sideboards, Dining-room Furniture, etc., etc.

ROADES & NACHMAN, Auctioneers.

Auction

Lil Rose Dairy—30 Cows

Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 10 a.m. The auction contents of a 10-ton truck removed to our warehouse, 425 and 445 S. Spring St.

For conveniences of sale, consisting

of Oak and Ash Bedroom

Chairs, Bookcases, Stands, Table,

Dressers, Piano, Cupboards,

Linens, Trunks, Boxes, Mattresses,

Sideboards, Dining-room Furniture, etc., etc.

ROADES & NACHMAN, Auctioneers.

Office 425-445 S. Spring St.

J. A. PRATT, Owner.

Auction

BUSINESS

Real Estate

OFFICE OF THIS TIMES,

Los Angeles, Jan. 26, 1901.

FINANCIAL

CAL CLEARINGS. The exchange drifts into the local clearinghouse amount to \$2,646,915.22 in the pre-week, and \$2,611,143.64 the week for the current period.

BONDS. The following quotes given for local bonds in this by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange:

BHD. Asked.

Electric Co. of Pomona \$9 100

City of Los Angeles \$10 100

State Railway \$10 100

and Pasadena \$10 100

Light and Power \$10 100

City Water Co. \$10 100

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

J. J. Hill's Senatorial Ambition.

Reported Now Among Steel Magnates.

Sugar and Life Insurance. Some Queer Goings-on in Society.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Almost simultaneously with the appearance of James J. Hill, New York's Senator, in St. Paul, and there is something in this. For while Mr. Hill is probably the busiest railroad man in the country, there is doubtless something beyond his activities beyond what he is now getting or doing that every successful man would like. Good plan to keep your eye on him. He has always been able to do exactly as he chose with the Minnesota Central, and that too on account of his dominating personality. He has such a gentle and persuasive way with him: likes to talk with everybody; will talk to you and to me, and to all others. He enjoys the company of senators and unquestionably would like to join their club—if he only had the time. Perhaps with the details of the management of his various railroads, particularly those of the iron-shodgers of his sons and others, he might find the time. Mr. Hill has a considerable boom as a candidate for the Senate. In the columns of a Philadelphia newspaper the other day, but perhaps it would be all that can be expected if he is to be tried for the Senate, he was said to be a Republican. Surely he doesn't care for free silver, or anything else connected with populism, even though he is a member of the party. He is around just now here in New York to a belief that the Ship Subsidy Bill is not such a bad thing after all. Why not? He may be right. He was probably in favor of it, and it was some great man among them that said nothing was so cowardly as one million dollars except two million dollars.

One of Mr. Hill's big New York friends came to see him last week. Mr. Morgan isn't having everything in his own way. Robert Giphant, his director, has added 2 per cent. to their last dividend—perhaps to make it a shade harder for Mr. Morgan to get out. The other great biggest railroad financier will probably win. Peace is more comfortable than struggle, and besides, there is unusual quiet in the market. There are five million dollars even in Mr. Morgan's hands to buy the Pennsylvania Coal Company, but he is not in a position of "coordinating," not to mention benevolently assimilating, the coal roads. So the thirty-five million was probably as nothing. And the smaller roads of the West, which J. P. Morgan & Company may have organized, don't worry about the other directors, you know, not worrying about it. This immense banking house couldn't afford to slip up in a little thing like this.

There is another news of this week's news is another big row, which may not be such a big row after all, among the coal magnates. It is the same as it seems that Mr. Carnegie has the only iron-master who can establish a twelve-million-dollar plant on Lake Erie. His coal comes almost entirely from the Pittsburgh Coal Company, determined to do the same thing or something bigger. It is feared in some quarters that Mr. Carnegie will be compelled to give up his prime position upon his attention will not have time to give any more liberally away; though if any member of the Carnegie family's mind is resolutely urged not to give them up. I hear from inside sources that a great many of the men in Pittsburgh are resentful that the tide-water railroad lines out of there should have partly determined Mr. Carnegie to seek the coal fields of Lake Erie and also to establish on its shores an industry employing five thousand or more to ten thousand men. This addition to the economic place of his great tube mills. For surely the American Steel and Wire wouldn't have sought a coal field to establish in it. It has been the economic place for them. Doubtless it behoves us all to be situated right for struggle, and the millions—or the billionaires—for anybody else.

In the strictest confidence the Sugar Trust is getting up in a little matter which only greatly disturbs the New York Life Insurance Company and others many of the leading manufacturers have a large telephone line to Russia, but understand that the war between Siberia and Russia is a great alarm. Especially the New York Life allowed for this company to be situated right for struggle, and the millions—or the billionaires—for anybody else.

The Sugar Trust is getting up in a little matter which only greatly disturbs the New York Life Insurance Company and others many of the leading manufacturers have a large telephone line to Russia, but understand that the war between Siberia and Russia is a great alarm. Especially the New York Life "crowd" probably has the most money.

This last is an important circumstance, in the Populist sense, because money is the most important factor in a fight. Certain writers have been wondering whether Russia would be likely to be our friend in case of war, and whether we could hold our own against Great Britain. Most surely Russia could not stand up in a war with Great Britain, and wouldn't be "in it." This is because this country is getting rich about two and one-half times as fast as any other in the world. Mr. Morgan & Company may be believed, and this is because our work people, by reason of their unmatched combination of oil, coal, sugar, and sugar as much more as that is saved.

A cynic here, especially in view of the recent Russian loan of fifty millions, and these life insurance magnates naturally want to make their relations with the Russian empire to stand. This would seem like a battle of giants. Will the New York Life win? That is the question. If they do, it is of them that they are the nearer right; and on general principles the American Sugar Refining Co. may be considered to be a weaker weapon than the New York Life "crowd" probably has the most money.



Is a genuine specific for diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. No other medicine has had so remarkable a success in curing diseases affecting the heart, liver and lungs, even when these diseases were common, the cases were caused by "weak stomach" and impure blood. Food imperfectly digested cannot be perfectly absorbed. "Golden Medical Discovery" restores the organs of digestion to perfect working order. Poor blood must result in a foul body. The "Discovery" purifies the blood and removes the effects of the blood-making glands, so increasing the quantity and quality of the blood supply. It has been tried by over half-a-million persons. It has cured ninety-eight out of every hundred who have tried it.

WHY NOT LET IT CURE YOU?

conventional political antics. It is also true that the railroad combination of his State gave him the finishing coup. The fact is that Mr. Hill's influence with William A. Clark's interference in New Hampshire politics; probably he couldn't have accomplished anything if he had not tried. The state politicians have in fighting the railroad combinations would seem to warrant the conclusion that it is a hard combination to "go against." The millstone arrangement of Mr. Hill's willingness to serve his country bears out the theory that direct representation—may be the best after all—would at least be good if it could be served. If James J. Hill was Senator for six years he would probably learn that the only way to get a bill passed is to amend a tariff bill or a subsidy bill, or a river and harbor bill, or a public building bill, in his committee. Scandinavian and other countries could not appear.

By the way, Col. Dan Lamont is what you might call in Latin, Hill's and elsewhere, no doubt. Colonel Lamont meets him the train and goes with him to the train. He goes about as a guide to him, and out of his pocket for his interests in Great Northern, of which Col. Dan is vice-president, and doubtless "put him next" to many others which made Governor Cleveland, and then President Cleveland, a Democratic prophecy for a century to come.

There are some queer goings on in the stock market, and the most interesting today is that of Mrs. William Astor.

This good lady has taken to her house one already extensively involved.

H. H. Lehman, formerly of Baltimore, later of Newark, and still later of Sherry's, where Henry Barnes Besley exhibited his great wealth in New York, and elsewhere, no doubt. Colonel Lamont meets him the train and goes with him to the train. He goes about as a guide to him, and out of his pocket for his interests in Great Northern, of which Col. Dan is vice-president, and doubtless "put him next" to many others which made Governor Cleveland, and then President Cleveland, a Democratic prophecy for a century to come.

Not because hose like these are not good at all times, but because we want to create a disturbance in the stock, and let it share in the general loss of profit.

12c For children's fast black, 17c quality, all sizes from 5 to 10 inches.

15c For children's 20c hose, perfectly fast black, stout threads; sizes from 5½ to 9½.

15c For children's regular 50c hose in Scotch plaid, extra fine quality; sizes 7, 7½, 8, 8½.

17c For children's 25c heavy wool hose. One of the best values ever offered in hose.

25c For children's extra fine black ribbed hose, were 35c; high spiced head and toe.

15c For ladies' 20c quality of fast black, fine thread hose, very firm and shapely.

25c For ladies' fine quality hose, in lace stripes. Look and wear like 50c hose.

Best Quality Prints

There is no better quality, nor better in patterns and colors than these.

only they come in short lengths, better

come early for these.

5c

Outing Flannels

They are only our regular 7½c stock,

in light grounds, just as good colors

and styles as are shown in the 12-1c goods.

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

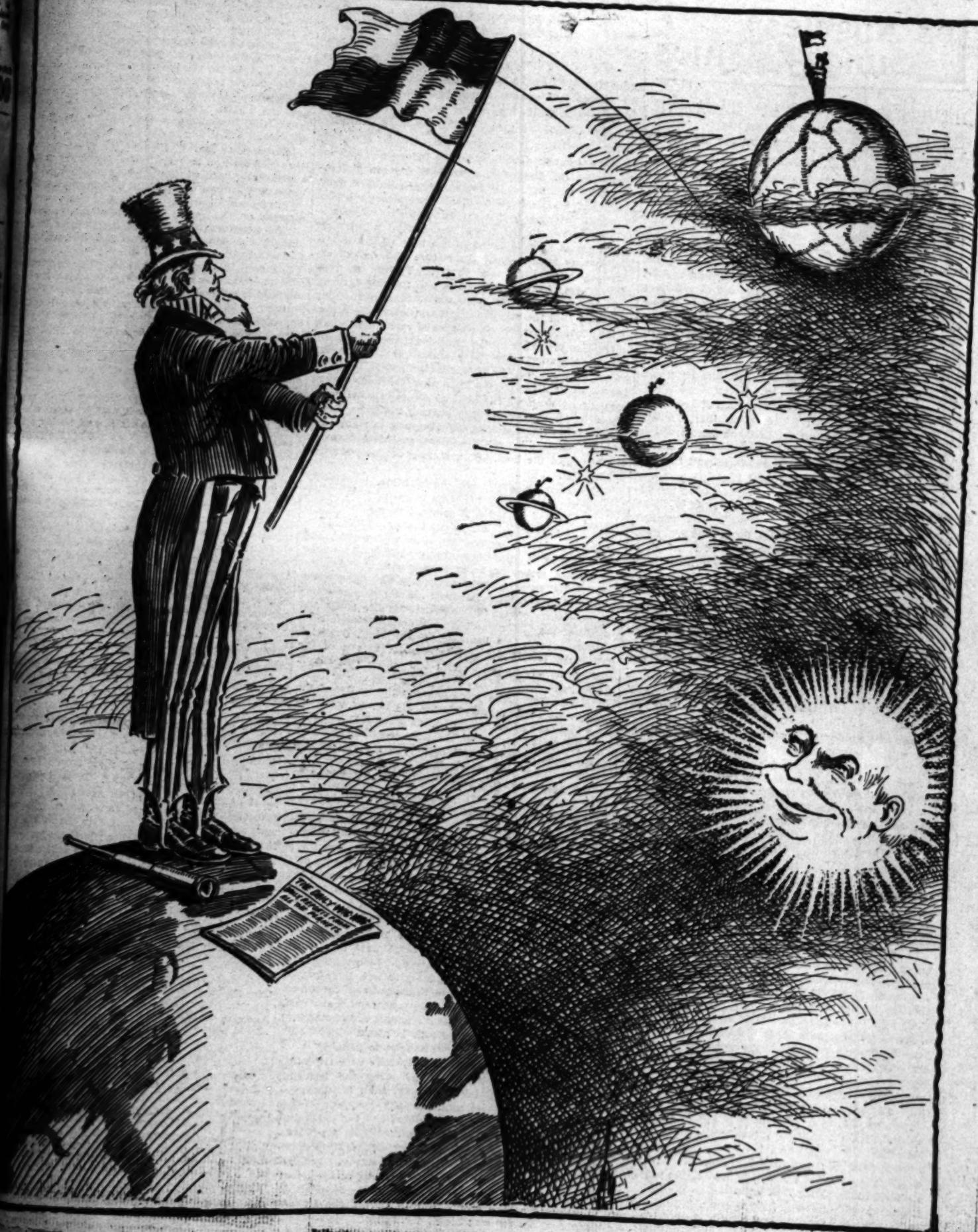
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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

EARL ROBERTS.

HERE is nothing in the history of powerful nations when great emergencies arise and important changes are transpiring, when the very life of the nation's future seems trembling in the balance, that so impresses itself upon the human mind as the great fact that always, at such periods, Providence invariably raises up men eminently endowed with rare wisdom, and a deep insight of human affairs, to take the lead and direct the important movements which are to influence so profoundly the destinies of the future. There are no chance happenings in the history of the race, and there is no other such impressive spectacle in the world as the appearance of the great man who stands forth ready and able to grapple with the momentous problems that are thrilling the heart of a nation, and for whose solution it is trembling.

Such a man as this we find in the person of Lord Roberts, who first distinguished himself in India, subsequently led the British armies in South Africa and is now Commander-in-Chief of all the Kingdom's forces. The story of his life furnishes some of the most thrilling pages in English history. We meet him first as a soldier engaged in actual warfare in India during the Indian mutiny. In July, 1857, during the siege of Delhi, we find him accompanying one of the British columns which was moving on toward the Subzi Manzi. Four times in succession did the little force of about eight hundred men move out to meet the deadly assaults of the foe, and each time returned leaving hundreds killed and wounded upon the bloody field. During the fourth attack Roberts was wounded, but not severely; and after this, when able to return to the field, he was in numerous actions, among which were the attack upon Agra, the Alambagh the succor of Lucknow, the battle at Cawnpore, Khundaganj, Miahganj, Chakar Kathi, and numerous skirmishes, through which he seemed to bear a charmed life, while his comrades fell around him, beaten down by the leaden hail which left him unharmed.

It was at Khundaganj that he won by his bravery and prowess that gift of the British crown, most prized by England's soldiers, the Victoria Cross. At the close of the Indian mutiny he was placed upon the staff of the army in the Department of the Quartermaster-General, but when war again broke out, he was ready for the field, and we find him taking an active part in the bloody fighting of the Umbeyla campaign in 1863. Next we find him serving in the army operating in Abyssinia in 1868, and in 1871 at the head of a small command in the Lushar expedition; and further following his career we find him still rendering his distinguished services to the government, both in civil office and in the field, until at the outbreak of the difficulty with the Amir of Afghanistan he was made a general officer.

At the conclusion of the Afghan struggle he returned to his native land, where he was received as a patriot-hero, and soon after was made a baronet, and the handsome sum of £12,500 was voted him that he might sustain the dignity of the title.

He returned to India in 1881 to command the Madras army as its lieutenant-general, a position that he had reached through his brilliant achievements as a soldier, and the rare perfection of his personal character. In 1885, a vacancy occurring in the appointment of commander-in-chief for India, he was appointed to that high position, which he held until 1893.

In connection with the great Boer war in South Africa we find Earl Roberts again prominently before the public. After the defeat, on the 9th of December, 1899, of Lord Methuen at Magersfontein, of Gatacre on the 10th at Stormberg, and of Buller, the hope of the nation, on the 15th at the battle of Colenso, the great heart of the English people turned to Lord Roberts. The Committee of National Defense met, and after a short deliberation he was made commander-in-chief of the British army in South Africa, and, with his characteristic promptness, he

was ready in a few days to set sail. In the following January he landed at Cape Town.

Since then the whole civilized world has followed this great soldier. It has seen him, as a marvelous strategist, snatching victory from the very jaws of defeat, it has followed him through hard fighting, on forced marches on starvation diet, his action always illuminated by lofty courage and exalted determination; his soul on fire with invincible purpose, a man among men, a high-hearted patriot, a friend as well as commander, visiting hospitals, and giving his benediction to the wounded in the shape of a kindly word or tender smile to Boer and Briton alike, seeing in the supreme hour of suffering not a foe, but only a brother man.

Who shall say that Earl Roberts is not the man for this great hour of England's need?

THE INFLUENCE OF ORIENTAL THOUGHT.

THE statement is announced that Richard Mansfield is to appear in a new play made from the "Rubaiyat." The enumeration of the large number who are members of the Omar cult, and somewhat uncertain of their relation to the Epicureans, gives a suggestive theme to philosophic thought.

The frequent rendition of "A Song Cycle" throughout the country is one of many illustrations of the popular interest in the oriental classic. The question of the influence of eastern thought on the western mind is not new in California, as the temple at Point Loma and the various cults through the country illustrate. While Christianity is enduring martyrdom for the cross in oriental lands, what is to be the influence of eastern thought on the Anglo-Saxon race? If a pagan philosophy is to find friends, the Greek myths have a more lovely and benign grace than the phantasmagoric idea in which "nothing is, but all things seem." There is also sometimes in the Greek as beautiful a spirit of asceticism as may be found in the lives of the saints. The Persian mythology is the picture of a doleful assembly of afreets, djinn or ghouls. Theirs was the ancient idea of the dark spirit of evil roaming at large and making human life hideous with fear. Something of this spell of the national mysticism besets the dream of the astronomer-poet. The orgies of earthliness which interpolate the pages of the "Rubaiyat" seem strange stirrup companions for the yearnings toward the unknown which haunt the Mohammedan sage. What influence will such quatrains have upon the impressionable occidental character? The musical dream-haunted poetry comes in "Song Cycles," the quatrains will be incorporated into dramatic story, and the poem in many rare and beautifully-illustrated editions scattered through the homes of the land. Such stanzas as these are the spirit of the book:

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of the after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell.'

Character is not adamantine, it is ever plastic, and liable to change. Americans are prone to build up commemorative arches on unstable enthusiasms. In the growing intercourse with America's new possessions wider duties await this century. While only the narrowest bigotry would fail to appreciate the poetry and beauty of the "Rubaiyat," yet the desert outlook, arid, trackless, silent, is a haunting mirage which Christian philosophy should not fail to consider as one of the expressions of the myriad-fold life whose enigmas it would solve.

If choice had to be made between the myths of the Greeks and Persians, undoubtedly the Greeks were the most hopeful and heartsome. Their basic idea was that of a joyous world, where the gods dwelt among men who communed with their deities in the life of the winds, the stars, the sacred cedar groves, and the song of the watercourses. This belief is the sunshine of Homer. The spirit of that time is illustrated in Cleanthes's "Hymn to Zeus." Prof. Mahaffy quotes the full text of this noble hymn in his "Greek Life and Thought." He thinks "this poem alone would redeem the Hellenistic Age, as it stands before us, from the charge of mere artificiality and pedantry." Nature also gave Cleanthes the thirst for knowledge, and nourished his mind with beautiful impulses. Like Omar he had the need of worship. One fancies what it might have been to Omar to have heard the teachings of St. Paul on Mar's Hill. The Epicureans and Stoics (the Sadducees and Pharisees of the Greeks) were there—men who had been led by the eloquence of Demosthenes and the speculative flights of Plato, though long passed away. St. Paul there alluded to the poem of Cleanthes, in which he stated "Certain of your poets have said, 'We thine offspring are,'" which is part of the stanza,

"To man is given,

To man alone, to lift his voice to heaven."

Americans have now wonderful duties with the wider expanse of influence in promulgating the beautiful ideals of Christian faith. Mozzini said, "God, nature and man are the three cantos in the religious epopee which has the ideal for its subject and the generation for its poet." While the new century hails the general intellectual progress, she has new duties of consecration. Into the gifts of literature, drama and music it is her high privilege to carry something of the tribute of the three Eastern Magi. The gold of Melchior acknowledged the sovereignty of Christ, the frankincense of Gaspar was the recognition of His divinity, and the myrrh of Belthazar, the Moor, was the tribute

to the Savior's humanity. The gifts of man are in the hands of this time also.

Among the musicians of this city should be such creative inspiration as speaks in Mass, "Sancto Spiritu in Gloria Del Patria." "Imitatione Christi" would furnish a beautiful devotion in the chapter of "The King's Way to the Holy Cross." Such music as Christian art may make sweeter the rest of our American oriental lands, where only the light of Bethlehem falls on their distant graves.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

[Portland Oregonian:] The benefit of books of such peculiar character that the recipients until they have bestowed them upon others.

[Washington Post:] The Chinese may be backward, but they are employing the mode of playing horse with the representatives.

[Washington Star:] A medical journal man's little toe is disappearing. This is news. There will be that much less for us to tread on in a crowded street car.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The country author with the genius of Mrs. Stowe which shall do for the lynching evil what "Cabin" did for negro slavery in the South.

[Philadelphia North American:] Capital does not abolish the crime of murder, but it merit; that it abolishes a very considerable number of murderers, which is a distinct advantage.

[Kansas City Star:] Most of the great were men well on in years. The ordinary peaceful record of those whose work whom death came as a restful and happy.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] No remarks on the barbarity of Americans not be construed to mean that the Chinese variably chloroformed their victims before to death.

[Minneapolis Times:] President Diaz applied for a leave of absence and will anybody is entitled to a vacation he is working away at the president business any other man on earth.

[Baltimore American:] According to exposition of Chinese law, a wife whose husband's parents may be strangled. This may be observed, does not lose the husband hounding his mother-in-law.

[Seattle Post-Intelligence:] "If you want, ask for it," is the injunction gods turn us loose upon the earth, and certain than that our longings are the this world and the next are fashioned.

[New York Mail and Express:] Mr. champion saloon-wrecker of Kansas, venture platform. An illustrated lecture on pulverizing the rum power by hurling plate glass mirrors in fashionable drink doubtless be worth at least twice the price.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] According to (Ky.) mob, it is not good form for a shoot his sweetheart's father when he young man calling. That opinion readily indorse by the whole country, method of expressing it cannot be indorsement.

PREHISTORIC HUMAN REMAINS.

[Berlin correspondence of the London] large number of neolithic flint implements been found in the neighborhood of U Ratisbon, and, according to Prof. Stein, of such great historical importance that it may serve to upset existing theories. An interesting discovery was made not long ago where an immense axehead, more than four inches broad, was found. It is composed of light gray and clear green jasper, covered in the vicinity of Drusenheim. A markable thing about it is that in the broad sides of the axehead is the figure of a human form, skilfully chased and still. The figure is fifteen centimeters long and the lines are from one-half to one centimeter. The face is large and long, with clearly defined nose mouth and chin, but without arms and hands are extended as if in flight. Parallel lines crossed by others, similar to the neolithic burial urns found near the Rhine, now preserved at Worms, and Herr Mehlis in his work on "The Legend." The figure now discovered is believed to represent some Phallic deity from Egypt. An essay on this axehead and the other mentioned above will shortly be published in

NIGHT.

The starry night hath voices all its own. Like whispers from some far-off shore, Stealing adown the silent moonlit air. Where roses bloom, and blossoms ever. Fill our sweet gardens. Sometimes a soft breathing sweet music mid the boughs. And silver ripples on the lake's pure bosom. Smile in the moonlight where the water flows. And little blades of grass do softly move. With bended heads, like reverent weeping. Oh, night is dear, and its great soul. Communion holds with vast infinity.

January 22, 1891.



The Merry-go-Round. By Robert J. Burdette.



Savvy Man.

I love to meet the Wise Wise Man,
The man who knows it all,
And hear him call my likings "Boosh,"
And my opinions "Gall."

I love to hear the Wise Man sneer
And lift his chin at me
When I suggest that carmine ink
Looks kind of red to see.

I glory in his lofty scorn
When he looks down to say
That crimson cloaks and meadows green
Should both be painted gray.

When I admire a painting new,
Without Time's stain or fleck,
How sweet to feel him with both feet
Jump on my groveling neck!

I praise a picture signed by plain
Unhyphenated Jones;
His steel-blue blade the Wise Man draws
To stink it in my bones.

I fain would worship some rapt saint
Angelic hosts adore,
But that I fear the Wise Wise Man
Who knows it all—and more.

Am I not a hardened Philistine that I don't even feel
shame for it, and there are times even when I am
walking in some gallery sanctified, glorified and de-
nominated by the immortals who touched canvas and
wood with the instinct and majesty of breathing life,
I am not ashamed of it. And as I am not rich
enough to buy and not quite poor enough to merit in-
feriority, I reckon I am a doomed sinner, already trem-
bling over the dread abyss into which I must one day
fall, where my eyes will be forever seared with haun-
tions, and where I will ever be amused—I mean
gladdened, that is it—by painted swarms of
madonnas and "child" that are fearfully and
wonderfully made. I wonder even now in my coarse
mindedness if the psalmist ever studied anatomy from
a painting and was led to contemplate the struc-
ture of man as revealed in the picture of a saint with a
cross for his backbone and his misplaced vertebrae in
the wrong place. People tell me that if I would live in the
atmosphere of art which people breathe over
I would grow to love some of the paintings which
delight me. Well, maybe I would. I don't know very
much about pictures. But I do love to watch people and
the influence of this "atmosphere of art" upon
lives.

People Might Worship.

church in Venice, one day, I had stood for an
hour. On the walls were masterpieces that
and beautifully compelled the adoration of even
the most philistine. There were painted faces of
men who could not have been more saintly than the
saints that created the countenance which God had not
given them. Paintings before which the most
scrofulous bared his head and bowed his soul.
Heads that swam mistily before you, as the tears
of your eyes, drawn from the heart by feeling that
you did not understand. Pictures that looked a mute
to your philistinism and made you think of the
look that sent the heart-broken disciple out of the
high priest's palace into the night to hide
himself, and his shame and to find a better, stronger
man to be. He had ever lived through penitence and the
knowledge of forgiveness. Pictures that made you half
a saint and a thorough believer in all the saints. I
wonder that people learned to kneel before these
saints—not by any pope—I can make a saint
as any man that ever lived as un saintly as
several of the popes have done—but by a
genius that had the power of working miracles
of art. I think, if I stood before it long
enough, I might unconsciously whisper my prayers
to it—not to St. Barbara. Not the St. Barbara
of the church; oh, no, but to Palma Vecchio's
Barbara; to Raphael's Madonna. That's the kind
of saint I am.

"Did not wonder" that people said their pray-
ers to these pictured saints. I should have
wondered if they had said their
names. But they didn't. The tourist
of St. Baedeker stood before the pictures with
prayer books in their hands. But the people
of art did not, and do not. So I walked over
where nearly everybody who came to that
place dropped on their pious knees. And I
then gazed the absurd looking image in that
room lighted by the devotion and triumph of
a person. There was a doll, about as large as a
child girl. It was dressed in a cotton dress—used
white—with a rosebud figure on it. It had a
face, insipid and expressionless to a most
degree in the days of lifelike dolls, and on it
were several sizes too large. The fingers of
both hands were bound with cheap rings, and as the
left hand was turned toward the front, the
fingers on those fingers were turned with the
fingers, that they might show. The image
had a pink ribbon. I have no quarrel with

people who adore that sort of thing. I have no fault to find with them. Only when people tell me that the atmosphere of art, the faultless sculpture and the living paintings, the masterpieces of the world of art are in themselves educational, uplifting, refining, stimulating. I just wonder why it doesn't have the effect upon people who were born in it, live in it all their days—wallow in it, so to speak.

Art and Common Honesty.

Several things tend to make the Philistine mind skeptical on the elevating tendencies of art in its highest development. That saintly Medici family were eminent patrons of art. It was disgust at their tyranny that drove Michael Angelo from Florence. And the popes, who were the greatest builders and patrons of art, seem never to have begun any great work without the preface of wholesale and barbarous thievery. "The rebuilding of St. Peter's alone," says Lanciani, "from the pontificate of Martin V. to that of Pius VII., caused more destruction, did more injury to ancient classic remains, than ten centuries of so-called barbarism. Of the huge and almost incredible mass of marbles of every nature, color, value and description used in this building until the beginning of the nineteenth century, not an inch, not an atom comes from modern quarries. They were all removed from classic buildings, many of which were leveled to the ground for the sake of one or two pieces only." When the baldacchino, which covers the high altar in St. Peter's was made, the Pope, Urban VIII., robbed the Pantheon of rare and beautiful treasures of classic art merely for the bronze, with as little compunction as a boy who wanted to go to the circus would steal a yard of lead pipe from a junkshop. A splendid bronze statue of Jupiter, was stolen from the capitol to make a very poor one of St. Peter. The story is long enough for a book. Oh, when you sift the matter impartially, the only true, sincere, appreciative lovers and worshippers of art on earth, are the Philistines. For some reason, good and wise and sufficient, Jehovah forbade his chosen people to cultivate art as a fad or profession, and they have outlived every nation of artists and art worshippers on earth, without changing their faith, their religion and their character. And the three great nations under whose nurturing care, artistic ideals and forms reached their highest development are famous today merely for their ruins and are become peep-shows for wandering Philistines and globe trotters. Oh, the fact is, my son, with all that is beautiful and noble and graceful and splendid about art, there's as much rubbish about it as there is about the ruins which once were splendid palaces and castles and are now dust-heaps of quarry refuse. A beautiful picture even a man so ignorant as myself can admire without being taught why and how to admire it, but a madonna, with a spike neck, egg-shaped face and long eyes—though I do not appreciate the seal and devotion and fervor and consecration of the painter—does not move me to adoration or admiration of the picture. Therefore am I set among the Philistines. And acres and acres and acres, and miles and miles and miles of that type of madonnas and saints will you see to every masterpiece. And what destroys human life in the galleries—and it seems to me that thousands of people die in them every year—is that the Baedekerite feels that he must look at every one of them instead of the dozen in every thousand worth looking at.

How do I know that so many persons die of the galleries? Of my own knowledge. Every day the pilgrims come back to the hotel declaring they are "half dead." Then they go out the next day and come back again with the same declaration. That must be the other half.

Art That Isn't Art.

And yet one feels penitent for ever having said a word against conscientious art, when returning from the contemplation of the work of men who worshiped art with sincere souls, even though their offerings were made with faulty pencils and inscrutable brush, the mail brings a copy of a Sunday paper from home, and it unrolls the unmitigated and inexorable horror of the "colored supplement." I ain't sayin' a word about it. Ain't sayin' even what I think. I just go back to the dingiest corner of the poorest gallery I can find the next day and hunt out the leanest, most disjointed and misarticulated saint I can find, and worship him with unspeakable reverence, and pray that he will remember me for giving when I am howling in purgatorial penance for ever making fun of him. So no more at present. For in the dawn of art there was some excuse, or rather good reason, for occasional poor drawing, monstrous anatomy, and atrocious coloring. That doesn't stand today. If after a thousand years of education, a man today thrusts his atrocities of bad design, worse execution and worst coloring into the faces of the people, to the wheel and the rack with him. Lock him up in a sky-lighted cell for all eternity, with plenty to eat and drink to keep him alive, and his own pictures pasted forever on the walls around him. But I don't suppose this will ever be done. In these days of advanced humanitarianism, when it is all we can do to keep our hands off the Chinese, mankind revolts from such brutal cruelty. You see, my boy, it isn't enough for yourself or the world of your day that you live in, that you should do as well as your father. You must do a great deal better.

Traveled Conversation.

I have begun to believe that in nothing does the broadening and stimulating influence of travel show itself so much as in one's conversational powers. If you meet a group of fellow tourists casually—mere strangers whom you have never seen before—you will be im-

pressed at once with the fact that their conversation is on a plane remote from that of a traveled people. And these are not "imaginary conversations," painfully and toilsomely conceived by the midnight incandescent lamp in God's country, or the sputtering glimmer of a candle in Europe, but real brilliants, shot off on the touch of the moment and the person, like sparks from the flint and steel.

Introduction—better than a letter from the United States Ambassador—"Oh, I heard you say you were just from Munich. Where did you stay?"

"At the Bunkerhof."

"Did you like it?"

"Splendid. Are you going to Munich?"

"Yes."

"Be sure to stay at the Koopmanschoop. Have you been to Venice?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stay?"

"At the Ponson Schwab."

"Did you like it?"

"Splendid, only the beds were hard and the table poor. Did you go to Berlin?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stay?"

"Hotel San Marco."

"Did you like it?"

"Splendid. Only we couldn't get anything to eat, and the hotel was so crowded we had to sleep outside. Did you go to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stay?"

"At the Windsorhof."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes; it was splendid. If you go to Paris be sure to go to the Ponson Maguire. Do you know any good hotels in Vienna?"

"No; we were only there four days, and it took us three to find the one we finally stopped at. We intended to look up some others, but it took us all the next day to get unpacked and packed up again to start the next morning. How long have you been in Rome?"

"Only five days. You been here long?"

"Just a week. What are you seeing?"

"Nothing yet; we haven't begun; we're looking for a hotel. You've seen everything, I suppose?"

"No; we haven't started in yet; haven't found a Ponson."

This is the sort of thing that makes life a daily joy to Boswell.

A DUTCH PROTEST.

PETITION TO SUPPRESS KISSING GAMES AND PULLING THE GOOSE.

[Kingston Correspondence New York Times:] Among the ancient Dutch records of Ulster county which have been translated by the official translator of the Holland Society, under the supervision of Judge Clearwater of this city, is one especially interesting, entitled "The Supplication of the Consistory of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church to the Magistrates at Wildwyk." The document is dated February 12, 1664, and is signed by Dominie Harmanus Blom.

It states that the consistory, moved by their consciences, petition the magistrates of Wildwyk with all proper humility that the public, sinful and scandalous, Bacchanalian festivities of the days of Shrove-tide ("descended from the heathen from their idol Bacchus, the god of wine and drunkenness") which are near at hand, may be prohibited. That they fear "if the people still indulge in such scandalous sins as those of Shrove-tide they will more and more provoke God and bring His wrath on the settlement," which had been destroyed by the Esopus savages during the previous year.

The magistrates referred the supplication to Gov. Stuyvesant, who issued an order forbidding the festive kissing games, and of a game called "pulling the goose." On such occasions the goose, whose neck and head had been previously-smeared with grease or soap, was fastened by a rope between two poles. Horsemen then entered the lists, and riding at full gallop made an attempt to seize the prize. They would often miss their mark and fall to the ground. He who succeeded in bearing off the prize was declared king of the festival, and all present drank at his expense at the tavern.

Both the kissing games and "pulling the goose" were very popular among the young Dutchmen of early Kingston, and they so deeply resented Gov. Stuyvesant's interference that a compromise was necessary, by which "pulling the goose" was abandoned, but the kissing games were allowed to be continued.

THE REIGN OF THE AIRSHIP.

Hail! Mighty monster of the air.
Who op'st the gate to flight and height
As yet, scarce hoped for mortal man,
Say to what limits wilt thou lead
The eager men of future time.

Methinks, when thou thy full sway hast,
Mounts, seas and plains will be as nought
To thy majestic, boundless flight,
And eagles, robed of their proud sway,
Will give thee their domain to rule.

CHARLES EDWIN BENT.

[Detroit Journal:] The Boer wears a tense, anxious look, now.

"I wonder if we are licked!" he exclaims, ever and anon. "It would be quite like the terrible Kitchener to keep it from us if we were!"

In time, no doubt, the killing suspense would wear out the brave Afrikander.

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

JOHN BULL AT HONGKONG.

HOW HE BUILT UPON A MASS OF ROCKS THE RICHEST COLONY OF THE WORLD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HONGKONG, Dec. 13, 1900.—Hongkong is the little Chinese giant of John Bull's colonial creations. If Uncle Sam can do as well with the Philippines he will have the greatest empire of the Far East, and will control the trade of the Western Pacific. This rocky little island is so small that you can walk around it in a day. It is only eleven miles long, and on the average about three miles wide. When John Bull got it it was so barren that weeds would not grow upon it. It was infested by pirates, and its only inhabitants were a few fishermen, who lived in huts on the shores. The Chinese laughed as they gave it away. This was

everywhere. Just beyond the postoffice is one of the most densely-populated parts of the world. There are 150,000 people living and doing business there on an area smaller than a 100-acre farm. There are more than a thousand to the acre, or 250 to a village lot. They are Chinese, and as busy Chinese as you will find anywhere in Asia. They do everything under the sun. Some of them have large stores. Some have rice factories. Some are silversmiths, others are bankers, and there are laborers of every sort, both women and men.

Human Muscle at Low Prices.

I am surprised at the work done by women. Human meat is the cheapest meat in Hongkong, and human muscle the cheapest muscle. This town has been made out of the muscle of the Chinese. They are the pack animals, the beasts of burden, the drays of the city. All the building stone and bricks, all the clay, mortar and sand for putting up the big houses on the hills are

kong, but still low enough to make a good manufacturing.

There are already three large sugar refineries. They use the raw sugar from the Philippines to refine it for the markets of the Far East. There is a hemp factory, which consumes a quantity of hemp, and their are ice factories, cement works, factories, match factories and several engineering. A paper mill, fitted out with the best of English machinery, is in operation, and there is a large mill with 50,000 spindles. Much of the cotton imported from China, some from India, and from the United States. The Chinese make soap, starch. They have rice mills, bean-curd factories, powder factories, and cigar works. They also considerable boat building, furniture making, and blowing.

A Town of Stock Companies.

Hongkong is one of the financial centers of the East. It has half a dozen banks, all of very large capital. The Hongkong and Shanghai Bank has a paid-up capital of \$10,000,000 and a reserve of \$1,000,000. It has about \$80,000,000 of deposit. Stock is quoted at 314 per cent. premium. The Bank of Canton has recently established branches in the Pescadores Islands, and is doing an extensive business. The other large bank is the Chartered Bank of Canton and China, and others are the Bank of the Bank of Japan, the National Bank of China, the Bank of the Bank of Indo-China and the Imperial Bank of China.

Victoria has its Chamber of Commerce and Exchange, where the local shares are bought and sold. We see that many of the stocks are worth more than their face value. The tramway stock is quoted above par. The Hongkong Hotel shares, of the value of \$50, sell for \$118. The Hongkong Ice Company, value \$25, is worth \$170, and one of the dock stocks sells at a premium of 545 per cent. Insurance stocks are all high, several of them quoted at three times their face value. The Luxon sugar company on the list and the steamship companies. The cigar stocks are



less than sixty years ago. Now Hongkong is one of the chief ports of the world. The British empire has only three which surpass it. Eight million tons of shipping enter its harbor every year, and its annual trade amounts to \$250,000,000 in gold. Fifty thousand Chinese vessels visit it every twelve months, and it has great steamers connecting it with North America, Australia and Europe and all parts of the Pacific and Indian oceans. You may count fifty ocean steamers at anchor at one time in its harbor, and it is perhaps the busiest port of the world.

Just now there is a big North German Lloyd steamer at the docks loading for Europe. One of the French mail has just left for Saigon and Singapore, on its way to Marseilles and a Pacific and Oriental carrying the English mails, left today for Shanghai. Hongkong has five lines of steamers connecting it with Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, and it will soon have one to San Diego. There are many ships which go regularly from here to Manila, and two lines which visit Manila, on their way to Australia. The fare to Manila is \$30, gold; to San Francisco, \$200, and to Europe, \$300 and upward.

The City of Victoria.

The world knows this port as Hongkong, and you frequently see mention of the city of Hongkong. There is no such thing. Hongkong is merely the name of the island and colony; the name of the city and port is Victoria. It was so named when the land was taken over by the English in 1843, in honor of Queen Victoria, who granted the charter. Victoria is a beautiful city, and a curious one. If you will imagine mountains, 1800 feet high, rising upward at an angle of about 45 deg. from a hilllocked harbor, you will have an idea of its site. The city runs around the shore, and rises in terraces up the sides of the mountains to a distance of 400 feet. Thus far it is solidly built. Beyond are scattered residences of the well-to-do English clear to the top of the peak. Running up through the houses and extending to the great hotel on the peak you see two black iron tracks. These belong to the Peak tramway, which carries passengers up and down every few moments during the day.

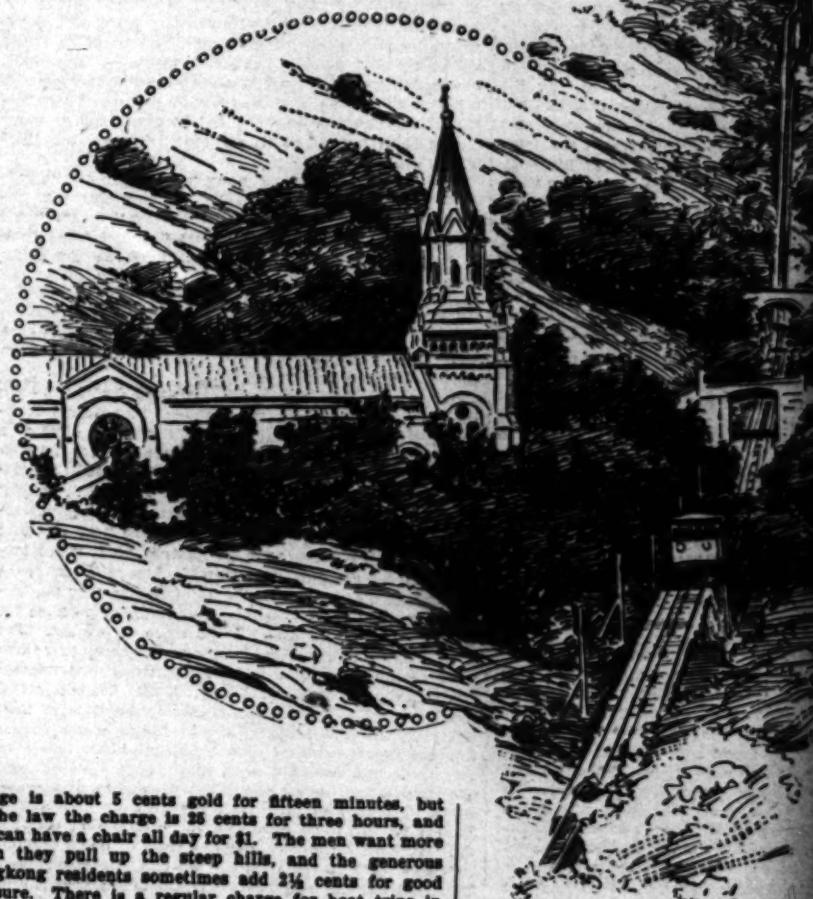
Big Buildings.

The business end of Victoria is at the foot of the hills. Much of it is on land reclaimed from the sea. Great stone docks wall out the water, and the mountain has been cut down to fill in and form a foundation for magnificent buildings. The central part of the city would do credit to London or New York. There is not a finer bank building in the world, I venture, than that of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. The Hongkong Club cost \$350,000, and the Hongkong Hotel would be a big hotel anywhere. Back of these buildings are many fine residences. They rise out of the trees along streets which are so shaded that you can climb the hills and keep out of the rays of the sun.

The population of Hongkong is about 250,000, of whom less than 5000 are whites, the remainder being Chinese. There are 3269 Europeans and Americans, not counting the Portuguese, 2263 Portuguese, 1248 East Indians and 272 Eurasians. There are 2374 British, 223 Americans, 366 Germans, 118 French, 105 Spanish and 163 Jews. The Chinese quarter is down near the water, although a great part of it surrounds the English business sections, and you find Chinese merchants and factories

carried up in baskets by Chinese girls. I see long processions of this kind going all day long from the boats up the mountains. Every woman has a pole on her shoulders, with a basket fastened to each end of it, and the baskets are filled with bricks or stones. She carries from fifty to 100 pounds at a load, and her wages are 10 cents a day.

It makes one feel like a king to travel about Hongkong. You get so much for your money. I am hauled about in jinrikishas for 2½ cents a trip, and for 10 cents I can have a man pulling me through the streets for an hour. I am frequently carried about in a chair on the bare shoulders of two big Chinese. The regular



charge is about 5 cents gold for fifteen minutes, but by the law the charge is 25 cents for three hours, and you can have a chair all day for \$1. The men want more when they pull up the steep hills, and the generous Hongkong residents sometimes add 2½ cents for good measure. There is a regular charge for boat trips in the harbor, and the coolies on the street work for 2½ cents an hour, or 17 cents of our money a day.

The Factories and Chinese Cheap Labor.

Hongkong is fast becoming a manufacturing center, and its condition in this regard is an example of what might be done in the Philippines with Chinese immigration. Ordinary labor in China costs from 3 to 10 cents a day, and skilled labor ranges from 18 to 22 cents per day. The wages are higher than this at Hong-

par, and it is the same with many other countries. The list takes a full column of the Hongkong Journal, indicating that there is a great deal of business.

How Hongkong is Governed.

I have spent some time in learning about the

part of Hongkong. The colony is as well-managed as any in the British empire. Life and property are safe, and notwithstanding there are less than 5000 white people here and about 240,000 Chinese, including some of the roughest elements of this part of the world. The head of the colonial government is Sir Henry A. Metcalf, formerly Governor of Jamaica. He was appointed by the Queen three years ago, and will remain here during his pleasure. He receives a salary of \$32,000 per annum, and has his house rent and other perquisites. He is practically supreme, although there is a legislative council, a Governor's council, and a number of other officials. All offices are held only at the pleasure of the crown. The Legislative Council can be dissolved by the Queen, and she has the right to change any appointment.

Hongkong and the Police.

The laws are made by the Legislative Council, and they are enforced by the police and the courts. There are 300 policemen, of whom 156 are Europeans, 250 Indians and 400 Chinese. There is a Supreme Court, a Police Court and a Marine Magistrate's Court, all of which have plenty to do.

Many of the Chinese who come here are bad characters, and Hongkong has as bold thieves as any part of the world. In our country the criminal class are useful to keep away from the courtrooms. The other day two Chinese thieves entered the chief hall of justice in Victoria while the court was in session. One of them had a ladder, which he placed under the clock. He held it there while the other climbed up and took the clock off the wall. One of the policemen asked the men what they were doing. They replied, "Wankee makes fix." The policemen thought they had been ordered to take the clock away for repairs, and did not object. Since then neither clock nor Chinese have been found. This is the next thing to stealing a red-hot stove, a thing that I doubt not the Chinese could do, if they knew the virtue of asbestos gloves.

The courts of Hongkong have their own codes of procedure. They have regular terms of sitting, their fees are all fixed by law, and they are, I am told, reasonable.

The Finances of the Colony.

Hongkong is a free port, and the government has to raise its revenues chiefly by stamps and by taxing its citizens. There are stamps upon everything. You pay \$50 on every contract; \$2 on every deed, and \$25 in stamps if you make your will. Every bank check has a 3-cent stamp, and the bank must pay 1 per cent. per cent. on the average amount of its bank-note circulation. Bonds of all kinds pay 10 per cent. taxes, and every broker's note pays 50 cents. Auctioneers are charged \$300 a year for their licenses, billiard tables must pay \$50 each, and every pawnbroker must give \$50 annually to the city if he would do business. In addition to this the government gets something out of monopolies. It receives \$15,000 a month from its alum farms, and less sums from other factories. With all this it is easily able to meet its expenses. Its revenues are about \$3,000,000 silver every year, and its expenditures are considerably less. Its debt is less than \$100,000, and it pays an interest rate of only 3½ per cent.

Hongkong Money.

What kind of money do they use in this English colony? Pounds, shillings and pence? No. They use a silver dollar, which is worth just as much as the value of the silver it contains. Many of the dollars made in Mexico, and many of those in circulation have been plugged and sweated until they are worth less than par. Nearly every dollar that you get at the bank has a black mark stamped upon it, guaranteeing its value by the last man who passed it. If you go to Mexico, that is, new dollars, the Hongkong Shanghai Bank will charge you 2 per cent. extra. All kinds of Hongkong money are at a discount in Shanghai. Even the bank-notes of the Hongkong Shanghai Bank are taken at a discount by the Shanghai branch of this same bank if presented at Hongkong.

There is a great deal of speculation in money. The silver dollar ranges in value from 42 to 59 cents gold, being up and down, according to the rise and fall of the market. Some Chinese merchants deal in silver in buying everything by weight. Their unit is the containing one and one-third ounces avoirdupois, worth about 70 cents. Their copper coin is the cent, of which it takes more than a thousand to make one dollar. Hongkong has a mint, where it now makes dollars and half-dollars of its own. It has also many coins imported from England; the most beautiful of these is the 5-cent piece, a little disc of silver worth 5½ cents in gold.

Our Postal Methods.

Hongkong is the center of the British postal service in China. The postoffice is on Queen's road, in the center of the city. There are mail boxes at the corners of the streets, and collections and deliveries are properly made. There are private mail boxes in the houses, which are rented for \$10 a year in advance. Every house has to provide himself with two stout bags, printed on both sides with his name in English and Chinese. These bags are for the coolies, who are sent to the mail. Each coolie must have his master's name in English and Chinese. Without this ticket he cannot get the mail. The local postage rates are 1 cent or one-half ounce. The chief clerks in the postoffice are English, although the cashiers are the cashiers and handle the money. This is in the banks; the Chinese clerks being the best. There are three companies of garrison artillery,

a corps of engineers and a battalion of infantry. There is also a volunteer corps, consisting of a battery of light field artillery, three machine-gun companies, an infantry company, an engineer company and a band. The approaches to the harbor are well fortified, the batteries, consisting of well-constructed earthworks, armed with the latest of breech-loading guns. The colony is an important naval station, Hongkong being the headquarters of the China squadron.

In the harbor are magnificent dry docks, in which not only English, but American and other men-of-war are laid up for repairs. The rates for such work on foreign vessels is exorbitantly high, the expense often running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A City of Amusements and Clubs.

The foreigners live well in this part of the world. Many of them make a deal of money, and all spend a great deal. Victoria is a town of clubs. There is a cricket club, a football club, a polo club, a golf club, a hockey club, a rifle club, and a yachting club. The Portuguese have their association, the Germans have a club, and the English have clubs of every kind. Even the ladies have clubs. They have their tennis courts and pavilions, in which they periodically go to carry up their neighbors. Hongkong has its annual races, its regattas, its athletic exhibitions, and its swimming matches. It has an amateur dramatic club, which gives regular performances in the City Hall, and it has two large Chinese theaters.

It has big hotels, one of which has 150 rooms. It has gas and electric lights. It has good waterworks. It has churches, colleges and schools. It has three daily newspapers published in English and four daily papers published in Chinese. It gets its cables daily from all parts of the world, and it is on the whole as live and as up-to-date a colony as can be found on the Lightning Express of Modern Progress, which is pushing its way through the dead civilizations of the Far East.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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ONSET BAY AIRSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHER VALIN THINKS HE HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

[Boston Globe:] An air of mystery surrounds the photograph gallery of John B. Valin, opposite the open air auditorium on the beach at Onset Bay.

Photographer Valin is an ingenious Canadian of French lineage, and his present effort is bent upon solving the alluring, yet exasperating, problem of aerial navigation.

Two principles are involved in his plan that are original with Mr. Valin. The most striking is the new theory that a screw, or "worm" propeller, may be utilized for propulsion through the ether as it is commonly used in the denser element, water.

The application of man-power by a hand and foot lever in the car of his ingenious outfit to the balloon of "worm" form, is another striking feature. This is designed to apply by transmitting the power by aid of a rope, or, preferably, a light linked steel chain, from the car to the balloon with a ratchet and spring at the point of contact. This force is then expended by revolving the balloon, which screws its way forward through the air.

Hydrogen gas is utilized to sustain the outfit in the air and to raise it. This is designed for use because of its great lifting power, although it is rather expensive. Hot air cannot readily be used, because it would compel making the balloon very large, unwieldy and to work at a disadvantage. With hydrogen gas long flights can be made and the utility of the airship greatly enhanced.

In Mr. Valin's invention the car is intended to weigh not over 100 pounds and to be constructed of light, strong woods. The operator sits in the middle. He pushes a lever forward both with his feet and with his hands. This action causes the axis of the balloon to revolve, as it is suspended horizontally in the air, sustaining the car. The revolving of the axis, or shaft, turns the entire balloon around in the air, like the turning of a screw horizontally.

During its rotation the resistance of the air against the fan, or "worm," which is attached to slight supports at an angle of 45 deg. from the balloon body, passes entirely around the balloon spirally, to carry the balloon forward. This is on the same principle that the resistance of the water to the screw of a steamboat forces that craft ahead.

The theory here is that in the air the necessity arises for a wide expanse of screw surface to overcome the lesser power of resistance of air over water and its application horizontally.

Attached to the forward portion of the balloon by a flexible joint is a second balloon half the size of the main section. This projects forward from the main balloon and serves as the rudder, the main balloon being directly over the car, which it suspends.

Steering ropes are fastened to a boom that caps the front axis of this lesser balloon. A boy or man is designed to sit in the forward portion of the car below to manipulate this rudder apparatus.

In brief, the theory is this—Given two balloons, one smaller and in front, with sufficient inflation with gas to hold up, say, 300 pounds weight, or, perhaps, 350 pounds, including a car and its occupants suspended below, the "worm" propeller, operated by a combination hand and foot lever, can be made to travel through the air at will, guided in any direction the steersman may wish.

Mr. Valin, in describing from his model the ratchet and spring application to the axis of the balloon, says: "It will be very greatly to the advantage, you will see, to employ ball bearings, which will save all possible loss of power in transmission, yet there will be a portion of loss of power then which it is impossible to overcome through friction."

"If you make the balloon, or screw, as you may call it, revolve 200 times in a minute, it would make the balloon, if forty feet long, go forward twenty feet for every

turn. That is what a screw would do in a solid body. At 200 turns a minute it would go 2000 feet, or about two-fifths of a mile, in one minute. Of course, out of that you have got to deduct for the friction of the air.

"I think the power best adapted for propelling this airship will be liquid air."

Mr. E. D. Eldridge, superintendent of the Onset Water Company, is undoubtedly the best authority in this section upon mechanics. Mr. Eldridge for a number of years was the superintendent of the Pneumatic Gun Carriage Company, and had charge of fitting United States naval vessels with their armament. This required him to be second to none in this country upon questions of nicety and accuracy in mechanics.

Mr. Eldridge is deeply interested in Mr. Valin's invention. He pronounces it as most appealingly practicable, novel and the development of an original idea applied to fixed mechanical laws that is logical. Of the application of the spring and ratchet for utilizing the one-man power stated in the car below the balloon, Mr. Eldridge says:

"You will, perhaps, remember a few years ago when the new pattern of the old-style high-wheel bicycle came out, the Star wheel. It had a small wheel in front. A ratchet and spring were used. As the rider pushed down on one side with one foot it applied the power from that side, and as he pushed down with the foot on the other side, it in turn applied the power from that side. The principle is the same as used by Mr. Valin, and is entirely practicable and clever. The propeller seated in the car as he pushes with his feet the power is applied the same as on the bicycle with the pressure of the foot upon one side. Then as he pushes with his hands upon the hand lever, that force has the same relative application as the pressing down with the second foot upon the other side of the bicycle, keeping up a constant application of power upon the axis of the balloon or worm and keeping that revolving, or screwing itself through the air."

Mr. W. E. Hammond, the local practical watchmaker and jeweler, who is an inventor on his own account, has examined Mr. Valin's model, and studied his theory minutely. Mr. Hammond says:

"Mr. Valin, the inventor of the airship, has, at various times during the construction of his model, given me the opportunity to witness and examine his machine. I think his idea of navigating the air is the right one and something that will solve the great problem of how we may travel through the air. After carefully investigating, and many times experimenting with the working of his model, I believe, looking at Mr. Valin's invention from a mechanical standpoint, his airship is constructed in a thoroughly practical and successful manner for aerial navigation, and his method seems to me to be the nearest to perfection of anything that I have ever seen or heard of concerning the construction and working of an air vessel."

Mr. Valin says that \$2000 will be ample to make a perfect airship upon his model.

WHAT MODERN SAILORS FEAR.

NOT WINDS AND SEAS, BUT AN EXPLOSION WHICH SENDS THE SHIP TO THE BOTTOM.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "Boiler explosions are the terror of the seafaring man," said an old-time deep-water captain, speaking of the frightful disaster at the carbolineum works. "Such a thing is bad enough on dry land, but imagine a catastrophe of that kind at sea! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means the absolute wiping out of the craft itself and every soul on board."

"The average landsman would be greatly shocked in looking over the maritime records to see how many vessels disappear each year and leave absolutely no clue to their fate. They run well up to the hundred mark, and such a mystery is not to be explained away by storms. A Chinese typhoon may swoop down like lightning out of a clear sky and tear a ship to pieces, but some floating wreckage is sure to tell the tale. A boiler explosion, on the contrary, will blow a hole as big as a railroad tunnel right through the center of the hull, and the stricken vessel simply goes down like a shot. There is no time to unfasten a boat from the davits or cut loose a spar."

"In the opinion of seamen, that is the story of at least 90 per cent. of the ships that leave port and are never heard of again. Luckily the modern system of marine boiler inspection is extremely strict and thorough, but it is impossible to absolutely prevent carelessness and fraud, and often enough, no doubt, the fault lies with the engineer."

"There is an old story of a drunken Scotchman, who mistook the thermometer for the steam gauge and 'cussed out' the stokers because he couldn't get the pressure above 80. That yarn will hardly hold water, but I've seen cases almost as bad. I am glad to say, however, that during the past ten years, there has been a steady diminution of the number of vessels which 'mysteriously disappear.' That is due, beyond all question, to the increased stringency of boiler inspection and the greater strictness of examinations before a certificate is issued to engineers. Nevertheless there is still considerable room for improvement in both branches."

HOW TO KEEP THE HANDS SUPPLE.

[New York Tribune:] Women pianists who wish to keep their hands supple will be interested in Padewski's description of his method. He says: "The night before I play I turn my hands over to my valet, and he rubs my fingers until they tingle. Then he takes one finger after the other and turns and twists it in the palm of his hand, always turning the one way. This makes the fingers supple and keeps the knuckles in good working order. Last he rubs the palm of each hand very hard—as hard as I can stand it. Just before I go on the platform to play I have a basin of hot water brought to my dressing room. In this I immerse my hands. Hot! I should say so! Just about as hot as it is possible for any one to stand it."

TORTURES THE TOES. THE AGONIES THAT ARE UNDERGONE BY STAGE DANCERS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE latest thing in stage dancing—newest and most difficult thing under the Terpsichorean sun—is called instep dancing, and is composed of evolutions so trying and so painful that audiences should weep into their handkerchiefs as well as split their gloves in applause when mistresses of this most difficult art pirouette themselves smilingly from the stage. It is the most amazing thing that women will perform steps which cause them most exquisite pain—and do it all with a smile. Most of the clever dancers are women, though a few men and boys dispute their kingdom with them.

The worst of it is that theatrical audiences do not realize the amazing difficulty of these new contortions. They see an actress spring from a table, land airily on her toes, and go spinning from the stage, and it scarcely occurs to them that this one maneuver has cost her weeks of patient practice and extreme pain. They do not know that an X-ray would show the bones of her feet almost as badly misplaced as those of a high-class Chinese woman, and if they knew they would not care. In order to accomplish these amazing feats, a dancer's foot must be in the most perfectly pliable condition, for the new instep dancing requires a temporary dislocation of the knuckles of the toes. Pleasant to think of, isn't it? Watch the feet of the next instep dancer you see. You will feel as though you had assisted at a surgical operation, and your own toes will twinge in sympathy.

This temporary dislocation brings the insides of both feet into direct contact with the stage floor. It demands a remarkable flexibility of the foot and ankle, and entails a more vigorous and painful course of training

condition. How little the amusement-seeking public knows, or cares, for such trifles! But if the public cares little for the physical discomfort of the dancer, she herself cares less; the mere matter of pain will not deter an ambitious dancer who seeks to whirl her way into popular affection.

In what is known as straight toe work, there are five positions of equal importance, which may be converted into some sixty-five combinations. There are now about twenty-four varieties of the "rock," and the number of dancing postures is limited only by the ingenuity of the dancer. There are many opportunities for telling effect in the "rock" movement. As an example, there is the "spring rock," one of the most difficult of all dancing steps. In this form the dancer leaps into the air and lands upon the boards upon the face of the instep. Then there is the "slap rock," in which the dancer stands with the feet well apart, resting on the flat of one foot and the face of the other, reversing these positions with a rapid alternating movement. In the "double-toe rock" the dancer rests with the soles together and facing inward, while she stands upon the points of her toes, dropping first upon the face of one foot and then the other.

In the London music halls, where a specialty is made of ballet performances, a school is maintained in connection with each ballet, and here baby tots are trained to their future work. From babyhood until advancing age debars them from the further practice of their profession, they are on the stage. In this way the ranks are kept constantly recruited by a body of trained dancers, who have learned their art at a time when muscles are pliable and mind subservient. It is for this reason that the English ballet dancer is accounted superior to her American sister. There the theaters provide a place for the children of the school, while here the regulation which exists in most cities, and which prohibits a child from dancing in public till she has attained the age of 16, offers small inducement to the parents to provide their offspring with a ten-year course of instruction before any monetary return can be made.

the dancer has been extended, and the "toe-instep work has become a sort of post-grade.

Dancing in its simplest form doubtless had in the joyous abandon and physical exuberance of primeval man. The pleased child expresses his delight in dancing; the lamb of the field, in their exuberance, prance about in a kind of dancing. The physical expression of joy finds itself in mirth; sorrow is inactive, pleasure active. It is not hard to picture a hairy gentleman of prehistoric days delighted over some conquest of his fellowman or beast and displaying his exultation in a series of leaps and pirouettes.

Today the art of dancing has its place in the esthetic sciences. One may not be a dancer wishing. Even the comparatively simple forms of social dancing require a long and careful course of training. As for professional stage dancing, especially dancing, the demands made upon the artist are fully exacting. To be successful the dancer, song bird, must be "caught when young." In the lower limbs are flexible, and the youth of the pupil tractable and teachable. The wise pupil in the world is the woman who has been adopted. The finest "premieres danseuses" in the world began their professional careers as very little girls.

To what extent the present modes of dancing will change in the near future it is difficult to foretell. That they will change radically is a conclusion; for the public soon tires of anything and when the devotees of the ballet lose their hobby it is a sign for the inventive brain to bestir himself in the way of invention.

MABEL CLARE

THE MONUMENT TO RUSKIN.

[London Chronicle:] The headstone to the grave of Ruskin in Coniston churchyard is of the type lately revived from ancient usage before the Norman conquest. Ruskin's directions on the subject, but it was felt by his



than any other form of dancing. The bones of the foot must be so loosened that they are in an almost straight line with the rest of the limb. Usually two years of training and constant practice are required before the dancer can acquire the "rock." In the case of the child who posed for the accompanying illustrations, but six months were required, but the child is a natural dancer, devoted to the difficult art, and with bones and muscles so flexible and tractable that art had much assistance from nature.

Nevertheless, her proficiency was not attained without physical pain. Learning these difficult dances at all is partly a matter of nerve and of determination. The dancer is exercised until in a state of profuse perspiration; then the foot and leg are massaged to further rapid circulation. The foot is then rubbed and wriggled until the smaller bones which comprise the osseous structure of the foot and ankle are so loosened that complete flexibility is gained. This operation, besides being painful to the subject, requires great skill and delicacy on the part of the operator; improper treatment is certain to bring about serious after-results.

It is related by a writer in the *Metropolitan Magazine* that one promising dancer became disabled for further work through the ignorant treatment of her husband, who constituted himself her trainer and ballet master, and who, in an attempt to stretch the dancer's nether limbs while they were "cold," succeeded only in rupturing the delicate and sluggish blood vessels of the leg, and so severely strained the ligaments that the dancer was incapacitated forever for the pursuit of her art.

At the best, the dance, in all its phases, is tortuous. Each toe must be carefully wrapped in cotton to prevent chafing. Ballet shoes must be specially made to fit the pedal requirements of the dancer; and it is not without interest to note the fact in passing that only two men in this country are competent ballet-shoe makers. The sole of a ballet shoe is stiffened, and cotton placed in the far end of it where the greatest strain comes. Even with innumerable precautions the dancer seldom escapes trouble; there are few of the world's most noted dancers whose feet are in a perfectly-normal

As in acrobatic and other lines requiring flexibility and special training, it is the early instruction which counts for most; what comes in after-life is gained only by unlearning other methods and unfixing other habits. Pupils vary, of course. One speaks, not untruthfully, of a born dancer, and natural aptitude is the most valuable aid to the instructor, but most young and growing muscles may be trained to grace if taken in hand in time.

The younger school of dancers appear to be attracting the greater amount of public attention at present, and scarcely without exception those most prominent in stage work are under 30. They are those whose younger muscles have enabled them to limber up to the flexibility required for "rock" work, and, as a rule, the youngest members are the best. Some of those best known are under twenty.

From instep work to the early days of the ballet is a contrast which marks strongly the advancement made, not alone in the matter of technique, but in the point of dressing as well. The old-school dancer, with her knee-length tutu skirts, would furnish an odd parallel to the smartly-gowned young woman of today, and no less marked would be the comparison of their steps. The old-time dancer was more of a pantomimist, and the variety of her steps would be regarded almost as incompetency today. A little toe work, some flat-foot steps, and her repertoire was exhausted. She would have stood aghast at the suggestion that she attain the flexibility required for the "rocks," and the suggestion that an entire dance be accomplished upon the toes would, to her, be akin to seditious utterance. That a young woman could attain a strength of limb so great as to not alone enable her to ascend and descend a stairway on her toes, but to acquire on the descent the added burden of a small child, would have been regarded in much the same light as a hint at the telephone or electric lighting.

Take even the best known of the old school and place them on the stage today, and audiences would jeer at them. Their methods would appear antiquated, their costume "outre," and the limitations of their art stamp them as incompetent. Just as the curriculum of the colleges has been greatly enlarged, so the school of

that as he wished to be buried in Coniston he would have wished for some headstone and unpretentious and yet of an artistic and kind.

The cross is of the hard green stone supplied from the quarries of Tilberthwaite, liable to chip or lose its pleasant gray green. The side facing the grave, and looking east, is a figure with a lyre, representing his works, poems, and the "Poetry of Architecture"; this, in a panel of the interlaced work so often such crosses, is Ruskin's name and the date the only lettering thought necessary, for all told in pictures.

The south side is filled with a scroll of wild rose, and on the boughs are three of the symbols he wrote about with affection—the squirrel and the kingfisher. This meant to symbolize in natural history. The west side, looking towards the mountains, represents his ethical and social teaching. At the bottom is the parable of the workers in the vineyard, receiving his penny from him. "Unto This Last;" then a design of "Sesame and the middle "Fors Clavigera," the monk holding the club, key and nail, which every student of his work will readily recognize. Over that is the "Song of the Wild Olive," and at the top "St. George and the Dragon." The north side is a simple interlace. The crosshead on each side bears the Giselle, in those, all sculptures the Sun of Helios, and the other side has a disk with the Fylfot, a four-pointed star, accepted all the world over as the symbol of eternal life.

[Philadelphia Press:] (McJigger:) How did the new play?

(Tingumbob:) I thought Miss Sadi was entirely too much to say.

(McJigger:) Was she in it? Why, I know she had gone on the stage.

(Tingumbob:) She was in one of the plays the night I was there.

TIGER OF THE SEA.

FILIPINOS WHO FIGHT THE MAN-EATING SHARK IN HIS OWN ELEMENT.

From a Special Correspondent.

MANILA, Dec. 1, 1900.—In consideration of several squares of red flannel and some particularly gaudy trinkets, Kato invited the two visiting "white kings," as he politely termed us, to a shark hunt. Kato is something of a king himself; that is, he is chief of a sea-coast district of Southern Mindanao. He is a devoted follower of the sport of shark hunting, which is as lively a form of the chase as a healthy-minded man need aspire to. Naturally, when royalty visited him, Kato, arranged to show them the royal sport. Neither the captain nor myself knew anything about Filipino shark hunting. We thought we were being invited to go out fishing. We accepted off-hand.

The hunt was set for the day after our arrival. Promptly at daybreak a great hullabaloo on the shore signalled the preparation of the boats, and after a hasty breakfast we were off. Our destination was a small bay, shut in by a curving overhang of coral growth, which acted as a breakwater, and afforded a quiet harbor for the sharks. Our fleet consisted of half a dozen twenty-foot canoes with immense overhangs bow and stern. We were in the head canoe with Kato. As we sped along he exclaimed that we were almost certain to find some big sharks lying in the quiet water. Garbage had strewn there the day before to attract them. There was one particularly lively 15-footer, said Kato, that he was anxious to get.

"Fifteen footer!" exclaimed the captain. "Why, he must be a man-eater!"

Which, being translated to Kato, elicited the response: "Yes, man-eater. Ate two of my men last time. Canoe broke up."

Unpleasant thoughts entered my mind. I looked tentatively at the side of the canoe and was instantly sorry that I did it. It gave to the touch, like paper.

"Good Lord!" said the captain. "I'd rather hunt my sharks from the shore."

But it was too late to draw back now. Already our canoe was entering the narrow channel between the coral cliffs and the rest of the fleet was tailing out in single file behind us. Kato warned us in low tones against loud speech or unguarded movement. At a sign from him a well built native of middle age, with a long cloak over him, stepped upon the forward overhang and peered ahead of us.

"That's the lookout, I suppose," whispered the captain.

Similar posts were set on the other canoes. The boats were hardly moving now, so cautious were the strokes of the paddlers, but we were gradually getting into shallower water. It was dark, but singularly clear and limpid, the water of this lagoon. Our lookout stood like a statue, shaking his head from time to time as Kato whispered a question to him. There was an order and the paddles stopped moving entirely. We were drifting on a slow current in a bay, all but surrounded by the coral reefs. Presently there came from one of the craft to the right of us a sharp clucking sound. The lookout of this canoe was pointing to a spot in the water a mile in front and between us and himself. Stretching my neck I peered eagerly into the water, and presently made out what looked like a dull blotch, swaying just above the bottom, at a depth of perhaps 10 or 15 feet. It was a shark, asleep after gorging himself with the oil scattered for him. In the uncertain vagueness of the water, which naturally magnified objects in an alarming manner, he seemed of enormous size, and as his huge, gray bulk and gaping mouth, with its cruel rows of teeth, lay exposed, my thoughts reverted timidly to the frailness of the canoe. At a signal from Kato, whose beady eyes gleamed with savage ardor and the passion of the chase, the other canoes retired, in order that we might have the honor of killing the first shark. But how were we going to do it? The question came up in the captain's mind, too, and he demanded in a loud and excited

"Where's the hook and line? Where's the harpoon? What are we going to catch him with?"

Kato grinned when the query was translated and pointed to our lookout. The man slipped off his long coat and stood before us stark naked, a model of lithesome masculinity. Stooping, he attached to one ankle a heavy weight. Over one shoulder he had coiled a noose at the end of a long rope. Between his teeth he held a short, broad-bladed, keen kris. To me, it seemed like a scene from a highly improbable play. That the man with his rope and kris should go down into the depths of an alien element and there attack its fiercest monster, was too much for credence. But the captain was more practical minded.

"Hold on, there," he said, and he had forgotten to whisper. "What's that man going to do?"

This question needed no translation. Kato grinned and pointed down at the shark.

"Not while I'm here," declared the captain. "It's murder. He'd have more chance against a tiger. I won't let him."

He started to get up and the canoe gave a sickening lurch. He sat down hastily. Still grinning in entire ignorance of why the white king was making a fuss, he had made a signal, and the diver was gone. So skillfully did he slip into the water that there was no disturbance of the surface other than a little whirlpool where he went down and a slight ripple from the noose as he paid it out while sinking. The end of the rope was held by two of the paddle men. No sooner had the diver reached the bottom than he set out toward the shark. His every movement was distinctly visible. As calmly and unconcernedly as if he were

sauntering along his own sunlit beach, the man moved on, occasionally stooping to disengage the weight on his ankle from some projection of the coral formation. In the boat Kato was explaining in whispers that sharks sleep heavily after eating, and this one probably wouldn't wake up until the diver's business was concluded. It seemed highly probable to me that the diver's business would be definitely concluded within a very brief period after the waking of the shark. The captain was saying something about heading an expedition to hang Kato for murder; a poor return for such exciting entertainment as he was affording us. Down at the bottom of the sea events were nearing a crisis.

The diver unslung his noose. With marvelous deftness he slipped it over the head of the monster and threw up his hands in a signal. Instantly those in the boat hauled in the rope, the noose tightened and the shark was caught. Have you ever caught a pickerel still-fishing? If so, you know that he sulks and comes up slowly but without any resistance, except dead weight at first. That is exactly what this shark did. Up—up—up he came until the captain swore aloud.

"It's a swindle. The shark's dead," he cried.

Verbal refutation of that statement wasn't needed. There was a quick movement of the great fish's tail. Kato shouted an order, and those in the boat let the rope slip. It fairly sang on the gunwale as the shark darted down at the diver. The man had moved off a few feet, but now he planted himself firmly, seized his puny little sword in both hands and waited. We saw the white monster's belly as he turned, shark fashion, to seize his prey and the gleam of his murderous teeth. Then the great bulk was hurled upon the diver, and in the furious commotion of the water sight was mercifully shut off. I felt sick, and sorry that I had come, and savagely wroth with Kato; Kato, upon whose hateful grinning face I looked when I opened my eyes again.

The next thing I saw was a red stain on the surface of the water. Then my eyes wandered to the bow of the canoe, and there, climbing upon the overhang, was the diver. He was unhurt, but panting strongly, for he had been under water for three minutes. The blood that had come to the surface was not his, but his adversary's. Standing firm to the onset he had bent swiftly to one side, as the shark darted at him, and, holding his weapon rigid, had slit the great body almost to the tail. Then dropping his weight he had leaped for the surface, for a blow from the tail of the mortally-wounded creature might have struck him dead. Now he was squatting comfortably on the forward deck grinning at the captain, who had clambered over the paddlemen to shake hands with him. I afterward asked him why he did not come to the surface at once, after lassoing his prey, and he gave two reasons; first, that a man in mid-water or on the surface is at the mercy of a shark; second, that, unwounded, the creature could never have been landed, but might have stove in or overturned the boat. He had been hunting sharks for years, he added, and never but once had been knocked down. On that occasion he succeeded in thrusting upward and piercing his assailant.

Meantime the shark had died in a final flurry. At a signal from Kato the carcass was pulled alongside, and made fast to the thwarts of the canoe with a small line. This accomplished, we prepared to disentangle it from the rope, the whole length of which, about fifty feet, was wound in an apparently inextricable snarl from the wild rushing and thrashing of the monster in his death throes. I was busily intent on the subsequent securing of the shark to the side of the canoe, when I heard a sharp, cutting sound in the water, and, to my dismay, saw that it came from the gaff topsail-like fin of a huge shark, which was coming up with the speed of a torpedo boat. The presence of this new monster was likewise at once described by Kato and the others. In place of the almost deathlike silence which had prevailed hitherto, an unearthly hubbub arose; for a score more of similar cutting fins, coming from as many different directions, showed that the smell of blood from the dead shark had attracted a whole school of the sleeping monsters. Our diver hastily bundled the rope over the side, and seizing his kris, cut the line attaching the canoe to the shark. At that moment one of the pursuing monsters made a rush, and cleaving the water like lightning, ran his nose up over the back of the carcass floating alongside.

At the first intimation of this new danger the canoes had begun a hasty scramble for the shore, but being farthest removed from the channel, we had not proceeded ten yards when we were surrounded on all sides by the man-eaters, who circled around, and gradually closed in on us. Thoroughly aroused, the crewmen worked like demons. Suddenly there was a grating sound under the keel, and the frail craft was lifted half out of the water. If the crewmen had not promptly fallen into the bottom of the canoe we should in all probability have been capsized. A paddle, which in the excitement of the moment, I had seized and put over the side, and to which I was holding on mechanically, was torn from my grasp and snapped in two by one of the monsters.

The shore line was not over 200 yards away, but the channel had become so narrow and treacherous that we were obliged to paddle slowly in order to avoid an upset. The sharks bent ever endeavor to hamper us, nosing the sides of our boat and dashing beneath the canoe and lifting it into the air. Our position was now perilous in the extreme. Swift as had been our flight when the school had been first discovered, their pursuit had been far swifter, and as the other canoes were some distance away we had drawn upon ourselves the entire attention of the man-eaters. Our crewmen were becoming demoralized, and it seemed only a matter of a few moments when we must be capsized and torn to bits.

In this crisis I almost involuntarily seized my revolver and fired at the ugly snout of one of the monsters, scarcely half a dozen feet away, and then in the very terror of desperation, emptied each chamber wherever a shadowy form disclosed itself. Mechanical as had been the thought and subsequent action, it served the purpose, and gave us the brief respite necessary to make

good our escape. Forgetting the human prey, the wounded sharks fell upon the one I had shot, and soon the living and dead were all mixed up together in a whirling, tumultuous mass. The water above them, as the horrible feast progressed, bubbled and boiled like a huge cauldron, while the noise of the rending and tearing of flesh was sickening.

A moment more and the exultant cries of Kato and the canoe-men announced that we were in shallow water near the shore, safe from further attacks of the man-eaters. When the captain and I condoled with Kato on the loss of the lassoed shark, he said it made no difference; the fish was no use to him.

"Don't you eat them?" asked the captain.

"No good to eat," said the chief, and explained that he could catch them easily with hook and line if he wished, but that would not be sport. The hunt was merely for pleasure. "Hunt again tomorrow," he added, hospitably.

But we firmly declined. Once was enough. Frequently these hunts end fatally to the diver; sometimes to the crew. Last year one of Kato's canoes was overturned and the entire crew of seven devoured by the man-eaters. Kato himself has had more than one narrow escape, but his sporting spirit has not been in the least dampened, and he is famous all through the island as a shark hunter.

W. C. J. REID.

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CATS FOR COLD STORAGE HOUSES.

A PITTSBURGH FIRM'S LONG-HAIRED PUSSIES BREED SO AS NOT TO MIND WEATHER.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph:] The fame of Pittsburgh's cats has spread to the Far East, and it is now proposed to import some of a special breed into the Philippines. The immense cold-storage depot just finished at Manila is in need of cats, and it is to supply that establishment with Pittsburgh animals.

For many years cold-storage managers were at a loss to find a way to rid their warehouses of rats and mice. These vermin found their way into the ware-rooms in cases of goods. At first they confined their depredations to the goods in the milder climate of the general storage rooms, but finally they entered the cold-storage rooms. Here nature came to their aid, and in a few generations the rats and mice became so clothed in thick fur that they seemed impervious to cold and could stand a temperature of zero or lower. To rid the ware-rooms of these pests was a troublesome task for the owners of the storage houses. They could use cats in the general ware-rooms all right and with success, but when they placed the cats in the cold-storage rooms they soon contracted pneumonia and died.

The damage done by the rodents was very great, and about five or six years ago the Union Storage Company experimented with a view to finding some breed of the feline tribe which could live in the cold climate of the storage rooms. It tried a pair of high-bred cats, but they soon sickened and died. Finally a pair of white felines without a pedigree were obtained and placed in the general storage room for a time and then taken into a room where the temperature was gradually lowered until it was below the freezing point. Here they were kept until they became accustomed to the low temperature. Then they were placed in the cold-storage rooms, the temperature of which is always 32 deg. or lower.

The cats showed no ill effects, and soon could stand a temperature almost as low as zero. The offspring of these cats could stand a temperature much lower than their parents, and their fur was much thicker than their predecessors. A few generations later a distinct breed of cats resulted, able to stand the lowest temperature ever maintained in the storage rooms. The question of killing off the rodents was thus solved, and since the establishment of the cats of this kind thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise has been saved. The Union Storage Company has five warehouses, in the cold-storage rooms of which are stored fish, butter, cheese, eggs, ham, meats and other perishable commodities.

The company now has about fifteen of these cats, and it ships them to such of its warehouses as need them. The cats are very tame when within the confines of the cold-storage vaults, but when they are permitted to come out into the sunlight they act like wildcats or tigers. In shipping them it is necessary to place them in boxes before they leave one warehouse to go to the next.

Very often the number of the cats kept by this firm is as high as thirty, and at other times as low as ten. This is due to accidents. None are now affected in the least by the low temperatures in which they live. The cats are well cared for. A special man has charge of them, whose duties are to see that they are fed every day. No cat can thrive on a diet of mouse, nor does it neglect its duties when other food is provided. Milk is served to the cats in liberal quantities, and meat is given them once a week.

The cold-storage cats are short-tailed, with long and heavy fur, the hair frequently being over an inch long. Their eyebrows and whiskers are long, and thicker and stronger than the ordinary cat's. The cold-storage cat looks much like the Angora, but does not thrive when taken from its accustomed atmosphere. On account of the scarcity of these cats, it is very likely that the Manila firm will not be able to purchase any of those owned by the Union Storage Company, for, while all its warehouses are practically free from rats and mice, these rodents are brought in very often concealed in merchandise.

This one firm is the only firm which has resorted to such measures to secure this kind of an animal.

[Jewish World:] The fourteen-year-old son of a respectable Jew in Warsaw hanged himself the other day. He left a note, saying, "I have hanged myself out of mere curiosity. I could not help myself. I had to find out what they were doing in the other world."

WITH THE RANGERS.

A VISIT TO THE PINE MOUNTAIN FOREST LODGE.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS my good fortune last summer to be able to spend a couple of weeks with the forest rangers of the Pine Mountain division of the Pine Mountain and Zaca Forest Reserve. Almost the entire northern end of Ventura county is included within the limits of this division. The scenery of the Pine Mountain is hardly surpassed for beauty and tumbled grandeur by any of the mountain views to be had in the Sierras or the Selkirks. Its mighty buttresses of rock, where the condor sits in solitary majesty, watching for his prey upon distant hillsides; its yawning chasms, within whose gloomy depths the grizzly holds lordly sway; its vast stretches of territory, across which the eye tires in wandering; its lofty heights, one-half of the year blue with the haze of summer, and the other half white in the ermine robes of winter, the tossing plumes of the pines, the songs of the mountain cataracts, all these things combine to make of it a wonderland worth going far to see.

One sultry afternoon last August I boarded the Santa Barbara train, changed cars at Ventura, and that same evening arrived at Nordhoff, the post village of the Ojai Valley, twelve miles from Ventura.

At Nordhoff I was so fortunate as to find Supervisor of Rangers Willis M. Slossen, who told me that if I would wait over a day he would accompany me to the Pine Mountain Lodge, thirty miles distant, whither, with a friend whom I met at Nordhoff, I was bound. I gladly accepted his offer, for neither my friend nor myself had ever been over the trail.

On the morning of the second day we set out early for the lodge. The air was crisp with the coolness of the receding night. In the west the dying old moon hung its crescent cup just above the mountain sky-line.

out on the bosom of the deep. Then we traced the waves as they rolled down into the valley and exhausted their force in the long breaker line that bears the name "Pietra Blanca," or White Rocks. Turning about we beheld the Ojai, a vision of beauty and the garden spot of Ventura county, the sapphire in the girdled zone of valleys for which our southland is so justly famous, and looking fair and bright as did the Promised Land when viewed long years ago from the heights of lonely Pisgah.

And now the mellow beams of the morning sun touched peak after peak along the top of the ridge, turning them into crowns of burnished gold that seemed to rest upon the brow of shadowland fair as any diadem that ever wreathed the sable locks of Ethiopian royalty. Even while we stood thus, enchanted by the scene, the light grew stronger, and ere we were aware, the garish day had banished the darkness, dispersed the shadows, dissolved the sunrise, and called the world to labor again.

As our journey's end was yet far distant, we made haste to resume our course, which now led us by many a devious turn down a steep zigzag path on the north side of the mountains. After many a shift of scenes, now in the glare of the sun, and now in some close-walled avenue of trees, we found ourselves at the ford of the all-but-roaring Sespe. It was a ford by courtesy only, for the lack of rains had caused it to dwindle into a very small stream. That it had in former times been quite a torrent was evidenced by its great stretches of sand and by the driftwood piled high upon its banks.

Following the course of the Sespe downstream a few hundred yards we came to the Lathrop place. Several years ago a Los Angeles gentleman named Lathrop came upon the spot where his house now stands, and, being impressed by the abundant resources at hand, settled there and made it his permanent home. The very prosperous appearance of his place is evidence of his good Judgment.

From the Lathrop place our trail led us across a succession of rolling, brown hills, covered with a short growth of brush, seemingly destitute of all life excepting here and there a rattle or a ground squirrel. At one point the supervisor called our attention to an ex-

stands beside the Union Pacific tracks, bearing a sign hung from one of its branches the legend, "20 miles from Omaha." Once on the top we reached the lodge in short order, where we found Rober, and were welcomed in a manner that forgot the dangers and trials through which just passed.

The Pine Mountain Lodge is beautifully situated in the eternal bend of the blue. Among the lofty pines toss their verdant plumes far and wide as they have done since the days when the young, overhanging vast chasms where echo has faded a thousand times, and where the report of shot leaps from ledge to ledge and rolls up the cañons like the roar of a 12-inch gun. On hand a little stream dashes from cup to cup in course, singing by day and chanting by night the song of the mountains.

The lodge itself is a substantial one-story, cabin, built of pine logs, and was formerly the residence of some wealthy citizens of Ventura as a summer home. When the reserve was established the ranger made it a station. Inside the lodge the walls are in much the same way as are those of all mountain cabins. Here and there a little shelf is built into the wall, and then flanked on either side by pegs, upon which one may always find a variety of things. The bedsteads are bunk beds, Pullman, against the sides of the cabin. Springs are used as bed springs. Three-legged stools are the place of chairs. In the middle of the large room stands the dining-room table, a good, substantial, four-legged and topped with unvarnished pine. I found that if I wanted to grow fat I must eat well. Ranger Herbert I must help him care for the horses. Morning, noon and night, whenever we sat down to scrubbed it. No less attention was bestowed on the dirt floor, which likewise was kept religiously free from all litter. On either side of the large window, which was open or not, according to whether the broad slab that did duty there was "front" or "back." But the chiefest charm of all was the wide-mouthed, old-fashioned fireplace in the back end of the room, around which, when fallen, strange stories were told and plans made for the coming day as the pine cones glowed red and the flickering shadows played tag across the walls.

From a point just back of the lodge a fine view can be obtained. Turning one way the eye descends down the mighty slopes to the cañon below. Then, looking far beyond over several ridges and mountains, the blue rim of the ocean is to be seen, the isle of Anacapa resting on its broad bosom. The other way, the view is no less impressive, the dim distance, so far down that the very peaks of the Cuyama drag its weary length of sand and snow and bound by the seal of winter. Eisenberg has his camp on its western slope, and it is far from the summit, yet even during the months ice freezes to the thickness of half an inch in his water pail at night at camp. From the "Nest," as Eisenberg's station is called, it is about three miles to the nearest habitation, but thirty miles to one of Slossen's rangers.

To the northeast of the lodge is Baker, about five miles distant, over a dry road. Directly opposite are the Muta, Thorn Meadows and San Emidio cañons. The Lockwood is famed for two borax and rattlesnakes. The borax mines employ sixty to seventy men the year around. The snakes keep every old hunter in all the country round about guessing how many thousand there are. It was told me under the most binding oath that there is not a single boulder in all the land that does not shelter a nest of rattlers. In the east of the lodge half a mile, there is a small spring having excellent mineral qualities. The water seems slightly bitter to the taste, but should you have started to resume your journey, you will be tempted to turn back for just one more drink of the magic water.

The rangers are, as a class, noble, frank, hearted, and generous to a fault. They perform their duties in a way that is a credit to themselves and to the supervisor under whose direction they work. Slossen has many things to tell me of the way in which men try to take care of the grand domain that is placed in their hands for safe keeping. For instance, one night a smoke was observed by one of the rangers at a great distance away on the reserve. He stopped to consider whether or not there might be need of his going to see what the matter was. At once began to make preparations for the trip. In an hour he had brought up, fed and saddled his horse, had tied on his fighting tools, the rake, shotgun, ax and canteen, and, with a lunch in his pocket and a bag of barley behind the saddle seat, was off in a dead run. All that night he hurried through the dark. Sometimes his path led him through thick woods, sometimes around the sides of steep precipices. One misstep would have hurled him to his death. In many places the trail was not six inches wide, and in some places it disappeared entirely. I saw just why this ranger took to get to the fire, and could hardly have liked to have made the ride without light. Hour after hour he rode though the darkness, until, just at dawn, he reached the smoke and alarm. There he found, much to his dismay, that his labors had been in vain, for it was only a梦 by some camper, who had then retired and carelessly of the trouble he would cause.

This ranger had only adjusted his saddle when, on his long ride back to camp, when approaching from the opposite direction, he saw the demons of Hades in the form of a Wahiawa, a giant of a man, with a head like a gourd, a body like a tree, and a face like a skull. He was carrying a spear and a shield, and was shouting defiance. The ranger turned his horse and rode away as fast as he could. The Wahiawa followed him, shouting louder and louder, until he reached the lodge. There he found, much to his dismay, that his labors had been in vain, for it was only a dream by some camper, who had then retired and carelessly of the trouble he would cause.



PINE MOUNTAIN LODGE.

In the east the morning stars were beginning to sing of the glories of the coming day. But darkness as yet robed both mountain and vale in a solemn stillness that was broken only by the hootings of horned owls that answered each other from out the gloom. After following the main-traveled road up the valley for about a mile we turned aside and began to ascend the mountains. And such a trail it was that we followed! Back and forth it crept, first on one side of the cañon and then on the other, with that monotonous winding that makes a mountain mile so long. Hour after hour we toiled upward, now stopping for a moment to adjust our saddles, and now feeling our way around the face of some sheer precipice, where one misstep would have hurled us to our deaths upon the rocks in the gloom below. Frequently the trail narrowed until it was scarcely more than six inches in width. At every step the pebbles rattled down into the cañon, sending the wild echoes roaring and thundering across the abyss. Still onward and upward we felt our way.

Cape after cape bore us higher and higher, while the soft, gray film of the morning, that first fell glowing on the topmost ridges, gradually melted down into the cañons. With the coming of the vaporish dawn the feathered tribe awoke and began the little round of their existence anew. From points of vantage here and there, a dead snag or a towering boulder, the plumed leaders of numerous flocks of quail which were round about sent forth their saucy challenges ringing across the cañons. Occasionally we caught sight of some midnight prowler, who, worn and tired from his night foray in the valley below, was making a belated return to his accustomed haunts in some hillside jungle.

The sun had barely reached the horizon when we gained the summit of the mountains, and stood, so to speak, upon the brink of two worlds. Far across the valley of the Sespe, which now lay spread out at our feet, we were able to discern the blue billows of the Pine Mountain, with undulating contour, broken here and there by vast towers and buttresses of rock that, being white, had the appearance of wind-strewn foam

tensive deposit of small oyster shells. He informed us that there are similar deposits, though of lesser extent, to be found on many parts of the Pine Mountain. Over on the north side, in the Cuyama Valley, there is a hill of mammoth oyster shells, some of which measure seven to ten inches in length. This hill is some fifteen miles west of the Ojai ranch-house.

We stopped for our noon luncheon at a little mountain stream, and close to the old, deserted Patton cabin. Years ago a man named Patton built this house, and took up all of the best land lying thereabout. Then came the act of Congress withdrawing the Pine Mountain country from settlement, and making it into a forest reserve. This same act offered the settlers within the bounds of the reservation the option of trading the land to the general government if they wished and receiving government scrip in exchange; that is, a demand upon the government for a number of acres, corresponding to the number surrendered, from any part of the agricultural lands of the public domain open to settlement. Patton decided to deed his land back to Uncle Sam, take the voucher for an equal number of acres, and join that innumerable host of scrippers that has been giving the oil men so many sleepless nights lately.

The Patton cabin stands at the foot of the Pine Mountain. From the cabin the trail leads, by an exceedingly steep and stony route, directly up the brow of a long ridge, beyond the summit of which is the lodge. We went up this, the last and hardest part of our trip, in much the same way as all others before us had done—laboring, puffing, panting, stopping every few steps to get our wind, for we were getting into a high altitude; and at last, after almost regretting that we had ever been born to see such a travesty on the intelligence that generally lays out a trail, reaching that inspiring point where the heated brow first catches the wind from over the ridge.

One solitary pine marks the half-way point of the climb up the first ridge from the Ojai, so also does one on this second climb inform the tired wanderer that he is half way up when he reaches its shadow. In shape and ungainly ugliness it is similar to the one that

sound of galloping hoofs, and saw swing around a nearby corner of the trail one of the boys from the "Hog's Nest," thirty miles distant, who, too, had chanced to see that column of ruddy smoke, and had ridden all night to see what the cause might be.

One of the rangers last summer made a fifty-mile ride, and put out a fire he observed at a great distance over the line of Santa Barbara county, in the Zaca division of the reserve. Two of the rangers were in their saddles almost continuously for thirty-six hours, making their way to another fire difficult of access. Frequently there are two fires on the reserve at the same time. In such cases the ranger's lot is a hard one. He has to go to the second one as soon as he can be spared from the first. During the winter months the rangers are frequently employed in constructing new trails. At present it often happens that it takes a ten-mile ride to reach a place two miles distant, as it did the first of last August, when the lightning set fire twice to the timber on the top of the Pine Mountain, near the Maguire Spring, west of the lodge.

Trail building is something of a science. It takes a good eye to search out grades that will be at once short and easy. After the course is laid off, generally marked by means of bits of cloth tied to the tops of bushes along the proposed route, there come the long, hard hours of clearing off the brush, digging out the stumps, removing rocks, and, last of all, grading. One may reasonably expect to find an old trail along the top of every ridge, worn there by the animal world by countless ages of use. Many of these old trails are cut down to the depth of from ten to eighteen inches below the surface of the surrounding soil. At present there is being built a new trail from the Patton cabin up to the lodge. It promises to be a much easier one than the trail we went up last summer.

When one considers the vast territory included in the reserve and the number of streams that rise within its limits, it can be understood why those who have made a study of forestry take such a deep interest in all matters pertaining to forest reserves. Under Supervisor Slosson there are fourteen men, and each one has to guard, approximately, 70,000 acres. The rangers receive their appointments from the General Land Office, Department of the Interior of the United States, from which they likewise draw their pay of \$60 per month. The ranger is allowed to go into the settlement once a month, and then only for one day. On this trip he purchases out of that \$60 his provisions for the coming month, likewise his clothing, the grain for his horses—for the constant hard riding requires two horses—and the dozens of other things which he must have.

There is some big game on the Pine Mountain. Ranger Herbert came across a large mountain lion during the time I was at the lodge. Some two or three weeks after I returned home Herbert met that redoubtable old mountain lord, "Clubfoot," so called because his bearship, so the story goes, lost several of his toes in a trap some fifteen years ago. This great bear has had his beat for a long time up and down the mountain ranges that extend through Kern, San Luis Obispo, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties. Herbert met this autocratic old gentleman in the Reyes Cañon, over on the north side of the Pine Mountain, and there ensued one of those battles royal that are epoch-making in frontier annals. Herbert stood his ground, and "Clubfoot" took the offensive. The ranger had a borrowed 28-caliber rifle and only a few cartridges, but he made every shot count. Bruin snarled, but it was no use. The awful menace in his voice did not disturb the ranger's aim, and it ended disastrously for the bear. Herbert and a friend measured the deceased the next day, and found him to be 8 feet 6 inches in length. Just ascertain the height of your dining-room, and then add enough to it to bring the measurement up to "Clubfoot's," and you will have some idea of what size of meal an ordinary man would have made for him. "Clubfoot," in his lifetime, found it an easy matter to kill steer and drag it half a mile up the mountain for mere pastime.

We are just beginning to awaken to the fact that there is within our boundaries a vast empire that only waits the magic touch of water to almost double our present agricultural worth. What boundless possibilities there are in store for this corner of the United States when the water that now goes to waste is stored for agricultural uses! With our mountain forests protected from the ravages of the fire fiend, and a copious supply of rain thereby assured, with great storage reservoirs to bid defiance to any threat of a dry year, there will be ushered in the Golden Age of the Great Southwest. Then will the desert places become gardens of fruitfulness, in the midst of which will be found glowing earths where happiness will flourish, and around which destiny will draw its cordon of confidence and success. The whirr of busy wheels and the flash of scythe blades will make music in the land and bring prosperity to the inhabitants thereof. Then will men call this country a land of brooks of water, of fountains that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and corn, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey, and a land where thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, and where thou shalt not lack for anything in it."

GEORGE L. SANDERS.

WAHIWA COLONY.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HORTICULTURISTS IN HAWAII EXPERIMENTING WITH FRUITS.

[Honolulu Commercial Advertiser:] The widespread interest in the Colony at Wahiawa exists for various reasons. One is that the colony is in more ways than one, a government experiment station, unique in that it is self-sustaining. The proposition of transforming the unoccupied lands of these islands into prosperous farms for thousands of intelligent Americans is on trial for its life. Whether the sugar plantation is all that is for Hawaii, will be practically decided by the demonstration on the part of the colonists of Wahiawa as to whether a man may here, as in Califor-

nia, cultivate with satisfactory profit a small holding of twenty to one hundred acres.

What profit there is in raising oranges in Hawaii for the Honolulu and San Francisco markets, will be put to the test by men who have planted and owned some of the finest orange groves in Southern California.

What can be done in the way of raising vegetables for the Honolulu and San Francisco markets will here receive a demonstration which will either establish it as a lucrative industry for the islands, or banish the idea from men's minds for all times. The raising of pineapples for the small grower, the future of the tobacco industry in these islands, the problem of the successful warfare with the insect pest, and all branches of agriculture and horticulture will here receive a test by trained men who are in earnest and who understand the scientific phases of the subject.

It was in the spring and winter of 1898, that the attention of a small group of men was attracted to the Hawaiian Islands by the pamphlet issued by the government advertising the resources of these Islands. Their design originally was individual holdings of small bodies of land devoted to coffee planting, pineapples, grapes, oranges, limes, and, last of all, vegetables. The estimate of profits as well as the whole scheme of acquiring land was based upon information furnished by the pamphlet published by the Hawaiian government.

The tract of land now occupied by the California colony at Wahiawa having been secured by one of the number, B. O. Clark, acting as advance agent for the party, the first installment of settlers left San Francisco in August, 1898, bringing live stock, poultry, orange trees, etc. All were charmed with the location, climate, land and water rights of the tract at Wahiawa.

The tract, situated on a slope on the ridge of the island, affords a prospect not typically Hawaiian, and by the newcomers was pronounced at once to bear a certain resemblance to the slope of land now famous as the site of beautiful Pasadena.

The climate, unusual for this latitude, is cool, tonic and delightfully bracing. In the pamphlet published by the Hawaiian government, the assertion is made that "It is the policy of this government in opening a tract of land to build good bridges and roads to the land." The Californians could not, however, get onto their land. One hundred dollars was appropriated by the government to build a road across the gulch; this was accompanied by the assurance that the bridge would soon follow. Nothing but a temporary provisional compromise could be expected for so little money, and the difficulties attending reaching the land after leaving the government road, have constituted the first, greatest, and well-nigh insurmountable obstacle, an obstacle which should never have existed under the advertised prospectus, with which the settlers have had to contend.

Notwithstanding the terrors of the gulch the California Colony grew, until now, nine months from the time specified for getting on the land, there is a population of about eighty souls. While it was with difficulty that desirable parties were induced to file on the whole of the original fifteen hundred acres, the demonstrations of the colonists have increased the value of the land in less than two years so much, that it is safe to say that were the adjoining tract of twelve thousand acres thrown open to settlers today it would not long be vacant.

The colony has a good school, all the pupils of Anglo-Saxon parentage, a Sunday school, a flourishing book club, and social clubs, a postoffice and one store.

What has been done? Upwards of four hundred acres are under the plow. Vegetables, corn, sorghum, para grass, oranges, limes, pineapples, melons, bananas, sugar cane, grapes, peaches, figs, alligator pears, etc., are planted. Vegetables have been raised superfine as to quality. Green peas, string beans, beets, summer squash, tomatoes, cabbages, sweet corn, cucumbers, peppers, sweet potatoes, watermelons, have all been raised successfully as to quality. The land is very acid and will raise no crops for some time after being plowed.

The greatest need of Wahiawa at present is a good hotel. With a good hotel it would soon be a popular summer resort.

The colonists are fairly satisfied with their prospects, although it may be said that they have not yet demonstrated how little or how much there is in them. However, there may be said to be an established value to land which will grow cane, pineapples, oranges and limes successfully.

With the water, which is one of the brightest of the colony's prospects the future of the colony is assured.

UNANSWERED.

A sycamore beckoned me as I hastened by today,
A bay tree called me softly, murmur'ing gently in its play.

But with a fitful shiver ceased; for I went on my way.

A live-oak then half challenged, with a signal whispered low,
And waved imploredly for me to linger, yea, I trow
It even caught my careless hand; yet withal would I go.

A jaunty flower nestling midst the fragrant wayside sage,
Gave gladsome nod in greeting, vainly striving to engage
My thoughts, so hopelessly intent on scenes of worldly stage.

A singing bird winged near me to a bush with happy song.
The lilting notes swelled daringly in sweet cadential throng.
Still did I give no welcome as I quickly sped along.

Ah! lost the moment, lost the hour, and lost this day
That links man's sordid selfishness with purer things beyond.
For Nature called me to her soul and I did not respond.

—[Arthur Macdonald Dole, in January Outing.]

TO HAZE OR NOT TO HAZE.

By a Special Contributor.

FELLOW-HEROES, tobascolites and cadetlets: Hath it come to this that the good old days of hazing shall be no more with us? Ye gods! Can it be that we, the select of the earth, chosen to do our country's battles cannot bat a few battles one with the other lest a few soggy-eyed lop-eared Congressmen make much ado therat?

Verily are we not the salt of the earth and the assault of all lower classmen who come among us weak and are made strong by us? Hath not many a pasty-faced youth with narrow chest and bulging dome come with faltering step among us? Where is he now? Gone? Where? Did we not all of us chip in a goodly sum for flowers? We did. Or, else he mayhap have been fleet of foot as the fawn much afraid and otherwise performed feats to escape us altogether unbecoming a gentleman and not laid down in our code of honor.

Alas, No more is heard the joyful girle of the mild and exhilarating tobacco sauce as it trickles and tickles down the thorax. Shame upon ye Congress; ye better should be employed in passing appropriation bills for us and laws whereby manufacturers of tobacco be compelled to produce a more enthusiastic sass—one that would make prussic acid turn a back handspring when uncorked on the same block.

Stand firm, my countrymen! Is it not known by our code of honor that ye and each of us are entitled to an eye, a leg or an arm as a souvenir if it be taken from one in class below us? Why sit ye here idle—go forth each of you and gather some fragment of an underclassman. If they be weaker than thou, show not quarter, otherwise give them two bits. Let us show this jaded relic of a hemisphere our bravery and prove it by our clothes.

Woe fills our hectored souls like a sneeze in prayer meeting, but we must be up and doing—somebody, lest we forget. Who will fight our country's battles in the hour of need lest we are there? No one, except it be some low-born civilian with ungovernable haste, while our striker is lacing our corset and filling our tobacco bottle.

(Stand back, comrades! Tho' I have touched deep your hearts, I have forgotten my mackintosh; your saline-soaked sobs have jarred my curls loose and your damp tears have withered the crease in me trousers.)

Where are all the great men who have absorbed microbes of wisdom from this Point? Think, think of Will Bryan, who can talk in four different States at once and who was lately exposed slightly to the Presidency. How did he happen? We did it. He was compelled to eat a leather trunk each morning for a week and blow a sail boat filled with us, up and down the Hudson River each afternoon. Thus we did it.

And Pettigrew. Where, oh, where, would his whiskers have been had we not fed him upon our last wreck of a curled-hair couch? Again Roberts of Mortmentah. Who jarred him with a love-knot lash and filled his system with a half bale of dried cupids? Us. Who would ever have heard of Willie Astor if we had not in-sinuated him full of prunes by the barrel? Who would Mary Yellin' Release have been had we not requested her great uncle to eat a bale of almanacs? Nothing but plain, Mrs. Release. Would William Leftfoot Vishie ever have flagged a canal boat with his nose and saved the life of a spavined mule had he not been here taught the fullest use of corn? No. He would have been a worm still.

Hath it come to this that when we rush forth in mad glee of effervescent spirits and dance upon the face of Mr. Comelately, he shall be so low and mean of spirit as to say unto us: "Kindly remove thyself from my upper lip, I wish to expectorate a few teeth?"

Soon, oh, my comrades, it will be expected of us that we shall enter into combat with strong, healthy brutes of men whom have here been sent with malice aforethought to do us injury. Think of the trials we have undergone that we might know how to conquer nations, and yet because we have snuffed out a few embryo gladiators who were so weak anyhow that they could not devour a red-hot cook stove, we are frowned upon.

But enough; I have talked too long. Bring some salt, one of you, there comes a new recruit.

DOCK SOPER.

DREAMLAND.

To wander into Dreamland
Is my besetting sin.

But I love to hide awhile away

From the rude world's clash and din,
The gloaming comes: I close my eyes—

How soft the fragrant air!

And off I float among the clouds,
Bereft of every care.

The quiet, dusky eventide,

Is the holiest of all time;

Then o'er the woes and wants of earth

I rise to heights sublime;

I hear such faint and ghostly sounds—

Sweet whisperings and sighs;

Full well I know the loved are near,

Unseen by mortal eyes.

Then let me stay in Dreamland—

This balmy, blissful place,

While Lethean waves roll o'er me,

And all my wrongs erase.

San Diego, Cal.

M. I. CUMMINGA.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Mark's Markmanship.

NOW that Mark Twain has come back to the United States to stay, his old friends out West are telling some new stories of his experiences in that country in the sixties. One of the most amusing is an account of Mark's famous duel at Virginia City, the details of which have never before been printed. Mr. Clemens was then working as a reporter on the *Territorial Enterprise*, the leading newspaper of Virginia City.

One day there came to the town a Miss Wheeler, a beautiful young woman, with whom the entire male population of Virginia City promptly proceeded to fall in love. One of the most prominent men of the town was Judge Baldwin, a fire-eating Virginian, who was nearly 80 years old. Mark Twain saw Miss Wheeler, in bridal attire, walk into the International Hotel one afternoon with Judge Baldwin, and jumped to the conclusion that she was going to marry the old man. He said so in his paper, and comforted the other men of Virginia City by saying that the "bridegroom already had one foot in the grave, with the other a close second." Judge Baldwin challenged him to a duel. Pistols were chosen as the weapons, though the Judge was a good shot, and Mark knew nothing about firearms. On the appointed morning Mark and his second, "Steve" Gillis, a dead shot, were early on the scene. Gillis was trying the revolver, and finally fired at a robin fully fifty feet distant. His bullet took the bird's head off, and he went forward to pick up the body, after handing the revolver to Mark Twain. Just as Gillis picked up the decapitated bird, Judge Baldwin and his party came over the top of a little hill, and saw him. They looked first at Gillis holding the headless bird and then at Twain holding the smoking pistol.

"That was a good shot," said one of Baldwin's seconds.

"Yes," answered Gillis; "I doubt if there is as good a shot in the country as Mark."

Immediately Baldwin's seconds proposed a compromise. An apology from Judge Baldwin was promptly accepted.

"Steve," said Mark Twain, as they walked home together, "poor cock robin was the only one that got hurt in that duel."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Armour not Impressed.

"THERE was no nonsense about 'Phil' Armour," said John E. Smith of this city at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in referring to the dead millionaire. "I recall his return from Europe one fall day about five years ago. One of the passengers on the boat with Mr. Armour was the late Ward McAllister of this city. It was at that time that Mr. McAllister was the leader of the fashionable set in New York society, and when he returned there was perhaps more fuss made over him than over Mr. Armour. I met Mr. Armour at the Fifth Avenue Hotel soon after he got off the boat, and after asking about his health, I inquired if he had met Ward McAllister.

"McAllister? McAllister?" said Mr. Armour, trying to recall the name. "Oh, yes, I guess there was a fellow by the name of McAllister introduced to me coming over. Yes. I do remember him, now that you speak of it. He was quite a decent fellow—quite a decent fellow," said Mr. Armour.

"When I repeated the remark to a fashionable man in this city—one of those fellows trying to break his way into the 'Four Hundred'—he was indignant that McAllister had been so lightly esteemed by Mr. Armour. I told him that if he should ever happen to inspect the Armour establishments and look over the pay rolls with the names of 15,000 or 20,000 men he would perhaps realize why Ward McAllister, the leader of New York's 'Four Hundred,' failed to impress the hard-headed Chicagoan."—[New York Tribune.]

Did the Best He Could.

HE WAS a poor but honest workingman on his way home in a Broadway car. As the car proceeded downtown it was filled with passengers, and soon the aisle was crowded, some swinging on the straps. The laborer got up from his seat, touched his hat, and motioned to a well-dressed lady to take it.

"Don't let me deprive you of your seat, my poor man," she said.

He touched his hat and again replied: "Oh, take it; that's all right. No depravity at all, woman, no depravity at all," and he wondered why everybody smiled.—[Louisville Commercial.]

Favors by Installments.

A s a getter of railroad passes, Senator Tim Sullivan of New York easily holds the championship. He has the ability to get at the right men in the railroad offices while other political leaders stand and kick their toes in the ante-rooms of private secretaries. Here is a little incident of the way in which the Senator works things to the benefit of his constituents who may either want to travel or who have a friend who does and who objects to paying the regular railroad schedule. The Senator handed to the proper party at one of the railroad offices the other day a list of names of men to whom he wished passes issued. There were about thirty of them in all.

"Oh, I say, Senator, isn't this putting it a little strong?" asked he to whom the list was presented. "There are thirty names here. Our folks will not stand for that many passes in one day, you know. You'd better cut it in half."

"All right, colonel," cheerily responded the Senator. "Cut it down, then."

The list was handed to a clerk with instructions to

pare the list down by half and give the Senator passes for the remainder. The Senator eyed the clerk as he took the big blue pencil and began chopping out the names here and there.

"Hold on a bit!" shouted the Senator. "Don't bear on so hard with that pencil or I won't be able to make out the names you have scratched out."

"What difference does that make, Senator?" innocently queried the clerk as he halted in his work.

"Why, I want that list back, and tomorrow I'll come in and get the passes for those you don't 'name' them to today. See?"—[Unidentified.]

Suggestion Saved Valuable Time.

A VERY unusual incident occurred in the Senate recently. The clerk of a committee addressed the presiding officer from the floor. Senator Shoup had introduced a bill, at the request of the clerk of the Committee on Military Affairs, Maj. Huxford, for the relief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of which Maj. Huxford is the recorder.

"To what committee shall the bill be referred?" asked President Frye.

"To the Committee on Patents," responded Clerk Huxford, just as if he were a full-fledged Senator.

There were symptoms of a cold chill up and down the spines of some of the sticklers for Senate propriety, but President Frye merely smiled and made the reference which Clerk Huxford had suggested.—[Washington Post.]

Stationery and Fuel.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, an ancestor of our ex-President and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was fond of the good things of this life and a high liver. While a member of the First Congress, which met in Philadelphia, on one occasion he was joined by a friend as he left the Congressional hall. Wishing to ask his friend to join him in a bumper, he took him to a certain place and called for two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished to Congressmen.

"What is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?"

"Molasses and water, which they have charged to stationery," was the reply.

"Very well," said Harrison, "give me brandy and water, and charge it as fuel."—[Chicago Record.]

A Trifle Awkward.

"ONE of our best customers has gotten himself into the deuce of a scrape," said a New Orleans jeweler yesterday, "and, I'm sorry to say, he puts all of the blame on me, although I'm as innocent as a babe unborn. The way it happened was this: Christmas morning he came rushing into the shop and said he wanted to buy a nice present for his brother-in-law in Memphis. It seems he hadn't intended to send him anything this year, but had received such a handsome gift from his relative by the early mail that he felt conscience-stricken and decided to make amends at the eleventh hour. After hastily selecting a very elegant fob-chain, he said: 'Now, look here, old man; you've got to help me out. I want you to mail this fob with a letter saying it was bought several days ago, and in the rush of business you overlooked sending it as directed.' I didn't like to do it, but he was an old customer, as I said before, and finally I told him to draw up such a letter as he desired and I would copy and mail it. He flew back to his office, and in a little while his clerk brought me a penciled draft, running about like this:

"Mr. ——, Dear Sir: —We are sending you by this mail a piece of jewelry purchased for you by Mr. —— last Saturday. He directed us to forward it at once, but in the great volume of holiday business it was somehow overlooked. We beg to offer you our sincere apologies, and shall also advise Mr. —— of the delay. Trusting the package may reach you safely, we are yours truly."

"At the bottom of the sheet," continued the jeweler, "he had scribbled: 'Copy this on one of your letter-heads and make it look as realistic as possible.' It went against my grain to plead guilty to a mythical blunder, but I did as requested, mailed the letter, and, supposing he would like to destroy all evidences of his crime, I put the rough draft in an envelope, walked over to his office for the purpose of handing it to him myself. Several gentlemen were present, and I merely said, 'Here's your copy,' and passed out. Now, what do you think the blithering idiot did? Why, he simply addressed the envelope to his brother-in-law, slapped on a stamp and dropped it in the box. This morning I met him casually and asked whether he burnt that copy. 'What copy?' said he; and then the whole thing came out. He was wild, of course, and swore I am entirely to blame. It all turns on the definition of that word 'copy.' I used it in the sense of something to be duplicated, just as we speak of 'setting a copy,' and he says he thought I referred to my own transcription. Anyhow, both the original and the duplicate are in his brother-in-law's hand by this time, and if he has as much sense as a wooden Indian he has seen through the whole subterfuge. It teaches me a big lesson. Hereafter the crooked work of our establishment will be done entirely by my partner. He used to be in politics and understands the art of covering up his tracks."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Aunt Ellen's Grievance.

THE sun sank low, across the level of the swamp, as I saw Aunt Ellen turn in at the gate and trudge up the avenue. As she shuffled a courtesy, and dropped down on the topmost step, in response to my invitation, I perceived that something out of the ordinary had banished the usual expansive grin from the broad yellow face under the gay-hued turban. It was gravity itself. I waited.

"It's pow'ful hot, Miss Jennie. Seems lak dah hain't

a bref ob air a-stirrin'. Honey, how's yo' motiz?"

"Not any better, Aunt Ellen. Now that you have failed you had better prescribe. Just that you have charms that will cure anything."

"Deed chile, I hain't set up foh no doctor, good Lawd. He know dah hain't nuttin' lak a polecat foh dat flamin' rheumatism, what yo' pow'ful 'Polecat," I gasped.

"Ya-asn. Jes' cooch him, en roas' him up on. When de fat 'gins ter drip, totch out de flannel, en grease it wif de drippin'; en it will be up in no time."

This staggering prescription being beyond me to fill I temporized. "Aunt Ellen, you know it; suppose you coax the colonel into letting you

"Miss Jenny, honey, Gawd knows I hain't do nuttin'. I'se that bothered, long ob dat count niggah what call himself 'Mistah Jones' I ter see ef yo' cud'n' he'p me outta it?"

"Certainly, Aunt Ellen, what can I do for you?"

"Miss Jennie, mek me some ob dem cream cake, en lemme hab a cup'l ob dem ole hoss."

"Is that all? Of course. When do you want?"

"Dis heah's Friday; en Sunday am de yester."

"Aunt Ellen, I want to know what all dis is a wedding?"

"Lawd, no, Miss Jennie. Yo' knows I'se been this long time."

"Sunday excursion?" I hazarded.

"Scursion? Hub! Hawses en chains en niggah. Wa-t yo' talkin' bout, Miss Jennie?"

"Well, is it a basket meeting?"

"No-am. Dey hain't no trouble ter me. I'se in de viaya-ad, en-dey pintedly 'joices my ass."

"Then what under the shining heavens be happen?"

I began to grow excited as Aunt Ellen grew more mysterious.

She shifted ground uneasily. "Miss Jennie knows I ben a good 'oman ter dat upstart ob a yaller niggah what call himse' my niggah. I'se done 'cided ter tharrer up my feelin's natural way. Dat niggah's fust wife, Layda morn five years, en heah he jes' be preachin' of de fun'l. Ya-asn. At de Tammom, nex' Sunday. I'm tellin' de Gawd I'm dat, he gwine mek me cook de dinner tain't no weddin', nor Sunday scursion, en basket meetin'; it's my husband's fust wife."

[Kansas City Star.]

Be Received a Big Fee.

"I HAD a case," said the late Senator Davis, in an interview given some months ago to one who now relates the experience in the Times-Herald, "in which I secured \$1,000,000 against a man, and he was good but did not seem to be anything for him to do. But it chanced that I was released from the service and I was brought in on the side defendant. I carried his case—my own case, to the Appellate Court, knocked \$750,000 off the amount which I had been at so much trouble against him, and fixed it so that \$750,000 got into court again. This was pretty sharp naturally my client was delighted. He came to see me with his face wreathed in smile."

"Splendid, splendid!" he exclaimed; "your fee—I'll give you a check for it right."

"Fifty thousand dollars," said I.

"Fifty-five thousand dollars," he exclaimed, from the chair.

"Fifty thousand dollars," said I, "and consider yourself lucky I did not make it a thousand."

"I'll never pay it—I'll never pay it," said he. "It's an outrageous bill. Fifty thousand three or four months' work, and heaven knows how many other fees you have had in the not saying anything about the \$25,000 you are getting the judgment against me in the first place."

"See here, my friend," I exclaimed, warming up. "Let me tell you something. For years I have been working and studying and nights learning how and getting myself into doing just such things as this. I've saved you a judgment which you ought to pay, and are able to pay, and my fee of \$50,000 is a moderate one. If you say another word I'll make it \$60,000, and if you kick on that I'll make it \$70,000, and you'll pay it, too—you'll pay it. I'll make you."

"He did pay it," concluded the Senator, chuckle, "for he gave a check for \$50,000 before the room. That was the best fee I ever had." [Brooklyn Eagle.]

WOOD THAT LOOKS LIKE METAL.

[Chicago Chronicle:] A European scientist has covered a method by which wood may be given the appearance of metal. Outside of the added decorative purposes which this may give, the use to be derived is not clearly apparent. The wood to be rendered exceedingly hard and strong, it is equally uncertain what part of the process is assumed to confer these desirable qualities which was soft ad weak before treatment.

The process is described as follows: The wood is soaked for three or four days in a caustic alkali at a temperature of from 35 to 50 degrees centigrade, and is then transferred at once to a solution of sulphur in caustic alkali is added after hours. The wood remains in this bath, which is at a temperature of from 35 to 50 degrees centigrade, finally it is soaked for about thirty to fifty hours. The wood is then treated with a solution of acetate of lead. The wood is then placed in a moderate temperature, and may be polished by a burnisher of hard wood. In this case it acquire a brilliant metallic luster, and if it is previously rubbed with a piece of lead, and a glass or porcelain burnisher is used, the increased. The wood treated in this way becomes a metallic mirror.

NEAREST TO THE POLE. JOURNEY TO WITHIN 215 MILES OF THE LONG-SOUGHT GOAL.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—When the *Stella Polare*, which carried the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition into the Arctic ice, where the point nearest the North Pole ever attained by human beings was reached, was forced by shortness of coal to put into Portsmouth Harbor, many sightseers from London went down, eager to see the ship and the men who had penetrated so near the goal of Arctic exploration. The *Stella Polare*, with her broad beam, flat stern, and double hull, built for bulking endurance and resistance, was, in herself an interesting sight, but most of those who hoped to see any of the Arctic explorers were disappointed, for the original crew was not aboard, and the Duke himself, with his suite, had left the ship at Norway and gone home to Italy by fast steamer and passenger route. Originally the expedition had been financed from the Duke's private purse, but when he reached Norway, en route home, his government, proud of his having carried the flag farther north than man had ever before penetrated, had offered to relieve him of all further responsibility. So the original crew had been paid off

winter of 1899-1900 on the ship, at Tafel Bay, lat. 81 deg. 55 min., but early in September we froze in solid. Soon the ice began screwing around, and we were lifted up in the air, turned first one way and then another, and finally tipped over on the port side and left on our beam ends.

"You can get some idea of the force of the ice by looking at the sides here. The ship was built eighteen years ago for a whaler, and was meant for hard work, but to make her stronger, the Duke had an extra outside sheet of heavy planking put on, giving her a double hull. Then she was braced inside by heavy iron brackets, yet the double planking crackled up like paper, and the iron brackets bent like tin when the ice pressed on her."

"On September 8 we began hurrying everything possible ashore. We left the ship with her hold a solid cake of ice from the inflow of water. A camp was established; one large tent with two smaller ones inside, and between the two we put our stove. The stove was the best thing in camp. We had 122 dogs, which were put under a wooden shelter, and the care of them took up most of our time during nearly six months. That was as cold and forlorn and lonesome a time as I ever want to spend. The temperature was 50 deg. below freezing point most of the time, and sometimes much lower. We had to be very careful to escape getting parts of our bodies frozen. The Duke was the head man in every way, and his kindness and helpfulness and generosity did more than anything else to keep up our spirits and courage. On the ship he slept in this room," continued the sailor, opening a door from the

back parties of three each, finally leaving only himself, two Alpine guides and myself.

"For sixty-four days we went steadily north. All four were suffering terribly from cold and exposure, and the low-spiritedness that you get from seeing nothing but ice and snow, and the feeling that there is nothing else anywhere—that the world is all white and frozen and dead. You get so you don't want to speak, and the sound of a voice almost frightens you when you hear it above the monotonous sound of the moving dogs and sledges. We kept on until the best reckoning of provisions we could make showed us that to continue meant starvation. We had reached our limit, 86 deg. 33 min. N. lat., only 215 miles from the pole."

"Soon after we started back we found we had figured too fine. With all the speed we could make the last ration was exhausted thirteen days before camp was reached. There was only one thing to do—eat the dogs. It wasn't pleasant to have to kill the faithful and intelligent animals, but it was their lives or ours. The weakest went first, and we got back without having to kill the best dogs."

"We reached camp in good condition, after an absence of 115 days. Everything there was safe, but one party of three that we had sent back when we first began to fear shortage of provisions, had never been heard from. All possible search was made, but in that trackless desert there wasn't much hope. I can hardly believe they died of cold, for they were hardy and were well provided with warm clothing. It seems almost impossible that they could have broken through the ice, as it was as solid as so much rock, so they must have wandered off in the wrong direction, and finally died of hunger. Still, we left a two-years' supply of food in case they ever did reach camp. Then we set out through ice and storm, and reached Capt Flora early in September of this year. From there we were within reach of civilization, and, although the ship was leaking badly, there was no danger. We are going on to Italy, where the Duke will come aboard again, and I suppose there will be a big celebration. As far as I'm concerned the trip didn't hurt me any, and I suppose I could do it again. Next time I think we could reach the pole."

Cordenti is quite a hero among the other sailors aboard, who regard him as a lucky fellow, and say among themselves that he will probably get swift advancement in the navy through the Duke of Abruzzi's influence. The oddest thing that the British visitors saw about the *Stella Polare* was a large Dutch windmill, which stood on the quarter deck, with its canvas wings ever in motion, and with a steady flow of water running from its capacious spout.

A CRAB GOLIATH.

A SHELL GIANT THAT SOMETIMES TRIES TO CARRY OFF A KID.

By a Special Contributor.

In Central America there lives the robber crab, of almost incredible size, and somewhat resembling a huge spider. The distance between its extended claws is sometimes as great as twelve feet. It spends the greater part of its life on land, climbs the cocoanut trees, on the fruit of which it lives almost entirely. It digs in the ground deep tunnels and lines them with cocoanut fibers.

When enraged, the robber crab can break a man's limb with its powerful claws. Animals approaching it too closely often receive an ugly pinch which they do not soon forget, and it is on record that one of these crabs has captured and tried to drag off a goat.

To open a cocoanut the robber crab removes the bark from the end containing the three eyes, one only of which is easily penetrated, and having found this, it revolves the nut against the point of one of its spindle legs until the opening is large enough for it to insert its great claw. With this it breaks the shell; grinds the contents into small pieces and carries them to its mouth.

W. H. WORRALL.

THE KURD AND THE CAMERA.

The Seyyid—hakim and nothing more—exacted the deference due to him, all along the road. Once beside a deep, sluggish stream we came upon an encampment of nomads, who had come down out of the mountain ranges to wash and shear their animals. They were hard at work, the boys holding down the sheep and goats, while their elders removed the fleeces. The women, to whom health lent a buxom kind of beauty, and who, after the manner of mountain-women, were lax about the exposure of their faces, went about among the flocks, drawing milk into earthen vessels. As I leaped across the stream, camera in hand, a great cry of protest went up, and the chief of the outfit, a bronzed, bearded, and rangy gentilman, who missed his proper place in the world by not being born where he could play right guard on a Princeton eleven, came running with a half a dozen of his retainers and a dozen Kurdish sheep-dogs at his heels. He was roaring lustily and waving his arms in mandate to me to get back to the other bank, and reaching for a sort of brush-hawk that he carried to make the argument good. In the wildest plunges of his onslaught he caught sight of the Seyyid's green belt. He stopped as if some thoughtful person had pulled an air-brake on him, and began to kowtow.

With wrath and reverence struggling in him, he asked the Seyyid what sort of being I was and what I was going to do to his people with that "box which had the Evil Eye in the end of it." It was explained to him. He looked doubtfully at the camera, then whispered to the Seyyid, "Is it a sin?"

"No," said the law-giver.

The chief relaxed his hold of his snicker-snee, and put his entire company, men, boys, sheep, goats, and rosy-cheeked women, through their paces, while the Evil Eye winked knowingly and often:—John Kimberley Mumford, in Harper's Weekly.

THE THREE MEN WHO, WITH CAPT. COGIN, WENT FARthest NORTH.

had a new complement of men and officers direct from Italy had taken charge.

This seemed to preclude the possibility of hearing any personal news of the famous cruise, and I was trying to be content with the prospect of a mere survey of the ship, when the officer of the deck offered me, as a guide, a fine-looking young Italian sailor, whom I had before noticed as being the object of a little extra consideration from his fellow-workers and from the officers.

"You know the ship?" I said.
"Yes, sir," he replied, with a smile. "Very well."
"How long have you been aboard?"
"Eighteen months, sir; leaving out the time when we were out on the ice. I was one of the four men to push farther north than Nansen."

"But I understood that all the original crew were paid off when the ship reached Norway."

"So they were, but I was sent from the Italian navy to make the voyage with the Duke; so I stay with the ship."

His name was Giovanni Cordenti, and he was a powerfully-built, hardy and resolute-looking fellow, upon whom the long hardships of the Arctic campaigning had apparently had no effect. In response to a question about his own experiences, he spoke freely of the personal exploration.

"If only our provisions had been sufficient for a few days more," he said, "we might have reached the North Pole, for we were 19 minutes farther north than Nansen's record of 86 deg. 14 min. We meant to spend the

cabin and showing a closet just large enough for a wooden bunk and possibly a small chest of drawers, but without light or air port.

"When we had to move ashore," he went on, "the Duke worked as hard as anyone. He is very strong, and can pack eighty pounds on his back easily. Our beds in camp were all alike, but they were not nearly as bad as you might think. We had taken sand along in sacks, and with this to make a thin covering over the ice, and with an outside sack of fur and an inside sack of wool, I slept quite comfortably. The dogs are so hardy that they lie right on the bare ice without danger, except to their noses, which are the weak point, and sometimes freeze."

"We remained in this camp until March 11, though there had been trial-sledge trips at different times to test the dogs and the equipment generally. In one of these preliminary journeys the Duke froze his hand so badly that the two middle fingers had to be cut off. With our conditions of life the operation was a severe one, and that and the extreme cold pulled the Duke down so badly that he couldn't make any further personal exploration."

"On March 11, Capt. Cagui, with the dogs and twelve men, made a start for the North Pole, leaving the Duke and six others to look after the camp and prevent further damage to the ship. I was one of the captain's squad. We got along well enough at first, though the loneliness and silence were awful, as soon as we got out of sight of home; for the camp was a home to us. Soon it became evident that the food would not hold out for so large a party. Three times the captain sent

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

Zitka Laune.

AVETERAN officer of the Civil War sends the following story to this magazine:

In these days, when war and stories of feats of arms have the monopoly, it is timely to recall a capture made by Gen. Colby, when in command of Nebraska troops. It was on the battlefield of Wounded Knee Creek, in January, 1891. On the field were found hundreds of Sioux braves and squaws, some killed outright, some wounded, some frozen. On the back of one dead mother, in the papoose pocket, was a Sioux baby, alive, but badly frost-bitten.

Gen. Colby took the little Indian in charge, and sent her for care to Dr. Mary White, his wife's sister, in Nebraska. By the Indian squaw employed to nurse her, the baby was given a name which, according to Indian usage, embodied briefly the baby Sioux's story—Zitka Laune, Lost Dove.

Shortly after the capture, the general wrote to inform Mrs. Colby that she had an adopted daughter awaiting her in Nebraska. She immediately went West to investigate the situation, and found herself the happy mother of a full-blooded Sioux savage infant, brown as a nut, and wilful as the wind.

Little Zitka was legally adopted by the Colbys, and at once was in possession of a full-blooded American brother, five years her senior, likewise an adopted child. Zitka and her foster-brother are fast friends.

They all live in Washington. Gen. Colby has served the United States as Assistant Attorney-General, and has been appointed brigadier-general, while the little Sioux's other adopted parent is editor of the Woman's Tribune.

In due time Zitka was sent to kindergarten, where she braided mats, and did the other mechanical work of the school with true Indian skill. But she had savage tantrums that would have discouraged any less-devoted parents. In spite of whoops and war-dances at inopportune moments, the parents were devoted to Zitka. When obliged to be away from home, the general always took the little Sioux, caring for her with maternal fondness, and requiring everybody to fall in love with the brownie.

Zitka had a tantrum one evening, just as Mrs. Colby's guests, invited for the evening, were arriving. The child was in the third story, but her war whoops resounded and echoed through the house. With all her appliances, the nurse could not quiet the Sioux. The foster brother went up to lend a hand; his efforts failed. Mrs. Colby, excusing herself with good humor, went to Zitka, and the war-dance ceased.

In view of this and other war-paint demonstrations, a guest at the general's had the temerity to say that Zitka was spoiled, that the parents were too lenient; adding, "And why did you adopt a savage, anyway? There are plenty of nice American children in need of homes, whom you could manage much better."

This was said the morning after the nursery tornado, at the breakfast table, and Zitka was seated with the elders, the center of attention. She listened to the guest's criticisms, and looked inquiringly at Gen. Colby. He did not reply to the guest, but, looking fondly at the little girl seated beside him, said, "Now, Zitka, I want you to remember every word that Mrs. M— says; remember it all, Zitka, and when you grow up, you just scalp her." *

Reminded Him of Old Times.

"**G**EN. JOE WHEELER, like Lawton," said an ex-sergeant of the regulars who has just returned to this city from the Philippine Islands, "was brave to the point of recklessness in exposing himself to the enemy's fire. On one occasion, when the insurgents were attempting to recapture Angeles after the town had been taken by our troops, they attacked in such large force that it was necessary to call out all the troops and the reserves to defend the town. The railroad runs through Angeles, and our troops, who were being deployed through the fields, were obliged to cross the railroad embankment. As they crossed the embankment they ran in a stooping posture, and many ducked from the bullets. Gen. Wheeler had ridden his horse out along the railroad, and had halted where the troops were crossing, and sat there watching the insurgents through his glasses. As the troops crossed, crouching and ducking, Gen. Wheeler called to them:

"There's no use ducking, men. When they sing 'they're past you. Straighten up, straighten up! This is great! It reminds me of '61 and '62." —[New York Tribune.]

* * *

Has a Bit of Paul Jones's Flag.

ATINY fragment of the very flag which flew over the Bon Homme Richard when Paul Jones engaged the British frigate Serapis and won the victory which heads the list of the triumphs of the American navy, the first flag of the American nation to be flown at the masthead of an American vessel, and the first to be saluted by any foreign power, is in the possession of Ralph Voorhees of this city.

It is only a few yellowed ravelings of bunting, once white, and a tiny square of the red, now almost brown with age and salt water, but it is accompanied by documentary evidence which makes the relic one of priceless value. The original flag, of which a picture is given above, is now in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, where it was sent by President McKinley after its presentation to the nation by Mrs. Samuel Bayard Stafford, to whom it had descended by inheritance.

The flag was made by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, in Philadelphia, under the supervision of Gen. Washington and Capt. John Brown. At that time Georgia

had not joined the federation of colonies, and the flag was made with twelve stars. It was presented to Paul Jones who put it at the masthead of a small boat and sailed up and down the Schuylkill River to show Philadelphians what the ensign of his nation looked like. Then he put it on the Bon Homme Richard, and put to sea. He soon fell in with and captured the British ship Kitty, and on her found several American prisoners, including James Bayard Stafford, a young man of education who joined the forces of Jones and became the lieutenant on the Bon Homme Richard. In the battle with the Serapis the flag was flying at the masthead, and was shot away. Lieut. Stafford leaped overboard and recovered the ensign, which was nailed to the mast. When the ship was sinking, the flag was pulled down and taken to the Alliance. After the war the flag, with other relics, duly attested by the Secretary of the Navy, was presented to Lieut. Stafford for his part in the war. The relic was preserved by Lieut. Stafford and went to his daughter, Miss Sarah Smith Stafford, upon the death of her mother in 1861. She willed it to her brother, Samuel Bayard Stafford, and it was his widow who gave it back to the nation.

Before giving it to the President, Mrs. Stafford carefully stitched the flag to a backing of silk, and in this work trimmed off a few of the tatters. One of these fragments was given directly to Mr. Voorhees in exchange for a similar fragment of the flag which the First Colorado Volunteers carried with so much honor in the Philippine campaign.—[Denver Republican.]

First Volunteer Still Living.

THIS first volunteer for the Civil War is still living. He is Dr. Charles F. Rand of Washington, retired from active practice by reason of troublesome wounds received nearly forty years ago.

A certificate in the Capitol at Albany attests the priority of Dr. Rand's tender of his services. The certificate is signed by the Mayor and two prominent citizens of Batavia, N. Y.; also by the County Clerk and the Sheriff of the county of Genesee, stating that within less than ten minutes after the call of President Lincoln, April 15, 1861, for 75,000 men, was taken from the wire, the name of Charles F. Rand was enrolled as a soldier.

Two Governors of the State of New York and three Presidents of the United States have recognized his patriotism and gallantry. He was twice personally honored by President Lincoln. New York remembered him with a gold medal, appropriately inscribed. The United States government has presented him a plat in the most beautiful part of Arlington, where, at the proper time, the State of New York will erect a monument worthy of her first volunteer.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Surprise for the Relatives.

THE relatives and friends of Jane Shroeder were hardly prepared for the shock they received Saturday when that lady's will was probated. The spinster had willed her entire fortune of \$7000 to her two yellow dogs, and cut off her adopted daughter and several first cousins without a cent.

Miss Shroeder was born and spent the 65 years of her life in the tumble-down frame house on Horse Hill, where she died. She never married, but arranged her life methodically, spending her mornings doing her housework, her afternoons visiting the sick of the town and picking up stray dogs and cats, and her evenings in giving dinners and comfortable beds to the waifs she collected.

Her adopted daughter, Gretchen, was picked up with her animals.

Her two brindle bulldogs, Miss Shroeder and Gretchen, all sat at the table and all slept in the same room for years.

Miss Shroeder died last week, and the dogs disappeared, not knowing that they had inherited what is known in sporting parlance as 7000 "bones." Gretchen had been so busy trying to straighten out the household that she had not found time to hunt for the dogs till Miss Shroeder's will was probated. She then began a search for the dogs, and found them curled up together on Miss Shroeder's grave. They were taken home and given the room in Miss Shroeder's house, which they will occupy as long as they live.—[Essex (Ct.) Correspondence Toledo Blade.]

Music Dog Goes on Strike.

LITTLE white dog that sits on the music box of a blind man, in Minneapolis, and permits people to drop pennies in a basket tied around his neck by a ribbon, on last Fourth of July refused to attend to business. He snarled and showed his teeth when any attempt was made to put on his uniform. The little fellow frisked and gambolled, tugged at his chain, bit the stump tails of his stray companions, and generally mis-conducted himself.

The blind man says that the dog has never been asked to work on Sunday. He thinks that Sunday ought to be a day of rest for blind men and dogs as well as more fortunate beings, so every Sunday the dog gets an extra fine breakfast, consisting of boiled liver, and full liberty to do precisely as he pleases. Thus the little curly dog has come to regard Sunday as a full holiday, and he knows when the day comes around, because on that day his master puts on a white shirt and his best hat. The blind man is patriotic, and so

on the Fourth he wears his white shirt and hence the little white dog thought that it was time to refuse to work.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

Five Kittens Adopted by a Hen.

C. S. BREWER, a farmer of Ohio, has a hen on his premises that got tired of chicks and left his barn. Near where the kittens were left, a straw a hen was sitting on a nest of eggs, and struck up a friendship. Becoming cool to the kittens, the hen crawled under the hen's wings. After a few days the hen deserted her nest and marched out into the barnyard to lay five little kittens. They followed her about and would scratch industriously for them, but were evidently astonished when they refused to eat. She uncovered. Occasionally she gathers under her wings until they become warm, and then flies out again in search of food, the kittens following obediently.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

This Dogship Resented the Slight.

A DOG story comes from the village of Glasgow, about five miles from Glasgow: Two weeks ago a sheep farmer there had come to the Glasgow cattle market, attended by his son. On the following day, and as he had no place for his colts there he resolved to leave his friend in Glasgow till he returned. Scarce when the imprisoned animal, seizing the opportunity, jumped out of a window two stories in height at his home on the Eaglesham moors before he had arrived in the fair city. The farmer bought another colt at Perth, called on the Glasgow at his friend's, and was told of his successful leap for liberty. He concluded that home, and on arriving at the farm, again saw his new dog, his old canine friend was evidently pleased. This was adding insult to injury. Night he left the house in a "huff," having been heard of since.—[St. James's Gazette.]

The Cat Saved Their Lives.

JOHN E. Dowalt's cat will live on credit for nine lives. Mr. Dowalt and his wife live in North Coventry township, near Pottsville, for this statement when they told how the cat returned unexpectedly from one of its nocturnal excursions a few days ago, and stood at the door just in time to save them from being eaten by a skunk. If the cat had wandered half an hour longer, and mistress would have been dead.

"I forgot to set the damper on the stove, we slept the gas filled the house," said the cat. "The cat aroused me by meowing pitifully at the door. I got up, but was so tired again. Finally I managed to open the door. The cool air revived me. My wife was unconscious, got her out. It was a narrow escape. That's the velvet from this time out." —[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

A Cat With Ideas.

AN UPTOWN baker, who is not given to possible things, relates the following family cat:

For some months the storeroom where he was kept had been infested with rats. After trying various methods to rid his place of the pests, the baker decided in favor of an old-fashioned trap. Each morning it was his custom to enter the storeroom with a small terrier and release the cat to be dispatched by the dog.

One morning last week, on starting for his diversion, the baker could not find his dog. In a vain search he went to the storeroom and found the terrier frisking around, while the cat was calmly trying to raise the door.

When asked why he did not enter the stock exhibit, the owner said: "Why, my doggo go into the show, the first thing he do be leading the animals in a parade up and down. No, sir; Tom is better at home, where he is confined. Of course, he may have tried to get out, but he might put on the gloves with his hatchet, but he may have been prompted by me. I don't know. Anyhow, he's smart enough to look out for himself, even if he has to go fishing. He's right here." —[Philadelphia North American.]

The Dog Came Back.

AMOST remarkable incident of animal self-reaction to my notice a few days ago. A man purchased a fox hound of pure blood and great ability to become the leader of his pack of dogs. The dog was taken several miles from home, to a boat, and there was tied on deck, in which he could not see either shore. The boat had a trip of over seventy-five miles, and the dog was then transferred to his new quarters. On the morning it was found that he had escaped from in which the dogs were confined, and a search was sent out, but failed to find him.

Six weeks later a telegram was received by the chaser of the dog saying that the animal, who had been hungry, had returned to its former home, haunted at its master's feet.

What faculty had enabled the dog to know the direction in which he must travel? Was it a reason that guided him over those weary miles, an absolutely unknown country, and back to him the dearest spot on earth? His master, [Our Animal Friends.]

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REMARKABLE RELICS.

THE CORONEL COLLECTION OF TOLTEC
AND AZTEC POTTERY.

By a Special Contributor.

MONG all the beautiful and remarkable collections of rich and valuable materials gathered at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, none is more interesting and unique than the famous "Coronel collection." In this collection are relics that are associated with all the chief events of the history of Southern California farther back than the oldest inhabitant can remember. More than this there are specimens from Old Mexico, gathered piece by piece and taking rank with the oldest history of that country; groups of pottery from the ancient Aztecs, and, farther back than these, from those remarkable people, the Toltecs.

The rooms where this collection is on exhibition have been visited by many people; by some who knew nothing of the value or history of the articles; and by a few who knew more, by experts and non-experts. A few of the latter were of the opinion that the pieces of Aztec and Toltec pottery were not genuine. It is not remarkable that those who have a small amount of accurate

knowledge on the subject should be of this opinion; for it is certainly a most wonderful collection.

The doubt, however, was a source of much concern to the owner as well as to the curator, Miss Picher, of the city of Pasadena, who has held this position ever since she induced Mrs. Coronel to let the Chamber of Commerce have the collection. Through the courtesy of all of these, the writer has been able to obtain a clear and satisfactory history of the pottery and the proof of its genuineness.

The purchase was made while Don Antonio Coronel and Mrs. Coronel were in Old Mexico, in the year 1886; and was brought about by the friendship which all the Indians entertained for Don Antonio. He never deserved of mistreated them, and they trusted him and always gave him the benefit of their information, much of which was never disclosed to any one else outside of their own tribe.

When told by one of these that there was a very fine lot of pottery, then in concealment, to be had for a certain price, without hesitation and with perfect confidence in the honesty of his informant, Don Antonio paid the price; and in about ten days there came to his door, securely packed and carried by burros, all these beautiful pieces of Toltec art. They were packed in plantain leaves, and were in an almost perfect state of preservation, showing that they had been concealed

in a hidden chamber and not buried. They were, no doubt, placed here at the time of the Spanish invasion under Cortes, and have remained somewhere in hiding for the greater part of the time since then. Had they been covered up in the earth with other ruins, they would have been much mutilated and broken; but they are marvelously perfect, considering their great age—over five hundred years, and how much over is not known.

They were guaranteed to have come from the Pyramid of the Sun, a famous ruined temple, which, with the Temple of the Moon connected by a passage, is situated about thirty miles from the City of Mexico. They were brought to Los Angeles, and remained in the care of their owners up to the time when they were sent to the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce—June, 1900. They consist of five ewers, one tall flower jar, several cinerary urns, an indefinite number of covered jars—but with only two covers remaining—three masks and ten tiles or bricks taken from the walls of the temple, the latter unfortunately all cracked in getting them off. These were removed from the pyramid by the Indians who brought the pottery to Don Antonio, and were intended, no doubt, as a "heaping-up measure" to the balance of their contract with their friend, the Don.

There is another and most remarkable piece, which seems to be only a vase or urn; but which may have done double duty. The inner receptacle, it is thought, may have been used as a place to burn incense, while on the outer rim, there is what seems to be a

overthrown, as is well known, by the Aztecs, who were, in turn, overcome by the Spaniards under Cortes.

All doubts as to the Toltec origin of this collection have been laid at rest by the inspection of Dr. Philip Mills Jones, professor of archaeology at the University of California, and who is now engaged in field work. He was very much delighted with it; said it ought to be in Berkeley where it could be appreciated and studied; that it was "buried alive" down here, that it was perfectly genuine, and backed his assertions by an offer to buy it immediately at the price to be named by the owner. He seemed most jealous of its being here, and with so little possibility of getting at it to investigate and study it.

When asked what he thought was the most remarkable feature of the collection; he said:

"Why, the fact that there are so many fine specimens in such a perfect state of preservation."

His interest and enthusiasm were intense. He pored over the pieces, studied the most minute lines, looked at the designs, with evidence in both face and eyes that he was reading whole volumes of ancient history from those remarkable relics. The pictures given herein are made from his grouping. No. 1 is a ewer for water; No. 2 is the same ewer and a jar, or possibly a funeral urn, which were placed together because of the similarity of their workmanship, showing that they were, no doubt, made at about the same time, and possibly by the same workman. No. 3 is the musical instrument and vase already referred to, showing the apertures for blowing through upon the water and thereby producing musical sounds. This seems to be of a slight variation in shade of color, and somewhat different in decoration, and was no doubt of another time and workmanship. No. 4 shows an urn on the right, and an unknown piece on the left. The latter may have been used as a receptacle for incense sticks. The designs and workmanship are similar in these two also.

Prof. Jones did not come here for the purpose of examining this pottery; he merely stopped on his way to another place and found the collection so interesting and valuable from an archaeological standpoint that he has decided to stop on his return and make a more thorough examination of each piece. He has asked for permission to make photographs and drawings of it, and to introduce these in a special work which he is planning. When his identifications are made, they will be placed upon the official books of the exhibition association, and forwarded directly to Dr. A. L. Benedict, superintendent of ethnology and archaeology of the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo.

There will also be sent with this report a set of photographs and an official and copyright catalogue prepared by the curator, Miss Picher; but no piece of the pottery will be allowed to be taken.

Within the same case, and standing near neighbor to his older and more aristocratic neighbors, is a small Aztec image, the god of war. He is an ugly little deity, and shows the lack of refinement in his worshippers. Those who have read the history of Mexico, or "The Fair God," by Gen. Lew Wallace, will remember that when Cortes was in the midst of the conquest of Mexico, he found the faith so strong in this god that he gave orders to "seize the god of war wherever he can be found." His men thereupon went into the temples and seized all the images and flung them from the windows, with the exception of this one which was rescued by a bold and daring Aztec devotee, who scaled the walls and rescued this identical image. It was kept in the family as a most sacred heirloom, and handed down from one generation to another, until the time of Don Antonio's visit to Mexico, when it was purchased by Mrs. Coronel from a direct descendant of the man who climbed the walls, risking life and limb to resece the most important of all deities.

The arrangement of these beautiful and wonderful pieces of pottery in the Chamber of Commerce is not as yet complete, it being the intention to have more space and better accommodations for observation, but at present the specimens are in a black case, with a yellow lining, the chosen colors of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce—and the effect is to greatly enhance the setting of the pottery, which is of a very dark slate color. The present arrangement does not disregard the ethnological relations of the collection, and yet is in fitting harmony with the scheme of color decoration throughout the whole room. Great credit is due in this respect as well as in many others to the Chamber of Commerce, and to the curator, for the efficient management of the whole collection and the courtesy which they invariably extend to visitors and students of the collection.

The fact that in but one other city in the world is there a collection of this character, makes the one in Los Angeles of especial importance. No one had ever been permitted to enter the Temple of the Sun and remove any relics or pieces of pottery until the French government sent Charnay, whose expenses were defrayed by Pierre Lorillard of New York City. Mr. Charnay gathered several specimens of pottery, like those in the Coronel collection, but to no one else was that opportunity ever granted; so that in Paris alone is there a rival for these ancient and wonderful pieces of Toltec and Aztec pottery.

ELIZABETH T. MILLS,

NOT ON FRIDAY.

[Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal:] The announcement of the naval officials of the launching of the new battleship Wisconsin, on the 1st day of February, has had to be withdrawn. Somebody looked up the date and found that it fell on a Friday. No sailor would ever ship on a vessel launched on Friday if he knew it. And further it is said that no ship ever was launched on Friday anyway, which is also a significant warning. Uncle Sam will have to bow to the blue jacket superstition about Friday.



knowledge on the subject should be of this opinion; for it is certainly a most wonderful collection.

The doubt, however, was a source of much concern to the owner as well as to the curator, Miss Picher, of the city of Pasadena, who has held this position ever since she induced Mrs. Coronel to let the Chamber of Commerce have the collection. Through the courtesy of all of these, the writer has been able to obtain a clear and satisfactory history of the pottery and the proof of its genuineness.

The purchase was made while Don Antonio Coronel and Mrs. Coronel were in Old Mexico, in the year 1886; and was brought about by the friendship which all the Indians entertained for Don Antonio. He never deserved of mistreated them, and they trusted him and always gave him the benefit of their information, much of which was never disclosed to any one else outside of their own tribe.

When told by one of these that there was a very fine lot of pottery, then in concealment, to be had for a certain price, without hesitation and with perfect confidence in the honesty of his informant, Don Antonio paid the price; and in about ten days there came to his door, securely packed and carried by burros, all these beautiful pieces of Toltec art. They were packed in plantain leaves, and were in an almost perfect state of preservation, showing that they had been concealed

decoration, but gives space for water to be poured in, and by blowing through apertures found there, the tones of the musical scale are evolved. It is said that during his lifetime, Don Antonio learned to play several musical selections in this way.

The most famous god of the Toltecs, "Quetzal Coatl," is here represented by the coiled rattlesnake, the head of which is decorated at or about the neck by something resembling short wings. There are also many cups (called tazzas in terms of archaeology,) one pipe, four whistles, many idols, and several miscellaneous and unidentified pieces.

All the decorative work, as well as the symmetry and proportion of these pieces, is most wonderful and beautiful. Compared with the work of others, even those like the Aztecs coming later in time, the beauty of the Toltec pottery stands out in striking contrast. These people were undoubtedly of a high grade of cultivation, a race of builders and decorators; worshipers of possibly false ideals, but never offering human sacrifices, as did their suppliants, the Aztecs. Their rites, on the contrary, were celebrated with beautiful flowers, bread, and incense; and they wore long, flowing robes, and sandals. Of their exact history but little is known, except that which is gathered from a study of the works of art that they have left to posterity. They were

HIS MAJESTY, PUSS.

ROYAL AND IMPORTED CATS IN LOS ANGELES AND ELSEWHERE.

By a Special Contributor.

ABOUT nothing but cats? That is all, but there are cats, and then, again, there are Cats, and the fluffy beauties to which I wish to call attention have, apparently, nothing in common with the feline of our youthful days who caught the rat; nor the erratic midnight prowler, inciter of the bootjack brigade and much unparliamentary language in the woe, sma' hours; nor again with the wretched, half-starved, vagrant whose shrinking existence is passed in vain deavor to "move on" out of the reach of boys, dogs and tin cans.

With all respect for the intelligence of the ordinary house cat, and for the cunning often fatal to the "best-laid plans of mice and men," she is, after all, "only a cat." But her beautiful cousins from over the sea, the stranger folk from Angora, Persia and Siam, who have never become naturalized citizens of the American cat republic, their story is different; for having, like some other foreigners, been taken up by Dame Fashion, they are decidedly "in the swim."

These imported tabbies are very royal personages, who never heard of puss in a corner. Usurpers, too, are they, for having purred their way into my lady's parlor and captured first place in her affections, they ousted Prince Pug from his ancient throne with regal disregard for his broken nose—true aristocrats, also, with ancestry sans reproach and breeding and manner to shame the proudest Vere de Vere of the race. Unique in their long-haired beauty, "making eyes" so eloquently that one never realizes they are practically dumb and cannot voice their needs. Graceful, affectionate, and altogether charming, it is no wonder that their care and breeding have become a fad with the lady of leisure, and a delightful occupation for the business woman.

Angora and Persian Pets.

Only a student of catalog can distinguish at the first glance between an Angora and a Persian. The distinguishing marks of a pure-bred Angora cat are, small head, with shortish nose and face, large full eyes, ample "Lord Mayor's chain" about the head and neck, large ears, that look much smaller than they really are because of being set so deeply in the surrounding ruff; short neck, and lithe, sinuous body, covered with long, silky hair, over an undercoat of short fur. The legs must be short, and tufts of hair protrude from the ears and from between the toes. The phrase, "What a monstrous tall our cat's got," was surely inspired by the Angora, whose appendage, technically

called a plume, and tapering from base to curled tip, is borne aloft with an air of confidence and pride beautiful to behold.

The Persian differs but slightly from the Angora, the head being a little larger, the ears smaller, and the body broader, with greater growth of hair at the tip instead of the base of the tail. There are many so-called Persians and Angoras that cannot claim pedigrees, the strain having been crossed at some time with common stock. While to the initiated they present no falling away from the standard, and make gentle and affectionate pets, the prospective breeder is warned to inquire for registration certificates before purchasing, inability to show pedigree being fatal to the business reputation of any cattery.

Los Angeles Cats and Catteries.

There are in Los Angeles, here and there, individual

occupants live a life of elegant leisure. The Major, a red and white Angora, with magnificient eyes. He is registered in the Chicago stud book, the son of King Quito, whose parents were Queen Kitsey, and who won the second prize to Royal Buff first in the Chicago Cat show of December, 1898. His dam was Clover. The queen of the Kennels, her mistress's heart, is Maizze, a tortoise shell beauty, who, sired by Cinders, was littered on February 23, 1899. Muff being the winner of the prize gold medal in class 29 at the Chicago show held in December 1898. Maizze, also registered in the Chicago stud book, was the property of Miss Norton, and before being sent to her present owner, bred to Champion Royal, and on the third of January gave birth to four beautiful kittens. Of these Nonesuch, a white-footed tiger, has been sold. Diffident and shy, a pure white kitten with blue eyes.



MRS. BOGALSKY'S DOTTY DIMPLE.

owners of a few fortunate high-bred pussies, all people who can well afford to cultivate such expensive tastes, paying liberally in gold, leisure and eternal vigilance. For puss has been daintily nurtured through generations, and is sensitive to changes of temperature, requires a varied and carefully-prepared menu at regular hours, needs the utmost neatness in her surroundings, a protected run for exercise and constant watching lest she be enticed away.

There are also in the city several catteries whose occupants can boast of the bluest of blue blood and who own pedigrees running back almost to the beginning of time.

Among the fanciers is Miss Louise Paine who is a member of the California Cat Club of Oakland and the owner of some fine registered stock. At her beautiful home on Flower street are the Maizze Kennels, where

still at the kennels, as is also her white-furred shell sister, Rusticana, and the dignified black buff called Roland, Jr. There also are Queen, a superb imported white Persian, and Snowball, thought by many to be the finest cat in Los Angeles, an Angora, as white as his name indicates, with magnificent fleece, and wise, orange-colored eyes, registered in San Francisco. He was purchased, journeyed thence to Hamburg and then to New York, with his mate in search of the mistress who had come to this city, where they finally joined him.

Snowball and Queen Bass are the parents of Toodles, a blue-eyed, white male, who has small teeth, and who, judged by his picture, thinks Who's afraid?"

Dorothy, a rare blue Angora, who is as blue as a cat can well be, has, apparently, yellow-green eyes. She has been mated to Snowball. Two recent arrivals from the Drexel kennels are Black Bass, a Persian queen who was imported from Norton, and her famous countryman Macbeth, as black as any cat ever ridden by Salem's wife.

A Boyle Heights Cattery.

W. E. Rues is the proprietor of a small residence, No. 2423 Folsom street, of which he is proud. Here is an Angora queen whose name is Anna, and who came from Mrs. Norton's kennels. Her sire was Don Quixote, and her mother imported Dorothy, now owned by Miss Paine. The kennels of the kennels is Dante, a seal brown tabby, his blue-eyed snow-ball of a sister, came from the stock at the Crystal Palace, London. But the place is Goldie, a daughter of Mrs. Norton's, who has topaz eyes that match her yellow extra toe on each padded foot, and is such an aristocrat that the writer felt as if a princess descended to smile upon her when Miss Paine put down in her lap for a visit.

Much of Mrs. Bogalsky's stock at her cattery, Thirty-Sixth street, is from the Woodlawn kennels in Louisville, Ky., which belong to Mrs. Barnes. There is a registered white Persian male with blue eyes who responds to the call of "Gus," and his company name is Augustus Adolphus. Gus' parents were Sir Rupert and Marjory, importers having been registered for three generations. Dumpling is a female Angora registered at the Woodlawn kennels, whose progenitors were Sir Leo and Empress Queen, of the same kennels. Fairy is a female Angora, with wise yellow-green eyes, who came from the Linden kennels, Indianapolis. A buff 10-months-old female with dark amber eyes, sired by champion Silver Dick, and his mother, Mrs. Barnes' Eveline. Topknot has just arrived, and his pedigree is expected daily. Prince Dolce, a buff and white king, looks from wise amber eyes, a low boy, a large buff Persian male is from Mrs. Barnes' kennels. His immediate ancestors being the King Rudolph, a beautiful red Persian king, and Brownie, a female Abyssinian, is registered at the Louisville cat club, and is from the Freerport kennels. She is of royal birth, her father being King Barnes' Emperor I and her dam, an imported Persian queen. Little Dottie Dimple is a tiger with blue eyes and with no pedigree that anyone knows. She is doing her best to make people love her so they get to ask where her folks came from.

Some Other Fine Ones.

Samuel Gerson has six fine cats all registered. They are King Charles (smoke), with yellow eyes, Daphne, a tiger with white points and green eyes, Royal Buff, a magnificent yellow and white male, a dear little pussie of 3½ months, whose pedigree was won at the recent pet stock exhibition.



(1) "DESDEMONA."
(2) "ROYAL NORTON."

(3) "ROYAL NONESUCH."
(4) "TOODLES."

January 27, 1901.]

man himself. Mr. McPhee of East Twenty-fifth street also showed two fine registered cats. The cats are all smooth and the most companionable creatures imaginable, looking unspeakable things with their wonderful eyes, and ready to be friends with all.

These members of feline aristocracy sell during kit-tenth at from \$10 to \$25 a piece, according to lineage. Later in life they bring \$25, \$75 and \$100, rare specimens, with especially fine backing, costing even \$200, just \$500 or, in exceptional cases, \$1000. Royal Norton is valued at \$2500.

The Care of the Pets.

For such valuable property suitable quarters must be provided. A comfortable home for, say six cats, should consist of two inclosures, one measuring about 20x14 and the other 12x6 feet. They must be subdivided into cages with shelves for jumping and climbing, with wire netting forming walls and partitions. A good roof as sequoia, and some of the cages must have tight walls as a protection against the coldest weather. Sunshine, and lots of it, air, but no draughts, a screen-inclosed sun large enough for play and exercise, and a supply of pure water are each necessary, to which must be added scrupulous attention to cleanliness else the stock will contract skin diseases, annex fleas, and become afflicted with other troubles more or less fatal.

Then Puss's diet must be considered. One lady of high degree has her morning appetite coaxed either with cream, Mellen's Food, oatmeal, or boiled rice, to which is added a piece of shrimp or sardine. She takes a light luncheon of bread and milk. At dinner time various soups are offered and usually prove acceptable, and on going to bed she has a nightcap of warm milk. Others are fed on a prepared cat food, sometimes mixed with chopped cooked liver, and still others have all kinds of cooked meats, except pork, with an occasional egg beaten in milk and which, taken internally is recommended to keep the fur in good condition. In which diet Kit can best get her back up, history does not relate.

Looking Backward.

Cats have been domesticated for centuries. They were looked upon as sacred in ancient Egypt and their worship was incorporated into the national religion. Mention is made of them in the Siamese records of 2000 years ago, and since unknown ages the royal palaces of Siam have been the homes of a distinctive breed, known as the "Palace breed of the Royal cats of Siam," the few specimens that have from time to time seen the light of civilization having been "sneaked," by adventuresome travelers, from the Bangkok Palace. Persian cats hail, of course, from the orient, and western Asia is the ancestral home of the aristocratic Angora. Visitors to the Old World have often returned with scions of one house or another, the result being the firm establishment of the imported cat upon her pedestal, where by force of contrast she pleads eloquently for the friendless outcast of the streets.

France has done much in recent years for the cat trade, and England can show as pussies' representatives, the National Cat Club, Lady Beresford's Cat Club of London and the Ladies' Kennel Association of England. The London home for lost and hungry cats has sheltered 22,000 unfortunates during the four years of its existence. It is supported by voluntary contributions and numbers among its patrons twenty-five representatives of the nobility. There are flourishing cat clubs in Boston, New York, Louisville, Chicago and other eastern cities, in some of which refuges and hospitals are maintained for strays and invalids, each club working in harmony with the local humane society.

Some American Catteries.

The Beresford Cat Club, with headquarters in Chicago, is the largest in America, its membership being scattered throughout the United States. Chicago is indeed the American center for cat fanciers, prominent among them being Mrs. Clinton Locke, president of the Beresford Club, and Mrs. Leland Norton, owner of the Bengal kennels, and the proud mistress of the famous Royal Norton, who is of pure Persian descent, his parents having been born on the other side of the Pacific.

The cat fancy is taking root in San Francisco and Oakland where her beautyship has many admirers. Clubs have been formed in each city and successful shows held, where many valuable cats were exhibited. Mrs. A. H. Hoag of the Golden Gate city has over thirty cats in her "Angora Cattery," among them being a superb pair of royal Siamese, said to be the only breeders of that ilk on the coast. Here also is Mrs. Allan Abbott, claiming to be the only direct importation in the State. Mrs. Allan Abbott owns a pure white blue-eyed Angora called Fluff who weighs twenty-five pounds and is valued at \$1000. Mrs. A. H. Reed is the proud owner of Middy, among others, a magnificent Angora with amber eyes, who is descended from the Crystal Palace stock, London.

MUSHROOM CULTURE BY ANTS.

[Nature:] In The American Naturalist Prof. Wheeler describes a new genus of insect living communally with certain ants. The general reader will, however, be specially interested in the so-called "mushroom gardens" formed by the ants in question. It appears that they cut and transport into their subterranean cellars large pieces of leaves, which are there divided into smaller fragments, and ultimately reduced to a fine pulp. This pulp is heaped up, and soon becomes invaded by the mycelium of a fungus. The mycelium is kept acceptably clean—i.e., free from all species of fungi and even from bacteria—and induced to grow in an abnormal way by bringing forth minute swellings which constitute the only food of the ant colony. Möller likens these swellings to the "kohlrabi" of the German kitchen gardens."

MAN IN AMERICA.

CONDITIONS HERE CONTRIBUTE TO HIGHEST PHYSICAL TYPE.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALES,
Of Harvard University.

MODERN inquiries concerning the effect of environment on animals and plants have naturally served to direct attention to the influence of nature in various countries on the fate of man. Thus the question has often come to me, "Is it likely that mankind will fail to maintain itself in North America?" or in another form, "Is this country to prove as well suited to the needs of man as the lands of the Old World?" There is undoubtedly a measure of doubt in the minds of some inquirers whether or no our species is or is not likely to become so reconciled to this continent that it will find on it a fair field for development.

In judging as to the fitness of this land for the uses of man it is well to have clearly in mind an outline of the history of the creature in other parts of the world. So far as concerns our inquiry, the story may be briefly told: As regards his origin, man clearly belongs to the tropical part of the Old World. All the groups of apes which in bodily or mental characteristics show any near kinship with him are found in that part of the world. The monkeys of America belong altogether to lower groups which lie far away from the path of advance that led to mankind. There seems good reason to believe that the first creatures entitled to be called human appeared in Southern Asia, or possibly in a land now beneath the sea that lay between these areas. All the species of the natural order to which man belongs are natives of the tropics. Of the hundred or more of these forms, none range to regions where freezing cold often occurs. In fact, no other equally-extensive group of mammals is so completely limited to the torrid zone.

Man Originally of the Tropics.

While the distribution of his lower kindred shows clearly that man first found himself in the tropical realm, the features of his body equally attest this field of origin. His naked state unfitted him for life in the colder zones. Until he had learned to clothe himself in skins and the use of fire, arts that must have been slowly developed, he could not have lived far away from the equator. Furthermore, it is in the tropics, even at the present day, that the animal, man, is most successful. There he takes in the greatest range of variations in form and color, is the least dependent on his arts for subsistence, is in all respects most completely naturalized.

We do not know at what stage in his history certain varieties or races of man left their tropical birthplace for higher latitudes; nor, indeed, what manner of man they were. They must have been relatively far advanced in the arts, for they could not have moved any distance polarward before they were able to meet the novel conditions. We may fairly presume that the movement took place ages after the species was established, and that only the more vigorous races shared in the migration, which was in the end to make their kind the most widely-diffused species in the vertebrate type of animals. Even these stronger folk could not have accomplished the task until their brains and hands had made them in a measure independent of the trials that vigorous climates imposed on them.

The Spread of the Human Race.

When man accomplished the reconciliation with difficult conditions which clothing and fire made possible, a tolerably distinct division of the two species into two groups took place. One retained the tropical habit, being with some exceptions incapable of abiding in high latitudes; the other including the several diverse varieties commonly known as Caucasian, which can no longer maintain itself in its best estate within the equatorial realm. This intolerance of torrid conditions, which is so striking a feature of all the European peoples, is apparently shared, though in a less degree, by the Semitic folk and those we term Chinese. It appears to be generally true that varieties of men that have never known a frozen earth cannot well reconcile themselves to it, while those who have adjusted themselves to winter lose their vitality when deprived of the tonic cold.

So long as the world of man remained in the stagnant or slow-moving state, these differences due to climate were unnoticed; none of the tropical peoples showed a disposition to wander to high latitudes, and those of the boreal district rarely sought to colonize the equatorial lands. If they entered on them, they ceased to prosper. If they maintained themselves at all, they appear to have done so by intermingling their stock with that of the indigenous folk. In our own age, owing to the forthcoming motive of the European folk with its desire to hold all lands and to drag the dwellers of the torrid zone about the earth that they may serve its civilization, this adjustment of races to climate has come to be a matter of very great importance. It has to be reckoned with in all our plans for new empires and our forecasts of the future of our own.

South America an Unfavorable Land.

Recognizing that the torrid region is in general unfitted for the use of the masterful stock to which our people belong, and that their part of the earth lies between the tropics and the arctic circles, we are prepared to see how the American continents are suited to their needs. Taking first the southern of these twin lands, we perceive that in larger measure than any other it is by its position unfitted for the use of Europeans. About two-thirds of it lies within the torrid zone. Of the area thus placed, only a small part has its temperature in an effective degree modified by its height above the sea; and this, the Andean section, is generally sterile. South of the tropic of Capricorn there is a considerable region which, so far as the temperature is concerned, is well suited to our race.

Considered in relation to the needs of our race, North America has several signal advantages. In the first

place over three-fourths of its surface affords conditions of climate that are very near to those in which the several varieties of Aryans have successfully developed. Dividing the zones of climate between the northern tropic and the Arctic circle we may parallel them very nearly with those of the old world from Northern India to Scandinavia, where these peoples have shaped themselves to admirable accomplishments of body and mind. Leaving out the deserts of heat, cold and dryness, our land shows a remainder of about three-fourths of the whole, that is, as regards its physical conditions, more nearly allied to the cradle-land of our folk than any other equally large area in the world. A portion of it was fitly named New England. The term could well have been extended so as to include a much larger area. It would have been no misnomer if the continent had been termed New Europe, or better still, New Arya. By its development it has come to deserve both those names.

North America a Land of Promise.

The judgment as to fitness of North America for the needs of our race has been well established by the test of centuries. Leaving out of account the settlement of the Latin peoples in the tropical districts, where the results have been rather unsatisfactory, we have had a fair trial of the new environment over a period that may be roughly counted as two and a half centuries. Of this the test for the interior district, that of the Mississippi Valley, extends to about one-half that time; and for the Cordilleran area, i.e., the Rocky and associated mountains, to only fifty years. The test of greatest length approximately includes European people settled along the coast and the Appalachian district of the interior from Labrador to Georgia; the next areas that fairly sample the eastern half of the Mississippi Valley, the third, that of the western mountain region and the Pacific border of the same. Thus we see that the trial fairly includes all except the area of Northern British America and Alaska. Taking the areas in their order, and seeking to base our judgment on their human product, we will now note the results of the several settlements.

In the Atlantic coast district, where the test of European man in the part of North America nearest to Europe has been longest continued, the experiment has been admirably successful. Statistics show that, as regards the physical condition of the folk, they have lost nothing by their transplantation. They are as able-bodied and as fecund as they were in the Old World. Counting their eminent inventiveness as a part of their intellectual success, as inventiveness that ranges from religion and politics, to mechanical contrivances, they assuredly take rank as the equals of their kindred over the sea. It may indeed be justly claimed that the generations of English folk reared on the Atlantic Slope of North America have, for their numbers, given as much to the advancement of mankind as the home people.

The evidence from the population of the Mississippi Valley is to the same effect as that afforded by the sea border folk. The measurements of soldiers of the Civil War, made by the United States Sanitary Commission, which is an admirable source of information, shows that the men from the Kentucky district (the longest settled of any part of the region west of the Alleghenies) were on the average taller and of greater girth of chest and head, than those of any other part of the country. Although these American troops included practically all who were fit to bear arms, immature youths as well as adults, their average development was equalled only by certain regiments of picked men, enlisted in the British army from Scotland and Ireland. It is noteworthy that these troops from the Ohio Valley were almost altogether from families who came from Great Britain and Ireland several generations before the Civil War.

The Man of the Western Mountain.

We lack statistical information to show the physical condition of those born in the Cordilleran district. There is no reason to doubt the verity of the impression they make on the observer, which is that of exceeding vigor, except it may be in the southernmost portion of this field. Hardly any part of the continent promises a more interesting population than this Cordilleran region. While there are some indications that the people will have a peculiar quality, there is no ground for supposing that they will not regain the essential qualities of their race.

Of all the tests that go to show the continued mental and physical quality of a people, that of military service is unhappily the surest. Given a civil war which enlists the hearts, as well as the bodies of a folk; draw into it the mass of serviceable men; protract it until the trial proves not only valor, which is common in the taller races, but also the higher emotions of patience and fortitude; and we have an essay diabolical in its perfection, but showing the essence of a people as none other can. How well the Civil War proved that Americans, after generations of existence in these environments, remain sturdy may be illustrated by the history of a single command: The First Kentucky Brigade of the Confederate army. I select this body of troops especially for the reason that, while they were officially my enemies, many of the officers and men were personally well known to me. I have, moreover, carefully inspected the lists, and am convinced that all save a very few of these soldiers were from old American families of British or Irish origin. The part of the great story of this brigade that can be here told concerns the last hundred days of its service. It is enough for the need.

Hardhood of the American Breed.

On May 7, 1864, the brigade left Dalton, in its long continued retreat before Sherman, with 1140 rank and file. During the subsequent hundred days in almost continual action, it took 1860 death or hospital wounds. At the end of that time it had but 240 present for duty. There were less than a dozen unaccounted for, i.e. not more than that number of deserters. The noble remnant was then so far crippled that it would no longer march. The command was, therefore, broken up, and the men used as orderlies. It should be remembered that these men for all their valor were steadfastly beaten back—every day's fighting leaving them farther from their homes. So far as I have been able to find, there is no better record of steadfast, enduring valor in the history of our people on the other side of the sea. I do not indeed know where to find its parallel. Such are rude tests, but more than any other they go to prove that the quality of the man who is bred on this continent, whose forefathers have been for generations shaped in the environment it affords, is in mind and body equal to the best.

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THE CURIO CRAZE.

IT HAS DEVELOPED AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY ON THIS COAST.

By a Special Contributor.

THE phenomenal trend, within recent years, of the winter-tourist travel westward, besides contributing substantially toward a general prosperity along the Pacific seaboard, is responsible for the development, hereabout, of not a few innovations, both ephemeral and permanent. And among the latter there is one which, originating as a mere diversion, has expanded until today it stands preëminently the most picturesque of all the industries peculiar to the West.

Considering that this is essentially a land of unique pursuits, the foregoing statement is by no means small—particularly when the subject referred to is the curio industry. Now, almost anywhere else in the United States the word "curio," in a relative sense, is pretty apt to belong in the same category with "mania," "eccentricity," and kindred terms denoting exaggerated hobbyism. But once fairly across the boundary line of California, conditions become radically changed, and the average tourist, in conformity with the prevalent usage, straightway sets about accumulating a private museum, as an appropriate souvenir of his sojourn.

Originally, through a dearth of supply and facilities generally, the progress of such diversions was necessarily slow, the quest for native curiosities involving the expenditure of much time and trouble. The articles most in demand were, from the outset, those of Indian and Mexican handiwork, and the capacity of the various basket weavers, pottery molders and leather carvers in time became wholly disproportionate to the ever-increasing enthusiasm displayed by the seekers. But for Yankee intervention at this critical period, the evolution of the western curio would in all probability never have passed beyond the stage of a fad. However, the imitative genius of the Anglo-Saxon was not slow to grasp the opportunity presented, with the result that an industry has been inaugurated here in California which, from a standpoint of commercial enterprise on the one side and absorbing interest on the other, amounts to nothing less than a craze.

In evidence of this, there are today, between San Francisco and San Diego, a distance of some five hundred and seventy-five miles, upward of 600 manufacturers and dealers in native curios, the aggregate volume of which business, for the fiscal year, a conservative estimate has fixed at not less than \$1,500,000. The variety of articles represented in this trade covers a wide field, and includes almost every species of gimcrack human imagination and ingenuity can devise. A visit to one of the numerous retail establishments exclusively devoted to this line of trade in any of the larger cities on the Coast is a veritable revelation, the brilliancy and uniqueness of display outrivalling the famed bazaars of the Orient.

The eager interest manifested by the tourist-patrons who daily throng these curio emporiums is quite as singular as are the wares in themselves, and the prices unflinchingly paid for the merest trifles are often prodigious. This is particularly true of the simple but quaintly-designed Indian baskets, so much sought after by collectors. The very crudeness of such fabrics has thus far constituted a guarantee as to genuineness, and the consequent high prices they command enable the dealers to maintain a small army of purchasing agents, who constantly haunt the various Indian reservations for the purpose of perpetuating the supply.

But with the truly-exquisite leather carving that survives the early Mexican element here in the West, it is quite different. This work the Yankee artisan has not only demonstrated his ability to imitate, but even to improve upon, especially as to increasing its scope of practical utility. The inducements presented in this field were first suggested by the popular preference which from the outset has been accorded the work. This interest is accounted for not only by the uniqueness of the art, but likewise from the antique associations with which it is surrounded.

The ornamental carving of leather was first practiced by the ancient Caldeans, and later obtained among the Spaniards of the Middle Ages. By the latter race it was subsequently introduced among the Mexicans, who, however, rarely carried it beyond the elaborate embellishments in their saddlery and other equine accessories. It has, therefore, devolved upon American resourcefulness to bring the art up to a standard of universal appreciation. And the success that is characterizing this departure is today manifest in the immense output by the State of California of carved-leather novelties, occasioned by the inordinate local demand. There is one instance where a single factory employs eighty-six skilled leather carvers, the majority of whom are Americans who have lately mastered the art. A special aptitude for this work is displayed by the young women of the land, whose sense of the artistic frequently results in work of much superior merit to that produced by their masculine contemporaries. In either instance, however, results are infinitely more satisfactory than was formerly derived from Mexican workmanship. The one serious defect in the latter case has always existed in the designing, the most popular themes running into exaggerated floral effects, and making little of such vagaries as a rose at the end of a lily stem.

The rose, however, under a more intelligent treatment, has lost nothing save its former incongruities, and with the oak leaf, acorn, and flowering vine, will never cease to find an idealistic embodiment in Mexican carved leather. The supplanting of their old traditional ideas by designs of a more cosmopolitan nature has, strangely enough, met with neither disparagement nor opposition on the part of the original native carvers; on the contrary, they are invariably quick to embrace



PART OF \$12,000 COLLECTION.

the new order of things, and, consequently, are to be found in all the factories, working side by side with their brethren of a latter-day doctrine.

The methods pursued in the carved-leather art are remarkably simple, in view of the singular beauty and originality of the work produced. To obtain the best results only calfskin of the finest grain, which has originally undergone a special process of tanning, is employed. The pattern is first traced on the smooth surface of the leather, after which the workman proceeds with an infinite number of keen-edged chisels to execute his design. The work, though characterized by the greatest deftness, is necessarily performed with much care, as is evident from the perfectly-wrought raised figures in the finished product. The variety of the conceits into which Mexican-carved leather is worked embraces a multitude of uses, alike practical and ornamental, ranging in character from a thimble case to a ceiling panel, and in cost from a few cents up to hundreds of dollars.

In addition to the larger enterprises which owe their existence to the western-curio craze, there is a multiplicity of smaller pursuits in one way or another identified with the general industry. Among these are mills for the manufacture of novelties from native woods, plants for the treatment of seashells and kindred marine products, metal filigree and stone-cutting works, and establishments where taxidermy in its various phases is pursued along wholesale lines.

While the great surplus of California's curio output is industriously gathered in by the transitory, yet omnresent, multitude from other climes, not a few notable collections have been acquired by the more permanent inhabitants of this section. Aside from values estimated on a basis of miscellaneous associations, the intrinsic worth of certain collections the writer has been privileged to inspect, represents a snug sum of money. In one instance the actual cost of the specimens accumulated figures up to something in excess of \$12,000, while in numerous other individual cases the amount of cash invested represents over half that amount.

Besides the legitimate fads—if "legitimacy" exists in the vocabulary of the radical virtuoso—there are instances where the grotesque enters conspicuously into the whims of the curio enthusiast. For example, while collecting the material for this sketch, I chanced to witness a young woman in the act of purchasing caddybag made from the cuticle of a mammoth rattler; but when my gaze presently shifted to her escort, a striping of 20 or thereabout, the enormity of her purchase seemed in a measure justified; he was wearing a four-in-hand fashioned from the intact hide of a Gila monster.

Now are such fantastical diversions essentially confined to objects of "utility" in the curio line, for on the same day I beheld as a central display in the show window of a leading bazaar a full dozen stuffed horned toads, each mortised in between the two halves of a bun, which were held in place by means of a manila-rope yarn—the whole assortment bearing the grawsome label, "Tourist Sandwiches."

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

WHERE SNOW WAS DEEP.

A TALL STORY OF AN ELEVATED CITY THAT WENT INTO TEMPORARY RETIREMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

The recent heavy fall of snow in the Sierras recalls the winter of 1866, when Summit City, then a mining camp in Nevada county, situated at an elevation of over 7000 feet, was completely buried in snow. A wholesale merchant of San Francisco, who was not aware of the condition of the town, became worried over the fact that a customer in Summit City had ceased writing him. To rectify whatever misunderstanding there might be and recover the lost trade, the merchant decided to take a trip to Summit City. He traveled by rail to within seven miles of the place, and was then told he would have to go the remainder of the way on snowshoes. Undaunted, he applied himself to the task, and finally reached the top of the range where Summit City was supposed to be. No city was to be seen—nothing but a vast expanse of snow and an occasional tree, with its forbidding head jutting through. The timid merchant continued to go forward, and suddenly came to a burrow leading down into the snow, out of which a man was just emerging.

"Can you direct me to Summit City?" inquired the man Franciscan.

"You're on it," laconically replied the man from his snow, unintentionally voicing a slang expression that had a great run in those days.

"I did not expect to be insulted," replied the merchant, with considerable warmth. "I want to see a man in Summit City, and asked you a question, expecting a fair reply."

"Where do you want to see?" the man inquired, not hiding the merchant's anger.

He was given the name of Summit City's general merchant. Leading the way for a short distance, he stopped in a hole in the snow, and turning to the astonished merchant, said:

"Do you see that hole? Well, that'll lead you into the upstairs widow."

To guard against loss of life the inhabitants had a regular roll call on snowshoes every morning during that long winter, and if any were missed they were immediately hunted up, and their wants attended to. Only one person died—a Frenchman, caught and pinned by a falling window when he was leaving his house, and frozen to death. When he was buried, the snow-shoers encountered sixteen feet of snow before getting to the ground.

DWIGHT KEMPTON.

FROM LAKES TO GULF. CHICAGO'S SEWER MAKES PRACTICABLE A WATERWAY TO THE GULF.

By a Special Contributor.

CHICAGO has recently built and opened the largest sewer in the world. On the face of it, this would not seem to be important to anyone except the people of Chicago. As a matter of fact it is an event which is likely to prove important to every person in the United States. For the sewer is a ship canal as well. In all human probability Congress will make it the first link in a great waterway for ships drawing fourteen feet of water, connecting the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. This would give two great advantages to the whole nation. It would permit the passage of gun-boats into the Great Lakes from the Gulf and the Mississippi, and it would give cheap transportation North and South, for all kinds of produce and manufactures.

As Great Britain controls the water approach to the great Lakes at the other end, a naval passageway through our own territory, even though it were available only for shallow-draught craft, would be of strategic value. It is on the commercial side, however, that the combination ship canal and sewer is likely to prove one of the greatest achievements ever undertaken. For at the cost of a few million dollars in deepening and widening natural waterways, connection may be made with the Mississippi River below the limit point of navigation, and there may sweep up and down the vast and fertile valley of the mighty river such a tide of prosperity as that region has hardly dreamed of.

The Connecting Link.

This connection will be made through the dredging of the natural channel afforded by the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers. These streams would have to be deepened through almost their entire length and widened in many parts, but the work presents no considerable engineering difficulties, and engineering experts estimate the expense at \$25,000,000; about \$10,000,000 less than the canal has thus far cost the city of Chicago. The transportation facilities thus attained would be of incalculable value to the Middle West.

The distance from the lake at Chicago to St. Louis is only a little more than three hundred and sixty miles. Thirty-four miles of this have already been covered by the drainage canal, and the distance will be further reduced by a few miles when the canal is extended to Joliet. Fifteen miles more may be cut off because the Illinois River joins the Mississippi at Grafton, about that distance above St. Louis. So there remains for the Federal government to provide only about three hundred miles of navigable water, in order to make a waterway available for the passage of ships from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico. The intention is to have the minimum depth of the completed waterway fourteen feet. This, while insufficient for the passage of a large sea-going ship, will prove available for a type of vessel which will be equal in capacity to the greatest ocean liners, while far less in draught.

River Type of Whaleback.

The whaleback is a cigar-shaped steel shell, slightly flattened at top and bottom and turned up at the pointed end or bow. It is now in very general use for lake transportation and has demonstrated its value as an ocean-going craft. Men well posted on the matter of whaleback construction say that with a guaranteed depth of fourteen, or even twelve, feet of water, vessels of this type, slightly modified, will be constructed whose freight-carrying power will compare favorably with that of ocean steamships. This is, of course, due to some extent to the fact that for the river and canal traffic it will not be necessary to sacrifice any freight capacity to precautions against heavy weather. Plans have already been crudely prepared for a vessel of this character which it is confidently believed will carry greater weight per inch of draught than any ship so far constructed. If this is successful, a fleet of river whalebacks will be projected as soon as the new waterway is definitely contracted for. It is not impossible that the ship canal which has been proposed from Oswego to the Hudson River, through the Mohawk Valley, in New York State, may eventually be built. If the canal from Chicago to the Gulf becomes a reality, there will be another pretty fight between our two greatest cities. Chicago would gain a great advantage over New York by the Gulf and Lakes waterway, which could only be offset by the construction of the Oswego ship canal. Another interesting point is brought out by the advocates of the Mississippi Valley waterway. They assert that its advantages are greatly increased by the probability of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. Thus, they argue, Chicago and the whole lake region would not only be placed in direct water communication through American waterways with Europe, but the whole region would be able to transport its goods to the Orient and import cargoes therewith by a direct all-water route.

Building the Great Sewer.

Chicago's great sewer is known, officially, as the Chicago Drainage and Ship Canal. It was originally devised because of the necessity for finding some way of disposing of the sewage of Chicago, other than by letting it flow into Lake Michigan, for, from Lake Michigan the city must draw its water supply. The sewage undoubtedly polluted it. The Chicago River, which is practically an open sewer constantly stirred up by busy navigation, was also a menace to the city's health. The only way out of the difficulty was to drain into the Des Plaines River. This meant a canal about thirty-five miles long and very costly, because a good part of the distance would have to be cut through solid rock. The burden on the city would naturally be a

heavy one. But the men who had charge of the preparation work, were far-sighted men, and they saw that while Chicago needed a drainage canal, not only Chicago, but the whole nation, needed a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, so instead of building a mere open drain, they built on a large scale, and made a ship canal of their purifying sewer.

Early in this session the city of Chicago presented to Congress the plan for making this magnificent canal useful to the nation. In connection with the Chicago River—which has been materially widened and improved (several curves have been done away with and new bridges built, admitting the passage of larger vessels than was formerly possible,) there is now an available channel for navigation by vessels of 20-feet draught from Lake Michigan to Lockport, a distance of more than thirty-four miles. The government has not paid a penny of the enormous cost which has been necessary for the construction of this magnificent channel. Up to January 1, 1900, this had reached the stupendous figure of \$34,000,000. This was borne entirely by the city of Chicago and that part of the surrounding territory which goes to make up the sanitary district of Chicago. The Drain a Purifying Current.

Although a sewer, the drainage canal is really more of a purifier than a corrupter of the rivers into which it flows. When the project first began to be talked about, St. Louis and other cities which would be passed by the flow from the canal were much agitated by the thought that the rivers on which they were situated would be polluted. The contrary has been proven to be the fact by hundreds of tests. Not only has the flow from the canal not injured their waters, but the enormous quantity of perfectly-pure water which is drawn from Lake Michigan and sent through the canal has actually served to increase the purity of the Mississippi. It is difficult for the mind to comprehend the vast volume of this pure water, drawn from Lake Michigan—4,500,000 gallons per minute. This is four times as great as the old normal flow of the Illinois River.

Another tremendous advantage which has already come from the diversion of this great amount of water from Lake Michigan is the increase in the distance of boat and barge navigation on the rivers. Before the canal was opened, the distance which separated lake and river navigation for barges and steamboats was 320 miles, practically. Now the flow of water has been so greatly increased that, by the removal of a few dams, the distance will be reduced to sixty-two miles. This is hard on the railroads, but it is pleasant for farmers and manufacturers. Steamboat transportation is, of course, much cheaper than railroad transportation. In size this canal is greater than any other canal in the world. It is wider than any other, and in depth no existing canal exceeds it, and the only proposed canal which is planned to exceed it is the Panama Canal. No other existing artificial waterway can show a depth at its shallowest point of thirty-five feet. The canal is not affected by tides, as there are none on the Great Lakes, and so this depth is permanent. If it were desirable to increase this minimum depth it could be done at small expense, because the only shallow points are in the soft-earth cuttings. All the solid-rock cuttings are forty-five feet deep. This makes them deeper than the solid-rock cuttings in any other canal in the world.

New Methods to Overcome Obstacles.

Marked progress in engineering methods has been one result of the construction of the great canal. In fact, without new methods the project must have been greatly delayed, if not abandoned. It was found shortly after the commencement of the work that the estimates on the cost of the rock excavations had been inadequate. The project, indeed, for a time seemed to be in peril. In combination the contractors arranged to put the inventive minds of many men upon the task. The result was what might have been expected of Americans who are determined to accomplish something. Entirely new and very much cheaper methods of solid-rock excavation were devised. Novel machinery was constructed, and the cost of solid-rock excavation was reduced for all time by 40 per cent. These new methods have been considered in preparing the Nicaragua Canal estimates, and have apparently put that project, at least, on a practical basis. The new methods of rock excavation have at least one other advantage besides their cheapness. Hitherto it has been impossible to produce smooth sides in rock cuttings. The sides of the Chicago canal are as smooth as they would be if they had been cut in cheese with a sharp knife. The gigantic public work which was done by the lake metropolis was accomplished with a singular freedom from scandal and charges of corruption. Public spirit and civic pride seemed to animate most of the men who were concerned in it. Even the contractors—and the American contractor has not an angelic reputation—apparently worked with some degree of unselfishness, and the work was done well within the appropriation which had been made for its completion.

FOUND A QUAGGALIKE ZEBRA.

(London News.) The quagga has been extinct for a good many years, but Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., brought before the Zoological Society on Tuesday some evidence to show that there exists in Africa a somewhat quaggalike zebra, which, in any case, is clearly a previously-unknown form. It is represented at present by merely two stripes of skin of uncertain locality on the zebra's body, and by plenty of rumor of a more or less circumstantial kind. You cannot build up an entire zebra from a bit of skin, as Owen built up the dinosaurs from a single bone. But it can be asserted that the skin fragment is that of a beast unlike any known zebra. The difficulty about this mysterious creature is that it is said to live in forests, while zebras as a race prefer the open. It is not often that a new beast of this size turns up, and the news from Africa received by the Zoological Society is more gratifying than some news which we have lately had from those parts of the world.

CHINESE MUSIC.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS OF WRITING IT.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE is an enlargement and broadening of the mind, attainable only through the collection, investigation and comparison of facts, whether they be gathered from a single individual experience, or garnered from the recorded experiences of many, which is peculiar to the Caucasian race, and is met with in China only in the rarest instances. The reason of this is that the Chinese are in all things eminently utilitarian. As Sir John Davis justly observes, "They set no value on abstract science apart from some obvious and immediate end of utility." Hampered as they are by a language the most tedious and meager of all modern tongues, and gifted with but little imagination, as a race, it is cause for but small wonder that the Chinese have made such limited progress in science and art during the last few centuries—and it cannot be denied that they have made next to no progress at all in either, since long before the intrepid Marco Polo returned to regale his eager listeners with incredible tales of the famous wealth and limitless power of Kublai Khan of Cathay. It will be matter of almost as much surprise as interest, therefore, to the student of musical history to know that the Chinese had made great strides in the development of music as an art, long before it was accorded that high niche which it now occupies among the exalted idols in the estimation of the so-called enlightened nations of the world. Indeed, if for no other reason, its great antiquity alone, renders Chinese music a subject of more than passing interest to musician and student alike. It shall be my task in this paper to briefly describe its status and uses in the land of sixty-year cycles.

Music Appreciated by the Chinese.

However crude and little their attainments in the theory and practice of music may appear, giving the term its broadest occidental signification, by no people in the world is music accorded a higher place among the arts than by the Chinese. It was regarded by Confucius as one of the essentials of good state government; as a most potential social factor, harmonizing and softening the different relations between the different castes of society; and as an indispensable and powerful engine in the broad field of ethics—from family hearthstone to bivouac camp-fire—leveling rank and title, and equalizing fortunes, for the time being or for all time, through its far-reaching effects, affecting for good all so fortunate as to be brought within the charmed circle of its benign and chastening influence.

Chinese literature on the art of music is extensive and varied. There are no less than thirty-eight separate works treating of its utility in military affairs alone. And at this present day its use in encouraging the soldiers and inciting them to the charge is highly appreciated; though the instruments used and the music elicited are of a character calculated to excite the contempt and risibilities of American or European soldiery. However, it should be borne in mind that there is a possibility that the music of the Chinese, (and other Asiatic races,) may contain a something—crude, vague and undeveloped, it may be, but perhaps existent—as yet undiscovered by the more-advanced musical student; while peculiarity of temperament, or tympanic structure even—who knows?—may enable his yellow brother, by supplying from within himself the needed vibrations, to complete a wondrous message from the realms where the true Spirit of Music abides. At any rate, it answers its utilitarian purpose for those who employ it; and it has been recorded of Confucius that, once upon a time, in his ramblings, the sage was so affected by "a sweetly-ravishing melody breathed from the tuneful pipe of a shepherd boy, that, for upward of a fortnight, his spirit dwelt in an ecstasy of harmonious sounds, during which period Hwangti sent his instructor to fill the great teacher's mind with those thoughts which came tripping lightly, as to the tune of the mystic music, to fall from his sacred lips again in pearls of wisdom and love for his people." If this be the expression of a thought in words of "oriental exaggeration," yet it serves to show the esteem in which music is held in China.

Two Methods of Writing Music.

There are two distinct methods of writing music in China, entirely different in character the one from the other. These two kinds of music are called, respectively, the southern and the northern, and are easily distinguished from each other by the Chinese. The musical gamut of the south appears to have consisted always of but six notes, the songs of that section, and most of the rural districts of China being referable to the southern system; but the northern scale consists of eight tones. It is the system prevailing in the northern provinces, in all theaters, and in cultivated circles of the laity. It is also the system authorized to be taught, when music is taught at all.

A careful and exhaustive study of the subject has been necessary in order to ascertain and verify the facts now believed to be given to the world for the first time; although it is but fair to others who have prosecuted their inquiries and researches in the same field to state that various oriental travelers and authors have deduced some of these highly-interesting and instructive points, the contemplation of which carries us far back into remote antiquity, and some of which have been discovered in other lands than China.

Within and upon the subjoined ruled staff it will be noted that I have written the so-called "universal" note characters, giving each its respective position with relation to the diagram. Now, if we take the first lower

note as the tonic, we have a diatonic scale of an octave, with a supernumerary note an octave, counting upward, from the second note from the bottom of the diagram. Immediately above this ruled staff or diagram I have written the Chinese characters for each note, and just below, the English-spelled name of each of those characters. The true Chinese tone can only be approximated in this way, however, as the "universal" method of note-writing cannot accurately represent the various Chinese musical tones, and at the same time keep the diagram interchangeable for Chinese charac-

ters. Chinese music is rarely written for more than a very few instruments, such as the guitar, lute and the like. Written Perpendicularly.

Chinese music is ordinarily written in a perpendicular column, from the top of the page downward; and simple note-characters are written (divested of all national marks and dots, such as I have described) only the pitch in a certain scale is denoted; neither absolute pitch nor the time-value can be accurately indicated without the aid of those little auxiliary



ters. Why this is so, would require too much space for a paper like this to permit of a thorough explanation.

It will be observed that the second octave simply repeats the characters used in the octave immediately below, with a prefix of a two-stroke character ("jin," Manchurian for man,) in the case of simple notes, and, in other (as in the note "che,") by a simple hook at the bottom of the note-character. For the third octave a slightly different prefix is used, and so ad lib.; thus using the same characters repeatedly in successive octaves, merely altering the prefixed marks that indicate the number of the octave. However, the two semi-tones, "i" and "fan," are only rarely used in Chinese musical scores, thus detracting in some degree from the diatonic character of the scale.

There is no chromatic scale in use by the Chinese at the present day, although I have been assured by several of the best musical authorities in the empire that it was at one time regularly taught, as well as used, in instrumental music throughout China, and that it fell into disuse through wars, pestilences and famines calling so many musicians and instrument makers to arms and agricultural pursuits that for a period of several generations no musical instruments were manufactured which used sharps or flats, and so the semitones became hardly more than a vague memory. Be that as it may, there are now no instruments made there with a view to use of the expressive little "half-steps."

No Need of a Ruled Staff.

Among other interesting peculiarities of our method of writing music it will be observed that we have absolutely no need of the ruled staff, since all tone and time values depend upon the strokes or marks used in forming the written character, and not upon its position upon the diagram. As something of a musician, in a very modest way, and absolutely unbiased by prejudice, I will venture to hazard the assertion that this feature is not without its advantages.

At this juncture, lest it should escape my memory, I desire to correct a statement of the well and favorably-known traveler, government representative and author, the Hon. Mr. Barrow. He states that the Chinese learned the method of writing music herein described from a Roman Catholic priest named Pereira, in the year 1670. Among the many evidences that Mr. Barrow is grossly in error in this particular may be mentioned the fact that exactly the same system of musical notation was in use in Japan and Korea many years prior to the date mentioned; while I, myself, have personally examined musical scores written in this style, the origin of which could not possibly have been at a later date than the overthrow of Kublai Kahn's immediate successors, about 1359—and very likely some six hundred years earlier, at a time when the bards and musicians of China were printing martial music upon drum-heads, for export to the fighting Moslems of the European frontier, according to widely-corroborated tradition.

Still another extremely-interesting feature connected with instrumental music, as we write it, consists in the addition to the note-character proper of various small marks and dots, these sometimes forming quite complicated combinations. These additions to the musical characters are made for the purpose of denoting the manner in which the string should be played and, among other significations, may mean to pick (pizzicato), fillip, finger-nail stroke, ball-of-thumb hook, etc., etc.; for instance, in a score for the kin (an instrument fashioned similarly to the lute,) to quote a reliable author: "Each note is a cluster of characters; one denotes the string, another the stud, a third informs you in what manner the fingers of the right hand are to be used, a fourth does the same with reference to the left hand, a fifth tell the performer in what way he must slide the hand before, or after, the appropriate sound has been given, and a sixth says (perhaps) that 'here two notes are to be struck together and at the same time.'" As this complexity in the form of the different musical characters and their signification renders them somewhat more difficult to learn, to the beginner, the great majority of even really "good" players in China play "by ear," as it is called. To add to the apparent difficulties of this system of musical notation, it is obvious that the characters must be changed for nearly every different instrument upon which it is desired to render a given selection, inasmuch as it is apparent to the merest tyro that combinations of instruction marks fitted for the guitar, for instance, would be wholly inapplicable to the violin, piano or flute. This difficulty is more apparent than real, however, as the great difference in the appearance of the various note-characters is really a great help to the student in learning and remembering their respective tone-values.

Fortunately for the theatrical musical arranger (or whatever may be the correct American term for him,) according even meager justice to the "heathen Chinee" he no longer feels bound by the same code of conduct, instead, he appears to possess a conveniently-yard-stick, by which he measures his obligations in culpability for libel of, the man with the yellow

but, sometimes, at the sides of the perpendicular column of characters are written many additional arbitrary additional dots, etc., being used; as the scarcely-perceptible increase in the size of the character, or the number of strokes used, trills, time-value of notes, rests and other shades of expression are indicated by little dots, dashes, hooks, etc., which the performer can "take in" with one eye just as readily as if the note-character were the mere duplicate of its predecessor, excepting with regard to a trifling difference as to position, which may be easily mistaken by an eye not in constant practice. This, of course, is from the view-point of the Chinese student. Thus, like a code or cipher message over a telegraph wire, a few little dots, dashes or hooks convey an astonishing amount of information to the music reader—if he be reading Chinese music.

So one may easily perceive that a great deal may be said and written in favor of our apparently unique system of writing music, with its many-note-characters; and, while studying the exquisitely-constructed structure of the more modern music schools, admiring, sweating over and trying to master harmony, counterpoint, theory and composition, in nothing of its "deceptive" and "equivocal" mode, into the chord of the minor ninth, its books upon full of hidden fifths and eightths, and its numerous and diminished "embellishments;" and, finally, comparing all this with our old, old, incomplete, developed system, it has occurred to me that the features of the Chinese system might, after adoption into the "universal" family without detracting from its value as a vehicle of thought expressive, impairing its legibility—and I have found at least celebrated musicians who quite agreed with me that they understood what I was driving at.

What chiaro-oscuro is to the painter, correct and delicate "shading" are to the instrumental music and I am very thoroughly imbued with the idea that the very complexity of the Chinese note-characters, investigated thoroughly, would open up new pastures to the enthusiastic music student of the Orient, while the supposed difficulty of learning to read at sight—without reference to position upon a staff—made to keep them in their proper places, as it would, I believe, be much less than they now have done with their "universal" notes. At any rate, the subject will prove interesting and instructive to amply repay all the time and energy one is tempted to expend upon it.

The Chinese Voice in Music.

So radically different in pitch and timbre is the Chinese voice from those of any other nationality, as different is the style of Chinese music and its mode of expression from what one is accustomed to here on this side of the sea, that no description can adequately convey a true idea of Chinese vocal music to one who has not heard it "on its native heath," as Mr. Guignes says, "I will admit it is possible to sing Chinese song, but I think it would be a very difficult matter to give it the appropriate tone without having heard a good deal of it from a native; and I rather believe that no one can perfectly imitate the Chinese voice." Pursuing the same theme, the Hon. S. S. Williams (than whom I never met a more thoughtful and scholarly authority) informs us that: "They sing in some cases, to issue from the larynx and nose-tongue, teeth and lips having very little to do with them, the modulation being made, mostly, with the muscles of the bronchia; while at other times the enunciation of the words requires a little more from the lips and teeth. Singing is generally on a high key, and this feature prevails throughout. Whether in the theater or in the street, whether about the door or holding the guitar or lute, both men and women sing in this artificial tone, somewhere between a whisper and a scream, and which no western musical instrument is able to imitate. Its character is plaintive, not full or exhibiting much compass; though when three females sing together in recitative it produces a marked quality of sweetness. Bass and tenor are sung by the men, nor a second treble by females."

Again, emphasizing my appreciation of the unreliability of Mr. Williams's statements, and yet not to appear hypercritical or supersensitive, I feel it my duty to call attention to the above as a striking exemplification of the assertion which is frequently made, that, no matter how broadly the man may fancy himself; no matter how truly he speaks to the faults and imperfections of those whom he calls his "mental peers;" yet, when it comes to a question according even meager justice to the "heathen Chinee" he no longer feels bound by the same code of conduct, instead, he appears to possess a conveniently-yard-stick, by which he measures his obligations in culpability for libel of, the man with the yellow

when he calls "brother" inside the Christian missions and designates as "an inferior species of the genus Homo," looking in capacity to properly gauge his duties toward his fellows" in the lecture-room.

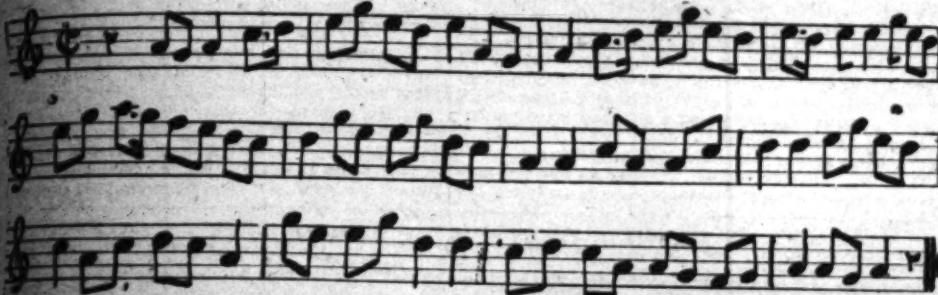
The reader may not deem me captious or willing to cavil over the tints of a two-sided, multi-colored shield. I will state that some of the finest bass voices it has been my good fortune to hear were possessed by Chinese theatrical singers—though it is true that there is little occasion for bass singing in a country where there is scarcely one musically-inclined man in every thousand whose natural register does not enable him to sing and melodiously "take" and sustain for a con-

to accord my fellow-countrymen justice in the terrible crisis beyond the threshold of which their feet have already rashly ventured, it becomes the sacred duty of every Chinese with his country's good at heart to correct every misapprehension which lowers his race in the eyes of the world, and to call attention to every national trait or racial characteristic they possess which might have a tendency to place them more in rapport with those who are answerable to coming ages for the verdict they shall issue from the seat of judgment whereon inscrutable Destiny has placed them.

An Index to Character.

Nothing is so unerring an index to national character

Nam Feng: The South Wind.



sharable interval, a protracted "turn" or trill a full octave below B in the bass; a beautifully-clear, true, steadily-sustained male soprano sung in a pitch as low as that would scarcely seem to leave room for a tone in the lower register. As to the dearth of men voices, I have met a number; though it is true that there is no great demand for tenors, as much the same effect is produced by a male voice of the particular quality which one may readily infer from the above that most Chinese possess, as that of an ordinary tenor in concert work; especially if one bears in mind Mr. Williams's statement, that "both men and women generally sing on a falsetto key;" and again, if true, as Mr. Williams says, that the women universally sing an "artificial tone somewhere between a squal and a scream, which no western musical instrument can imitate," I am at a loss to understand

and individual sentiment; nor is there anything which is so potent an auxiliary in the discernment of the moral and ethical status and the mental capabilities of a comparatively unknown and unstudied race, as the music through which the people voice their hopes, fears, joys and sorrows; that particular class of music, of which every race in the known world, even the most savage, furnishes an example, and which the Germans so expressively call "volkslied." It is the subtle voice of a nation calling, whispering, sighing, breathing its closest secrets to an unborn and unthought-of multitude waiting somewhere on the roadway that leads to eternity; waiting in the halls of Time for the signal to emerge from the future and take the place assigned it in a new present.

Accompanying this paper, I place before the reader three specimens of Chinese airs or tunes—short, simple,

Lok Pan, or Six Boards.

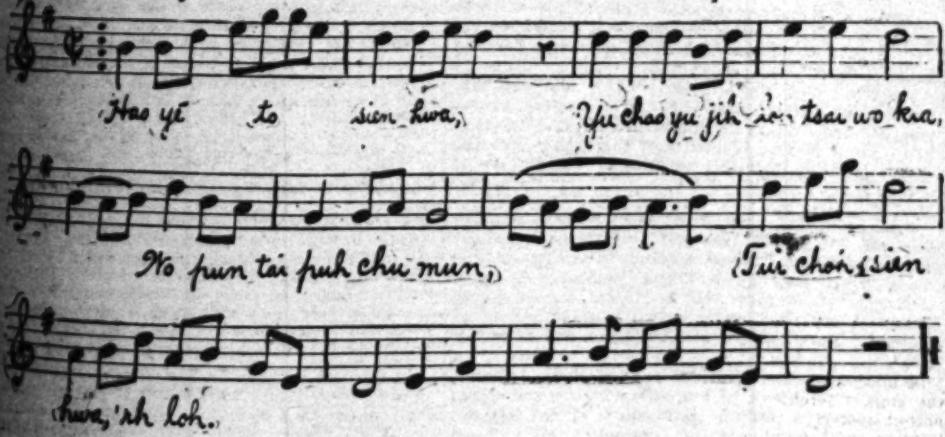


now in the name of—harmony and logic, a combination of "two or three females singing together in recitative" can produce anything of "marked sweetness," as he seems to be the case. It would seem this is on a par with the statement that bad and bad make good.

I trust the reader will pardon this digression, but blind statements from an authority such as the general quoted are always of sufficient importance to merit at least an inquiry. Besides, if the world is

typical little tunes, so much a part of the common people of China as to have been quite familiar in the Latin Quarter of Paris long before the deceitful eyes of the old Dowager of China cast their first baleful light upon a people whose curse she has unremittingly and successfully labored to become. They have been sung and played in the streets of Canton; whistled softly under the broad leaves of the banana tree, as the coolie or slave wearily, but thankfully, trod his way

Moh-Li-Hwa: Jasmine Flower.



back to the bungalow after his day's toil was ended, crooned by the swinging hammock of the peasant's babe or played to soothe the fretful cries of the wealthy noble's infant heir; and crashed and hurled from the battered brass instruments of the band sent with some forlorn hope to cheer them on to a soldier's glorious death. So well known are they that I have seen them in more than one English book of travels. Though, perhaps, but few who linger over them long enough to catch the motif (if so crude and simple little snatches may be said to possess a motif) will remember ever having heard or read them this time next week, yet they have, at different periods, served to almost unseat an Emporer from his throne, and there is an indefinable something contained in them that acts on the flagging spirits of a Chinaman much as do the strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Marching Through Georgia" or "Way Down South in Dixie," on the feelings of the American soldiery when tired and spent from the over-exertion of a forced march on half rations. I, therefore, insert them, knowing that to the student, at least, they will prove a most interesting study—and not entirely devoid of instruction to any who will carefully scrutinize them, bearing in mind the possibilities contained in a thorough comprehension of the Chinese scale, and applying the many changeful effects that the accompanying note-characters are capable of conveying.

In conclusion, permit me to add that, as an evidence of the high esteem in which the art of music is, and long time has been, held in China, is the extensive literature on the subject, passing mention of which was made in a previous paragraph. And not the most insignificant branches of the study have been deemed of too little importance to warrant a separate work devoted to their more thorough and comprehensive elucidation; for instance, one treatise devoted exclusively to a study of the most scientific method of beating drums, dates from A.D. 860, and, among other things, contains a list of 129 symphonies to be practiced in conjunction with the study, some of which were obtained at the expense of much time, expense and danger, from India and other distant lands.

In the "Chinese chrestomathy" seventy-two instruments are minutely described and directions given for their appropriate use, i.e., at what class of functions each particular instrument is de rigueur, and of this number seventeen are drums of various kinds, embracing the whole gamut, from the huge, suspended, temple drums, used in the ancient rites of worship in China, down to the small, compact, light-bodied war drum; while gongs, cymbals and musical vases of diverse size, material and shape, not being considered as strictly drums, are treated separately in a most voluminous appendix.

PAK GAW WUN.
Los Angeles, Jan. 10, 1901.

GOT RID OF THE TARANTULA.

EXPRESS MESSENGER TOOK THE BEST MEANS OF DISPOSING OF IT.

[New York Times:] A young man wearing a seersucker coat and with big beads of perspiration on his face came into the smoking car of an Erie Railway train as it was getting along toward the meadows of Orange county the other day. He was the express messenger.

"I've bagged something," he exclaimed. "Can anyone tell me what kind of a pup it is?"

A big man, with long whiskers and hair and a cowboy's hat, who was smoking strong plug tobacco in a clay pipe, said:

"Lemme see it."

The young man held the dinner bucket at arm's length and raised the lid. The big man looked into the bucket.

"A t'rantuly, by cedar!" he said, and took the bucket from the young man.

"A t'rantuly, as sure as guns!" he continued. "A citizen of Bermuda, this chap is. And a beauty, too."

The big man got out of his seat and passed the dinner pail around among the passengers. It was nearly half full of something that seemed to be all hair and claws and eyes. No one seemed pleased with the sight except the big man. It was a tarantula sure enough.

A unanimous request was made by the rest of the passengers that the hideous spider be pitched out of the window. But the big man gazed at the deadly thing with undisturbed interest.

"Where did you run ag'in him?" he asked the express messenger.

"Came out of a bunch o' bananas in my car," replied the young man. "I cornered him and he jumped into my dinner bucket and I shut him in. What is he good for?"

"He's a first-class benefactor of the coroner when he's to home," said the big man. "If there's any feller-citizen of yours that you'd like to see have a funeral at his house, just take this stowaway from Bermuda home with you and turn him in your fellow-citizen's garden. If your feller-citizen fools around much in his garden you'll see crepe on his door in less than two days. The t'rantuly is pizen for keeps to them as hain't vaccinated for t'rantulies. If I was you, young man, I'd take this chap and let your locomotive run over him. A good, strong locomotive is about the only thing that kin tackle one o' these chaps and make a success of it."

The big man handed the dinner bucket back to its owner, who took it and carried it away. When the train left the next station he came in and said that the train had met the tarantula, and that twenty feet of grease spot and a pint or so of legs and hair had indicated that the locomotive had won.

On one occasion, the dean of Wells, in introducing E. A. Freeman, whom he could abide neither as man nor historian, said: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent neighbor, Mr. Freeman, the historian, a man who—in his own personal characteristics—has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers."

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A Farmhouse Parlor.

Mrs. L. J. R., Escondido, writes: "We are building a new farmhouse and I wanted to ask your advice about making my parlor or living-room and my dining-room look beautiful and artistic, for I love beautiful things, even if I do live far away from the city. The parlor faces south, and the dining-room is directly back of it, with folding doors between. The walls will be finished in white and the woodwork mold of gilt or pine, the same as the rest of the woodwork. The fireplace has a tiled hearth in pretty shades of brown, tan and green. I have a walnut bookcase with glass doors, an organ, a couch, upholstered in yellowish brown and old rose, and a number of rockers. Also several oil paintings in gilt or silver frames, one of California poppies, one of yellow cactus, and a small landscape. I have a small oak stand, but think we shall need another. Would a hanging lamp be pretty, or some other kind? The corner cupboard in the dining-room has glass doors above and is of oiled pine. The middle window in the square bay has a colored panel at the top. I shall have to buy curtains, draperies and floor covering for the two rooms and the hall. Could linoleum be made to look well in the dining-room, and is the new paper carpeting or matting durable and satisfactory? I have to consider the wearing qualities of my floor covering. My bay window will have a seat built in it, and I have a number of pretty potted plants for it. Please tell me just how to hang my curtains. If you can help me to make my room look a little different to most country parlors in farmhouses, I shall be most grateful."

As your couch is covered with old rose and pink, I think I would consider it in the selecting of my curtaining. The plainness of your white walls may be somewhat overcome by using extremely pretty and full curtains of flowered cotton at your windows. You can buy this as cheaply as 15 cents a yard, and I would find, if possible, a white ground with a mingling of pink and brown in the figures. However, any pretty, cheerful colors on a white ground will do if they do not "swear" at your couch. Hang these to the sill, running a small brass rod through a casing at the top, and catch them back midway of the window with a white or colored cord and tassels. Hang two at each window. When the stuff is so very cheap, you can, of course, afford to do this, otherwise you will lose all beauty of effect. Now make sash curtains of sheer, plain, white muslin and run a fine wire through the casing. You can fasten this with screw eyes. All of these curtains can be taken down and washed when necessary. If your cotton goods is thin, you will have to line it. Cheese cloth or silk, the color of figure, would be all right. Make one cushion of plain old-rose India silk for your couch, and, if you can afford it, one of brown plush. Cushion some of your rockers with flowered stuff like your curtains. If one of your rockers is getting shabby, paint it black and make a cushion for seat and one tied to the back of old-rose silk. This will make a pretty variety in your furnishing. You could also use here one of the hammock chairs I have spoken of before. You can buy them, I think, for \$1. Paint the wood black and replace the canvas with old-rose denim (doubled for strength) cushion with brown and pink. Buy a wicker tea table and set it with white linen, a vase of flowers and a few dainty cups and saucers, near your pretty bay window with plants. You can bring your teapot in here from the dining-room whenever you wish to serve afternoon tea in the parlor. I think there are many people who would be glad if it were more generally in vogue to serve them with a refreshing cup of tea when calling in the country. Put pink roses, with long stems and plenty of leaves, in your pink vases (they will just suit this room,) and in your tall beautiful vase. Make a low square stool and cover with your flowered stuff or plain old-rose denim, putting a box-plaited flounce around it. A half-high, or low, seat of this kind does much to break the stiffness of a room. Use a fine thick white matting on the floor, and one or two rugs of pink and brown Brussels carpeting. A tall wrought-iron lamp, with a pink flounced paper shade made over a flaring frame would be handsomer and give more style to your room than a hanging lamp. Supplement the light with two tall candlesticks and candles in the other part of the room. You can buy crystal ones for 35 or 40 cents apiece at the china stores. A linoleum for your dining-room, in plain dark brown, would have much the same effect as a hardwood floor, and there is nothing so durable. I think I would use curtains of blue denim and white muslin at my double window in dining-room. You can hang the denim out against the wall so that it will make your window appear very wide and will not shut out any of your light if you wish to do so. The picture mold in your parlor should correspond with the woodwork.

A Suggestion of Pompeian Interior.

M. C. C. writes that she is on the eve of building, and would like to have some suggestions to assist her in developing her own ideas. She wishes to accomplish a central court which will suggest the patio and yet will be more Pompeian than Spanish in the detail.

I think she must have in mind the Roman peristyle, which is merely an inner court surrounded, at least in part, by columns. I shall be very glad to help her as she suggests, in the arrangement and furnishing of it when she has reached that point. I am very glad she means to utilize the possibilities of our mild climate by building a house in this style. The details of such a residence, which I publish as an illustration this week, may be of use to her in formulating her ideas. This, of course, is Moorish, and is not the exact effect she is looking for, but it is beautiful and picturesque, showing

the delightful effect of a departure on purely artistic lines, from the ordinary styles of architecture accepted in this country.

A Bedroom With Red Walls.

D. R. T., Los Angeles: It is, as you say, a little unusual to have red walls in a bedroom, and they require discreet "furnishing-up-to." As your windows are large, with deep sills, you can hang curtains of the Benoit cretonne here with great success. I think the cream ground, with great baskets of red roses, would stand out beautifully against your red walls, or a bolder and equally charming scheme would be to use the grass green ground with red parrakeets. By all means have a handsome brass bed with a valance. The dressing table I once described of cretonne with the heavy, oval gilt-framed mirror over it and the silver candlesticks would be appropriate for this room. This should be supplemented by a fine old mahogany chiffonier. The floor should be dark and polished. If you cannot afford a rich oriental rug for it, have one made of two well-selected shades of dark red rags, woven with splashes of the two shades and a plain, dark red border. To carry out the suggestion of the ivory white wood-work, use a mat of white fur also on the floor.

G. A. M., Pasadena, writes: "I have an upstairs bedroom, with paper on the walls of a delicate pink in

room. If your woodwork is ivory, and not oak, it will go beautifully with this papering. Use brass hardware, if possible.

To Heighten a Piano.

W. E. O. writes: My piano is a low, Weber model, walnut case, perfectly plain. What kind of a panel should I use to make the case appear higher? The predominating colors in the room are tan, old rose, moss green. Would a panel of "The Seasons" or of "Prophets," framed in walnut and fastened on the back of the instrument, heighten it? What would you advise?"

A cover of moss green would look well on your piano, and I think the idea of the panel excellent. I can think of nothing that would be better or prettier.

A Bit of Exterior Decoration.

L. C. J., Ranch: If you are going to plant palms for your lawns you will get the best effect by letting them border the walk. The variety you mention grows great height, and if planted fifteen feet apart will not interfere with one another. Plant them on both sides of your broad, gravelled walk, and in a few years you will find that you have greatly enhanced the beauty of your place. I would border the drive with smaller trees. These tall and graceful trees, if set at equal

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF A LOS ANGELES HOUSE.



THE RECEPTION ROOM.



THE HALL.

stripes. What curtaining must I use at the windows with this, and with what must I cover a dressing table? I have white enameled chiffonier, brass bed and white rocker."

Use thin, cheap white muslin with a thick and thin stripe about half an inch wide, for the covering over pink, of your dressing table, and also for your curtains. The striped muslin combines most charmingly with the striped paper and is very inexpensive.

Poinsettia Red Paper.

Cora Kulie, Los Angeles, writes: "I have a north bedroom, 14x15; has two north windows, one closet door on west side. Entrance-hall door on south side of room. Have a pretty bird's-eye maple set of three pieces. I want to paper with bright-red, ingrained paper, and paint woodwork white, or will that be too strong contrast? Have a carpet with red figure and some yellow."

If you use white curtains at your windows, I do not think your room will be too dark with the red walls. There is a very rich and vivid shade of red brought now in paper, which is called "poinsettia red." It has the illumination quality that is necessary to a north

tances, in a perfectly-straight line and trained to themselves erect, are very beautiful. Their main advantage is that they grow with wonderful speed and soon remove all of the raw, new look from a place. You say that you wish to somewhat

your large lawn with shrubs and flowers. I would introduce only a few clumps of tropical-looking plants here and there. These clumps can be arranged as to surround a hydrant which can be left dry in dry weather. Papyrus, caladium, the Japanese tree and ferns make beautiful clusters when planted together and kept moist in this way. In the open where the sun can blaze down unimpeded, plant a circular bed of scarlet geranium. Buy only one, and that the richest scarlet, or that which has the scarlet and crimson. Outline the bed with a little foliage plant, and keep the geraniums trim evenly, so that they will bloom a solid mass. They will soon be a glory and a delight to you, and will offset the cool, green shade of the other parts of your lawn.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer all questions and clearly state any question in care of The Times. From writers whose identity can be known, the writer is a resident of California or not; and where he has been clearly understood on any particular point, privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to frequent, to be deferred for a week or more.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Men With Green Hair.

IT IS not an uncommon thing to see men in Butte, Great Falls and Anaconda who are employed in the copper smelters, with green hair and green whiskers. It is most common among men who work around the copper furnaces.

Prof. L. Lewis of Berlin, a distinguished German scientist, has been studying the subject for several years past, and in a current German magazine article he tells of the results of his investigations.

"For nearly two hundred and fifty years," he says, "scientists have known that the hair of persons employed in copper works is apt to become green—a curious fact and one which is especially interesting from a biological point of view. The general belief, however, that the hair becomes green after a few days' work in copper is erroneous. Workmen perspire freely during the summer, and the dust from the copper naturally adheres to their skin, and tends to give their hair a greenish hue. This green, however, can be easily washed off."

"The true green does not appear in the hair of workmen until they have been some years at the business, and neither by washing nor by the use of chemicals can they ever wholly rid themselves of it. I have examined over three hundred workmen, and yet I found only eight of them had any trace of green in their hair. I examined one man, a brass polisher, who had twenty-seven years in the factory, and I found him of a natural color. On the other hand, I found another polisher who had a green beard. Even animals become green under such conditions. This was proved to me by the discolored hair of a goat which used to frequent a certain copper factory, and which used to drink daily without any evil results the water in which the copper was washed."

In the case of workmen the hair of the head and beard changes color more often than that of the eyes, and, as a rule, the beard changes first. On men with white or fair hair the change can be noticed more easily than on those with dark hair. Another peculiarity is that after some years the green may disappear from the hair, provided the workman is no longer employed at his trade. I knew one old man whose hair was very green while he was working at copper, but now white soon after he ceased to work. On the other hand, a story is told of a workman whose hair was white while he was at work, became green within five months after he had stopped work-

"In the cases which I studied the green was spread evenly over the whole hair, which is curious in view of the fact that two other scientists who have been studying this subject discovered more green at the roots of the hair than anywhere else. The color itself I found varied from the lightest green to the very darkest."—(Ditto Minor.)

* * *

A Bride No Prince.

EDWARD REYNOLDS, 26 years old, who said he was employed in a bank in Newark, N. J., and Angelina Le Marre, 24 years old, of Burlington, N. J., called on Justice George L. Seymour of Hoboken yesterday. The Justice supposed they wished to be married, but when he asked them the nature of their business he found out that, while marriage was their ultimate object, they had come on a somewhat different mission.

They had been engaged for some time, Reynolds said, but the young woman's parents, who were wealthy, insisted for two reasons. First, his salary was only \$5 a week, and, secondly, they did not consider him sturdy enough. They were willing the engagement should continue, but demanded that he should first give proof that his love for their daughter was sincere. To this end they desired Reynolds to live on \$5 a week for two years and save \$5 a week, the latter to be paid into trust, to which Miss Le Marre's parents were to contribute \$10 weekly for her. If Reynolds lived up to this arrangement for two years they would then withdraw their objections to the marriage.

Justice Seymour drew up the necessary agreement. The copies were made, and, after they had been duly signed and witnessed, one copy was given to each of the contracting parties, and they returned to Newark.—(New York Times.)

* * *

Safety in Accidents.

LIABILITY to accident hereditary?

The Modern Woodmen of America, at a meeting of their agents at Rock Island, Ill., recently discussed the question, and by consultation with the mortuary department satisfied the officers that the theory is a sound one. John Sullivan of Kansas City, who attended the meeting, says the medical examiners look with favor on applicants for insurance whose relatives have died because of accidents, says the Kansas City Star.

A man whose father or brother was killed in an accident is looked upon as a greater risk than a man whose relatives have escaped accidents. If more than one has lost his life by accident, the risk, according to the information given by Mr. Sullivan, is as bad as though the man had lost a like number of relatives because of consumption. The insurance men don't accept the vague theory that an evil genius pursues men to the third and fourth generation, but look for other causes. The theory is not new, but the statistics compiled bear it out so strongly that Sullivan believes a new step will be taken by insurance companies in classing accident risks on the basis of these investigations.

The theory is that most people who are killed by accidents are incautious. They are either daredevils, who don't care what they do; or careless people, who

don't take the trouble to find out when their lives are in danger. Here is where heredity comes in.

A man walks in front of a street car, and gets run over. Looking back over the list of his ancestors the mortuary officials find that his grandfather was killed by falling a tree the wrong way and not getting out of reach, or that a team ran away with his uncle and broke his neck by throwing him out of the wagon.

"The evidence in support of this theory is remarkable," Sullivan said. "The order tries to go back into a man's history four generations, and when a man dies by accident it finds, as a rule, that some of his ancestors died the same way. Men who follow hazardous occupations almost always have ancestors who did not have the average amount of caution. The statistics as compiled by our mortuary department seem to me to be unanswerable, and they go to show that a large share of accidents must have been partly due to the daredevil disposition of the injured man or to his general carelessness.

"I have heard of this theory before, but never saw its correctness demonstrated before. I remember a suit where there was a serious question whether a man who had shot himself in his room alone had done so by accident or with suicidal intent. An old doctor traced this man's family back three generations, and found no case of death of serious injury due to accident, and on that and that alone he based the conclusion that the man meant to commit suicide. I thought the doctor was a crank, but the evidence at the mortuary department of our order showed that he had some reason for his contention."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.]

* * *

Legally Married to Two Men.

THE Court of Cassation in Athens will shortly have to deal with a case that has raised great interest in Athenian society. Some years ago a young man of that city married a girl of rich family, whose dowry of \$2400 he squandered, as well as \$12,000 which she inherited. When the money was nearly all spent he applied for a divorce, his wife meanwhile taking refuge in a girls' boarding-school, earning a living as a teacher and proof reader at a printing office. She agreed not to demand the restitution of her dowry on condition that the remnant of the money should be invested for her children. But when the court granted the divorce the husband would not allow the judgment to be served unless the lady gave him a sum of money or left the remnant of her dowry in his hands. The wife appealed to the court, and the divorce was given and confirmed by ecclesiastical authorities. Soon after she married again, with the consent of the authorities, both civil and ecclesiastical. The husband, however, still continued to try and extort money from her, and, being unsuccessful, appealed against the judgment of the court and got a new judgment on the plea that the necessary formalities for the divorce had not been complied with. Thus the divorce is canceled, and the lady is legally married to two men. She, in her turn, has now appealed to the Supreme Court, whose decision is awaited with great interest.—[Unidentified.]

* * *

Uses for Old Horse Cars.

THE conversion of the abandoned small cars used on many lines before the introduction of electric power into all sorts of conveniences still goes on apace. In Philadelphia they have been used for athletic-club headquarters, candy stores, chicken coops, watchmen's booths, offices and what-not. Three of them placed end to end are being used at one point as a little chapel, and others are used as lunchrooms and photograph galleries in Providence and St. Louis. A very respectable boathouse, in Chicago, is made from one of the city railway cars. The wheels are removed and the car body mounted on a scow.—[Street Railway Review.]

* * *

Searching for Lost Gold.

THE days of treasure hunting are not yet over. On October 7, 1799, H.M.S. Lutine, thirty-two guns, went down off the Dutch coast with all hands but two, and nobody knows how much treasure on board. She is still there under the sand, and the bulk of her treasure, they say, is with her.

For a hundred years men have been digging at her, and they are digging still. When the calm weather comes again a brand-new syndicate will stake fresh thousands in the hope of getting them back ten or a hundredfold. The bulk of the treasure was destined to relieve a commercial pinch at Hamburg. There is evidence to show that Lloyd's and a Hamburg house together issued insurances of more than £1,000,000 sterling. Little more than £100,000 is known to have been recovered. The amount was made up of eighty-five bars of gold, ninety-seven bars of silver, and much coin. Enthusiasts have visions of 245 more bars of gold and 79 bars of silver.

The way it is done is to pile a wall of sandbags in a circle at the bottom of the sea where the treasure ought to lie and suck away the sand by means of powerful suction dredgers. The coins come up with the sand and are caught in sieves; the sand is run back into the sea outside the sandbag wall, which prevents it sliding back over the uncovered wreck.—[London Daily Mail.]

* * *

A Boy's Long Search.

FEW fourteen-year-old lads have a more eventful experience to recall than little James Speare, an English boy of that age, who is anxiously looking just now for his sister Alice, seven years his senior. He does not know whether she is in the Old World or the New, and has asked the press to help find out.

James and his sister Alice and brother Harry, who was

killed at Elandslaagte while serving in the First Devonshire Regiment, were left orphans in Crewe, England, in 1892. James went to live with an aunt, and after her death he was shipped among sixty inmates of the Boys' Refuge of Manchester to Canada in 1897, and went to work on a farm at Calbogie, Manitoba. But young Speare tired of Calbogie, and ran away and secured employment with a farmer at Moira, Ont., who flogged him because he would not go berrying in a wood infested with bears. The boy escaped when the farmer was away selling vegetables, and walked seventeen miles to Tweed, where he worked two years on another farm.

He next worked his passage back to Liverpool on the Amarantha, and obtained employment in a coal mine for a month. He saw his sister Alice, employed as a domestic in Liverpool, and then decided to ship again last fall.

"I stowed away on the Lake Superior," he said, "when we were three days out I was that hungry I gave myself up. The captain turned me over to the boatswain, and after he'd knocked me round a bit with a rope he put me to work shoveling coal. They wanted to send me back when they reached Canada, but at St. John, N. B., I slipped down a rope to the dock, and got away."

Since then Speare has worked on a farm, in a zinc mill, and on various ships between Canada and Newport News, Va. A few weeks ago he came to this city, and now has charge of the newspaper stand on the "L" at Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue.

"When I saw my sister in Liverpool," he said yesterday, "she spoke of coming to New York. She's left her old place, and they wrote me from there they don't know where she is. She's all I have in the world, and I want to find her."—[New York Correspondence Washington Times.]

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Have Six Grandmothers.

IF THERE be any virtue in heredity, Henry Stuart Yost and Marguerite Evelyn Yost, his sister, should live to a ripe old age. These children, aged 3 and 5 years, respectively, live in Reading, Pa., and enjoy the remarkable distinction of having four great-grandmothers and two grandmothers, all living.

All six of these women come from Eastern Pennsylvania families noted for longevity. The great-grandmothers are Mrs. Matilda Dundore, aged 88, and Mrs. Bennenvill Augstadt, aged 78, both of Reading, grandmothers of Mrs. Yost, and Mrs. Samuel E. Dundore, aged 71, and Mrs. Rebecca Spang, aged 68, grandmothers of Mr. Yost; total age of these great-grandmothers is 305 years. All are mothers of large families.

Mrs. Henry Howan, aged 52, and Mrs. Mary L. Yost, aged 48, are the two grandmothers, and both appear to be ten years younger than they are.

Early marriages have been the rule in these remarkable families. While correct living, sobriety and industry have produced health, strength and happiness, and hardy constructions. The two youngest scions of this sturdy race are bright, active children.—[Philadelphia North American.]

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An Expensive Sandwich.

IN THE matter of expense this is probably the record sandwich. It was paid for by Edwin R. Kimball, a wealthy business man of Kansas City, recently. The story is after this manner:

Mr. Kimball was in Leavenworth, bound for Omaha, and it was imperative that he should reach his destination in the morning. When his train pulled into the station at Leavenworth he was hungry, and he hastened into a lunchroom for a sandwich before the train pulled out again. He was still eating when the train rolled out of the depot.

By the time he reached the platform the colored lights on the rear coach seemed to wink at him from a distance, as if in mockery of his discomfiture. His only way out of the difficulty was to telegraph ahead to a friend on the train to make a deposit with the conductor sufficient to cover the expense of a special. An engine and coach were sent down from the Missouri Pacific yards in Atchison, and Mr. Kimball was promptly conveyed to Omaha, happy in being able to meet his appointment, despite the fact that the Leavenworth sandwich cost him a sum representing \$1 a mile for the entire distance, plus the price of his refreshments, which was \$171.50.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

* * *

A Millionaire Sued for a Seventy-five-cent Shirt.

D. O. MILLS, the millionaire, is named as defendant in a suit involving a shirt valued at 75 cents. The complainant is William M. Condon, erstwhile patron of the Mills Hotel, who sent his washing to the hotel laundry, but failed to find his shirt when the washing was returned.

The suit which Condon brings against Mr. Mills to recover the value of the shirt will cost the loser at least \$175. Condon's laundry bill was 21 cents. Mr. Mills, as proprietor of the hotel, is asked to pay the value of the missing garment.

In his complaint Condon sets forth that the loss of the garment occurred six months ago, when he was living at the Mills Hotel. He gave his washing in charge of the clerk, McKenna, to whom he complained that the laundry check, returned later, had failed to record a shirt which was originally in the wash. They searched high and low for the missing garment, but it could not be found. Mr. Mills was asked to pay for it, but this he refused to do. Condon sued in the Third District Court, and lost. He was dissatisfied with the decision and appealed to the Supreme Court.—[New York World.]

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Fresh Literature. Reviews by The Times Reviewer.

POETRY.

A Poet of California.

THE author of this book is a native of New York. He graduated from Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y. (1873.) He went to San Francisco and became identified with the life there. Some years later he returned to New York and delivered the Memorial day poem at the Metropolitan Opera house there. It is said of Mr. Brooks that he possesses a fine baritone voice, and a high order of oratorical power. He has gained the commendation of many men of eminence, among the number, Gen. Miles is reported to have endorsed a "grand heroic poem," and President McKinley found one "good and original." The collections in this work have contributed to platform entertainment. They are many of them outbursts of patriotism. Some of them are in dialect and probably the hearing of them might add to their power of entertainment. Dialect spelling is one of the difficult arts which, however, does not deter present authors, in whose attempts one often feels the constraint of labored art trying unsuccessfully to conceal itself. That Mr. Brooks has not fallen into this pitfall is illustrated by his inimitable "Foreigners at the Fair" in which various representatives speak in the vernacular concerning Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America. The author proves his California outlook. He has lived in a country of wide fields and mountain freedom. By short, direct expression, swift to the mark, he shows that for the artist, the longest way round is not the nearest way home. Among the patriotic poems are some glowing stanzas concerning "Old Glory" of which the following is an example:

"Those bright colors that fade in the even
Are caught in the sunset on high;
Transferred to the blue field of heaven
Those stars shine all night in the sky.

And the morning's first glory

Tells one simple story

As it brings back each star and bright color again;
Day and night, and forever our flag shall remain.

As soft as the great eagle's pinion
It floats on the much-softer air,
Where none may dispute its dominios
And none with its beauty compare,
Should the whole world assail,
It could never prevail;

Ere its bright folds be trampled by conquering heel,
Every blade in the meadow shall turn into steel."

Among the poems of patriotism is also "Nancy Hanks." The old backwoodsman who named his horse "Nancy Hanks," the queen of all her race, gives the following fine reasons for his choice of the homely name:

"Oh, who can tell what cradle keeps
The pillow whereon genius sleeps?
Above the manger who descires
The star that marks where glory lies!
In that log cabin who could see
The genius of a century?
Had that fond mother lived to share
The glory of a fame so rare,
Her heart had burst for very joy;
Abe Lincoln, was her little boy."

One of the stirring poems of the number, is "Sherman's March," which has the following touching prelude:

"Excuse a blind old soldier if too eager in his quest,
To feel the copper button on the lapel of your breast.
I've been so blind I haven't seen a comrade since the
war,

But I know the grip of fellowship found in the G.A.R.
I know you are a hero, though you tell me not your
name,

So I shall call you comrade, for the meaning's just the
same;

I've come to see the general—he's here, I understand;
Now comrade, lead me to him, for I'd like to shake his
hand.

I know it is an honor,
But you'll tell him this for me,
That I marched down with Sherman
From Atlanta to the sea."

When the soldier's comrade fails to cheer for Sherman, his silence shocks the old soldier, who asks why he refuses this tribute to the grandest of all, whom not another being in the nation, not even a Confederate would hesitate to cheer, for he was "The man who saved the nation, or led the men who did." The following climax closes the poem:

"What? You are General Sherman,
Then you'll have to cheer for me!
For I marched down behind you,
From Atlanta to the sea."

The author has caught and portrayed the spirit of American life with vivacity and charm. He writes sincerely of actual life in this country. His typical poems of the mountains, abound with noble imagery. The Biblical and sacred themes, may be illustrated by the fine aspiration of "Palestine." The rhythmic strength and warmth of the poet's art may be allowed one more selection from "The Dead Regiments."

"These mounds, undulating, make waves on the sod
Like the billows of time in the ocean of God.
O'er the wrecks of rebellion, the lost and the slain

In the tempest of strife, floating up on the main,
Close packed like the drift wood washed up by the surf
God spread his tarpaulin of sanctified turf;

Thus heaven made the tents.

Of the dead regiments."

The author has the genius of self-oblivion. He allows

the torch to flash from hand to hand, and his characters speak for themselves. The reader when as he puts down the book retains many tangible images in which wit and pathos are memorable. The collection in its present form would have particular value for the student of oratory. The volume contains the author's portrait. The book is printed on fine paper and bound in silver and gray linen.

[*Old Ace and Other Poems.* By Fred Emerson Brooks. Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago. Price \$1.25.]

ESSAYS.

Florentine Echoes.

The author of this interesting volume states in the introduction that "there never was a better time than the beginning of the twentieth century for the study of Dante, the 'Divine Poet.' The eve of Good Friday of the year 1901, A.D. completes the seven hundredth year since he started, as he tells us in his immortal poem, the *Divina Commedia*, on a journey to the land of spirits, soon finding as his guide his beloved Virgil who conducted him through the Inferno and the Purgatorio until he met his early love Beatrice, who led him on to the *Paradiso*." A public reading of Dante's works has been revived in Florence, and throughout the world, his fame is on the increase. The student of Dante believes that an intelligent study of the great master may be made from translations, and asserts that Gladstone's book seller had orders to furnish him copies of everything published concerning Dante. Attention is also called to the brilliant productions of Carlyle, Emerson, Lowell, Stedman, Norton, Rossetti and others who have gleaned in the fields of Dantesque lore. The work contains some of the thoughts of Canon Farrar's "About Dante" and his beloved "Florence," wherein he invites young men to hold perpetual comradeship with such souls as this; who is one of the landmarks of history. The book is divided into chapters on Florence which are followed by

of the world. The book closes with a poem by Henry Field, which will be read with interest by the author's friends.

"The rain falls on Ghiberti's gates,
The big drops hang on purple dates,
And yet beneath the ilex shades
Dear trysting-place for boys and maidens,
There comes a form from days of old
With Beatrice's hair of gold;
The breath of lands on lilted streams
Floats through the fabrics of my dreams,
And yonder, from the hills of song,
Where psalmists brood and people throng
The lone, majestic Dante leads
His love across the blooming meads."

The book is a valuable addition to the literature of Dante, as it calls attention to the admirers of the Rosettis who reached the high tide of admiration, father, sons and daughters. There is a page containing Dante's portraits, as that of Raphael which bears the title page, and another of Rosetti. Dante's sonnet for the shepherd boy Giotto is told, and adds to the interest of Giotto's portrait of his patron. The book also calls attention to the celebrated statues which corroborate Dante's fame. The book, which is conveniently reference, is so largely made up of selections from authors that it seems an oversight not to have added a careful index. The text of the book, the paper and decorated cover are a credit to the publishers.

[*About Dante and His Beloved Florence.* By Fenton Sanborn. The Whitaker & Ray Company, Francisco. Price \$1.00.]

FICTION.

The Whole Family.

Two writers and two artists met around a New England dinner table. In the champagne was a golden cup which led them to the plan of establishing a high-class newspaper at a dollar a year. They were influenced by the fact that the Voice had offered \$25 worth of it and a trip to the Holy Land for one year's subscription. The various Utopian schemes proposed in the arrangement and the measures adopted for the welfare of the paper are extravaganzas of journalistic invention. The hyperbole of theory by which this newspaper will combine all the merits of other papers in the catholic manner is illustrated with salient episodes which the irretrievably bad is the climax of mere critical junctures. The founders of the paper are similarly chastened by their efforts in distributing literary wares. The book is told with the felicity of expression which will win for it an amused and intelligent public. The enterprise of these redoubtable nationalists and the fortunes of the girl friend of the artist, Livingston, are features of the illustrated weekly paper which started without a cent. Among the things which these journalists did have "lots of advice, for people came every day to tell how to run the paper." The frontispiece, title page and cover designs are by Orson Lowell.

[*The Bread Line.* By Albert Bigelow Paine. Century Company, New York. Price \$1.25. Published by C. C. Parker.]

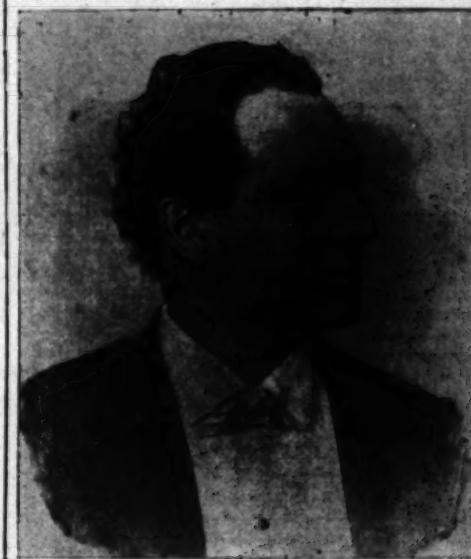
The Fall of Fortune.

The Mortimer-Gaults lived in the fashionable San Francisco, "where the undulating lines of the dunes, dreaming under the ceaseless hush of the sweeping through the rank sea grass, have been under the march of progress." This was the home of John Gault, who had come from Harvard to San Francisco. The subordinate personages are the members of his own family who give the first impression of the author. A series of incidents lead on to the introduction of heroine Viola Reed, whose father, a former king, had lost his wealth, but nothing of his pride in the world. In the meantime, by the successful sale of flowers and ferns, Viola was helping to keep her home from the door in the little cottage which was the father and daughter possessed of their past. Viola's father secretly borrowed money of John Gault, and some misunderstanding lead the young maid to suspect that the maid was aware of the transaction. While in every sense Viola seemed the soul of innocence, the heart of John Gault was baffled in his estimate of her. He tried to carefully analyze peculiarities of character and temperament which might be a demonstration of suspicion. The hour came when the maid slipped from her father's coat pocket into Viola's room. Seeing her unhappy face, Gault knew that he had judged her and that his fears were groundless, and her humiliation and grief were too sacred for his own eyes. Not many days after he received a letter containing the money he had loaned the colonel. When her father had gone, the little home had been sold. The remainder of the story is the history of John Gault's efforts and success in winning happiness and the love of Viola. This novel is the author's first book, and is marked by good analysis of motive, ideals of convention, and will interest all who know the struggle of women as bread winners in Francisco.

[*Hard-Pan. A Story of Bonanza Fortunes.* By Edna Bonner. The Century Company, New York. Price \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Naval Heroism.

The author of this interesting contribution to biography says "nearly all individual greatness stands out against a bright background of high endeavour, part of unknown men, and rests upon a vast, ill-gotten, amount of popular effort. In other words, a man on the quarter deck can do little without the



FRED EMMERSON BROOKS,
Author of "Old Ace and Other Poems."

and regeneration of the man before the mast." The hero of this book lived and died a common sailor who never learned to write his name, but he stands for a type of young brave men of our time. This typical American boy was captured by a French privateer in 1797. He suffered great hardships. On his liberation he was soon involved with other naval battles. In 1804 he sailed for the Mediterranean in the forty-four gun frigate United States. This young Delaware sailor interposed his own hand to protect that of Lieut. Decatur, when he destroyed the Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli. When wounded, he was on many occasions an example of naval and soldierly courage. The author, Cyrus Townsend Brady, has already won popular favor by his contribution to the series of "Heroes of the Navy," on which like are his "Commodore Paul Jones," "For Love of Country," "The Freedoms of the Sea" and "Stephen Decatur." This work is illustrated with spirited drawings by George Gibbs and others.

(*Stephen Decatur. A Hero of the Forecastle.* By Cyrus Townsend Brady. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.00. For sale by C. C. Parker.)

Books of Discovery.

The table of contents of this book is a hint of the store of golden information in the graphic work. The author delineates the changes from the dark ages to the modern century, and tells stories of the heroes of travel and discovery in Africa, Asia, Australia and the Americas. Livingstone's explorations are depicted with comprehensive appreciation of the ideals that commanded his thirty years search for the source of the Nile. He had traveled 29,000 miles in Africa. He died at his knees. His last prayer it is asserted, was for civilization and regeneration of Africa. Stanley's expedition, and those of numerous great leaders, who gave their lives in exploration, is described in the moving narrative. A particularly graphic chapter is that concerning the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin in his journeys in unknown Central Asia. Sweden has just given in his sons, when she may claim such men as Paasonen, Nordenskjold and Andreæ. This book of exploration does not have a dull page, and should find its way to everybody's library in the land. The maps are instructive, the portraits in the artist's illustrations of special value, and the typical pictures of strange scenes in unknown lands give additional value to this record of travel and exploit.

(*The Boy's Book of Explorations.* By Tudor Jenks. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. Price \$2.00. For sale by C. C. Parker.)

A King King.

The story of the blameless king will have an attraction for the lovers of the familiar stories of Alfred, the king, warrior, statesman, builder of forts, churches, canals and ships, is presented with marked literary power. The life of the warrior occupies most of the book. The chapters of peace delineate something of the king's influence on the people. A few pages are given to Alfred's translations into the Saxon. The life and reign of Alfred form a brilliant exception to much that is uninteresting character in Anglo-Saxon history. The book is a record of noble deeds which are delineated with accuracy and enlivened as far as the meager native annals permit. The illustrations of Mr. Kennedy contribute to the interest of the book.

(*In the Days of Alfred the Great.* By Eva March Tappan. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price \$1.00. For sale by C. C. Parker.)

HISTORY.

Landmarks.

A party of young people make a pilgrimage to the sites of the earliest American colonies. The story of their investigations is told in this entertaining volume. They visited the South from St. Augustine to New Orleans. They dreamed of the old French heroes of romance and adventure under the live oaks and magnolias. They sailed along the Atlantic Coast, and visited the lands of the old Dominion. Finally they reached New England land, and went for brief journeys to New Haven, and into the region of Plymouth. The scenes expressed by the young tourists furnish the characteristic conversations of the book. Maps and portraits, glimpses of sea and shore add to the vivid impressions of the author's graphic and enlivening pen. The book has plain clear type, is bound in decorated covers, with a colored glimpse of a ship at sea, and places safe anchor. The introduction is furnished by Frederic J. de Peyster, governor-general society of memorial ware.

(*The Century Book.* By Elbridge S. Brooks. The Century Company, New York. Price \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker.)

PHYSIOLOGY.

Dr. Holmes, who like Gallon believed that the life of each individual is in some sense a continuation of the lives of his ancestors, observed "we are omnibuses in which all of our ancestors ride." There are numerous nervous diseases transmitted from generation to generation, and the author of this studious work gives an instructive chapter to their elucidation. The author says "the stigmata of the degenerate may be physical, or psychic or faith. The writer states that labor of any kind which demands mental or physical overwork will cause neurasthenia. The chief cause of neurasthenia is anxiety, worry or excitement. Brain cells become fatigued after mental effort too prolonged. After regaining rest the brain cells, the author says, are filled with nerve fluid which the absorbers of the body and brain have stored up there, as bees fill their comb. So when work begins, the vital force is sapped to meet the demands upon the brain." The brain cells do not work contemporaneously, so one part of the brain may be resting while the other is at work. The writer gives general signs of motor disorders and nervous diseases. He addresses his experiences in this as wonder-

working in the withdrawal of blood from the brain vessels, when encountering apoplectic conditions. The many persons who suffer from obscure symptoms without known cause, might find in this brochure an intelligent physician's conception of nervous disorder.

[*Nervous Breakdown. Its Concomitant Evils. Its Prevention and Cure. A Correct Technique of Living for Nervous Brain Workers.* By Albert Abrams, A.M., M.D. (Heidelberg), F.R.M.S. The Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco.]

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Two prizes of £1000 each, and a third of £500 have been offered by anonymous donors, according to the "Courier du Livre," for the best essays on "The insects which attack books and the best means of destroying them." Henry Martin, of the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal, Paris, will give all particulars.

For fifteen consecutive months "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was one of the leaders, a record unequalled by any book or any publisher since these Bookman lists were established. While "Knighthood" was still at the height of favor "The Redemption of David Corson" reached a place among the best sellers, which place it has held continuously ever since.

The February Century will be a midwinter fiction number, containing, in addition to Miss Runkle's "Helmet of Navarre" and Hamlin Garland's "Her Mountain Lover," nine short stories by such well-known writers as W. D. Howells, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Charles Battell Loomis, Chester Bailey Fernald and Rebecca Harding Davis. Mr. Howell's contribution is a psychological inquiry, entitled "At Third-Hand." A feature of this number will be the story which won the prize in the Century's third annual competition among college graduates. It is by Adeline M. Jenney of the University of Wisconsin, and is called "An Old-World Wooing," the scene being laid in Macedonia.

Harper & Bros. announce that during the year 1901 they will publish once every month an American novel by an American author. The first novel of the series (to be published in January,) will be "Eastover Court-house," by Kenneth Brown, a story of contemporary Virginia life. They will also publish in February "The Love Letters of Victor Hugo," "The Love Letters of Bismarck," "Labor," by Emile Zola, dealing with factory life in France, and the conflict between labor and capital; "A New Way Around an Old World," by Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, president of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and a "Life of the Emperor Frederick," father of the present Emperor of Germany.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a list of "Books for Presents," which has just come to hand. Besides the best editions of standard authors, this contains a large and unusual collection of rare and choice books—single volumes and small sets—in special art bindings. Among these are several works of well-known excellence—"Famous Homes," "Literary Hearststones," "Colonial Homes," "Historic Towns,"—some favorite poets, and numerous works in general literature.

Thomas Carlyle's old Dumfriesshire farmhouse of Craigenputtoch, where he wrote "Sartor," is now in the possession of his grandnephew, who strongly resembles the historian, and who greatly dislikes the visits of tourists to the place.

The February number of McClure's Magazine will contain a graphic narrative of Hernando de Soto and his discovery of the Mississippi, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, whose powers in picturesque and adequate historical writing have won him so much esteem from the reading public. The article will be fully illustrated.

The Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, O., announces a new novel entitled "Ralph Marlowe" which is said to have claim to popular interest.

McClure's Magazine for February will be notable for its fiction and for its art. The authors represented are Rudyard Kipling, Robert Barr, Sarah Orne Jewett, Josephine Dodge Daskam, and Edwin Lefevre; the artists are Kenyon Cox, Edmund J. Sullivan, Lockwood Kipling, Edwin Lord Weeks, Genevieve Cowles, Charles L. Hinton, Henry Hutt, George Gibbs, and Frederic Dorr Steele.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have issued a new catalogue of their publications, which fills about 150 pages, making a handsome little volume. The healthy growth of this young publishing house is probably best indicated by the appearance of this catalogue, which represents the productions of only about three years, and includes the writings of about one hundred and fifty authors, among whom are such names as Kipling, Booth Tarkington, Ellen Glasgow, William Allen White, Miss Wilkins, Joel Chandler Harris, Edwin Markham, Gilbert Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Seton-Thompson, S. R. Crockett, Stephen Crane, Henry George, C. D. Gibson, Anthony Hope, Jokai, Henry D. Lloyd, Dr. John Watson, Goldwin Smith, Col. George E. Waring and many other books of permanent value. With their new magazine, "The World's Work," edited by Walter H. Page, a member of the firm, Doubleday, Page & Co., stand as a well equipped modern publishing house.

Edwin Asa Dix, the author of "Deacon Bradbury," one of the Century publications, has written several short stories for the magazines, the scenes of all being laid in Felton, the Vermont village where the events described in his novel are supposed to have taken place. The village has so grown under Mr. Dix's hands, each story adding new characters and houses to the town, that he has found it necessary, says the New York Times, to construct an accurate map of the place, showing the streets and roads and the location of the various homes, stores and the like. The Congregational Church at the "Corner," where the deacon's secession took place, is seen, as well as all the other points mentioned in the book, including the deacon's own house at the west end of the village. It is Mr. Dix's plan to have the map reproduced for the new Vermont novel on which he is now engaged.

Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York regard it as a surprising success that in seven weeks from the date of publication, there have been printed seven editions of John

Uri Lloyd's novel, "Stringtown on the Pike," amounting in all to over 30,000 copies.

When the manuscript of Maurice Thompson's new novel first came to the publishers there was much uncertainty as to whether the title should be "Alice Rousson" or "Alice of Old Vincennes." The determining factor was the belief that Vincennes is more easily pronounced than Rousson. But now, to the publisher's surprise, there comes from the East, where everybody seems to be reading the story, many inquiries how to pronounce the name of the old Indiana town.

Miss Caroline Stewart, who passed the doctor's examination at the University of Berlin, studied at the University of Kansas and the University of Michigan. She also holds a fellowship from Bryn Mawr.

The Living Age was founded by E. Littell in 1844. With the past year or two this veteran periodical has taken a fresh stride forward. Among the attractions for 1901, the publishers announce three attractive serials. Heinrich Seidel's story, "The Treasure," translated by Dr. Hasket Derby, was begun in the number for October 6. It is being followed by "A Parisian Household," a clever story of Parisian high life, by Paul Bourget, translated by Mary D. Frost; and by Edmondo de Amicis's striking autobiographical sketches, "Memories of My Childhood and School Days," translated from the Nuova Antologia. These serials are copyrighted by the Living Age, and will appear only in this magazine.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the famous Norwegian novelist, who has just made an urgent plea for the separation of Norway and Sweden in their commercial consular service, is not only a brilliant author, but an ardent patriot. The motive of most of his literary productions has been a search for a vehicle to give expression to the Norwegian spirit. He has an intense dislike for the new cult of French imitation, and has been a powerful force in the movement to create a revival of Scandinavian art and letters.

Dr. George Macdonald, the poet and novelist, is staying during the seventy-sixth year of his life at his son's house at Haslemere, a mansion delightfully situated in the country. He is now better, mentally and physically, than he has been for some years, and will soon be able to go back to his beautiful home at Borodighera.

In its announcements for 1901, it is stated that Outing proposes to keep its readers in touch with sport the world over, to which end it has appointed regular correspondents in England, on the continent, and on the Asiatic Coast.

"Whist," of the Paris Figaro, who for many years signed remarkable articles on general European politics, is dead. The bearer of the pseudonym was M. Jules Valfrey, who left the diplomatic career after the fall of the De Broglie Ministry in 1877.

Several newspapers have recently attributed to Mr. Gribayedoff the vignette portraits which adorn the seven volumes of the "Cyclopedia of American Biography," published by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Gribayedoff made several of the full-page portraits, but it is only fair to make public that all of the hundreds of vignette illustrations were engraved by Jacques Reich.

The Delineator for February contains among its hints suggestions and directions for fashion and garniture and accessories, the description of a desirable valentine luncheon. The literary features of the number include Sarah K. Bolton's illustrated sketch of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst and a study of "Charlotte Brontë's Late Romance," by Clara E. Laughlin.

GIRL SIGN PAINTERS.

[Knoxville (Tenn.) Correspondence New York Journal.] That there is something new under the sun—of the sunny South at least—is proven by Mattie Meredith, the only woman sign painter in the South. And this girl's delight and success in her unique undertaking are the daily theme in this conservative old town.

In her workshop, where she is to be found surrounded by paints, oils and signs, big and little, and in all stages from rough sketches to finished, she might be a Gibson model, as she works away on a "To Let" sign, for she possesses youth, beauty, vivacity, and altogether is an ideal American girl.

At the door of this busy den she cheerfully turned her back on those things which are supposed to fascinate a girl of her age. Leaving the social realm, with its nights of activity and days, alas! of ennui, foregoing the larks in by others of her age, she arises with the lark to work—and sing—and retires to rest.

The rounded limb and rosy cheek which the girl of leisure attains with golfing and tennis this pretty miss has developed with climbing up ladders and reaching across billboards.

Six years ago, at the age of 16, Mattie Meredith came to the city and took employment as apprentice with a sign painter. Bright, intelligent, industrious, it did not take her long to master the art, and today she conducts a business of her own and commands an independent income.

One cannot imagine a more winsome appearance than hers. Attired in a stunning dark-red tailor gown, her chestnut hair rippling in tiny curls over her shapely head, and great violet eyes, such as we seldom meet except in story or song, she is all that is delicate, refined and womanly, and in the gentle southern voice one can catch the true ring of strength of character and business ability.

The earliest recollections of Miss Meredith here are associated with a pencil. While other children enjoyed dolls and toys, she preferred picture drawing and the forming of fancy letters. With her tiny fingers she drew her first signs in the dusty street, and when a barefooted country girl would hold a bit of chalk between her toes and make letters on the schoolroom floor, while the lynx-eyed teacher kept guard over the fingers with their proneness to indulge in the forbidden pleasure of drawing on text-book or desk. That such perseverance is certain of reward goes without saying, and Mattie Meredith today is recognized as the cleverest and most original little woman in all the South.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

HUS KEEPING ON A DINING CAR.

THE NICEST CALCULATION IS REQUIRED TO DO IT SUCCESSFULLY.

By a Special Contributor.

"It takes the nicest sort of calculation to run the domestic gearing of dining and sleeping cars that are gone for days out through the country beyond the manager's reach," said a railroad superintendent. "What a good housekeeper does every six months we do every few days, that is, clean our premises from kitchen end through to parlor compartment, outside and in. Those special trains leased for long trips cannot be got at so frequently, but, at the home station, each car, as it gets in, is switched off on a siding and treated to as thorough a scrubbing, polishing and airing as any New England household gets in the spring. Pillows, mattresses, blankets, rugs and curtains are hung to the winds. Windows and brasses cleaned. Kitchen apparatus and tableware rubbed up. Furniture brushed and polished. And the out-going car, waiting, ready for orders, looks another thing from the jaded, towed roadster that arrived some hours before. A whole brigade of brushes, brooms, cloths, tubs, fluids, soaps, disinfectants, have been in requisition, and the head cleaner must give strict account of all. Otherwise much waste would ensue."

Every berry, every pound of meat and butter, every loaf of bread, item of milk, cream, sugar and other provisioning for the dining car is carefully inventoried when the train comes in and the list compared with the list of supplies sent out and the number of meals served. Only by discipline and rigid vigilance is any domestic economy maintained on these moving houses. Special and private cars and special trains are coming more commonly into use, and careful, discriminating caterers and attendants are additionally valuable to road owners. All commissary supplies furnished for special cars or trains are charged for according to the actual consumption, and 20 per cent. added to cover cost of handling. These cars are usually paid for by the day.

On the regular-train service it is not always that a dining car and kitchen goes through to the train's destination. The dining cars are the heaviest of the lot. Say a dining car goes out from a certain point this afternoon with a through train; it serves dinner and is switched off at some convenient place, to be hitched later to the train which starts out at midnight without such provisioning, but whose passengers will want breakfast. This plan permits the passengers to taste the creations of several cooks on their journey across continent. Other trains carry their dining cars right through, particularly if the route is a short and direct one. When a road operates rival dining cars under different conductors, it is easy to ascertain which caterer is generally the most economical and satisfactory. Although one car may serve a set of passengers who order profusely and waste much—three kinds of meat and two kinds of soup for one person, things they cannot consume—and the other caterer may fall in with considerate patrons.

The increased knowledge of chemistry and preserving inventions has somewhat simplified dining-car housekeeping. Admirable canned soups and bouillons can be kept handily, and served hot and appetizing in a few minutes. Evaporated cream, proof against all jostling, overheating, or long congealing, is a modern convenience. Fine puddings, minces, preserves, pickles, sauces, relishes are all twofold better because put up under better conditions for keeping than formerly. First-rate canned vegetables now very nearly counterfeit the garden growth. Berries, grapes, fruits, even the most delicate, are now practicable because of the marvelous improvement in refrigerators. The best built refrigerators, perfectly insulated and guarded against all corrosive conditions, prevent even the daintiest shellfish from losing flavor.

Then, instead of alcohol as fuel for the lamps and great boiling urns, a superior mineral sperm oil is used—oil so safe that it will actually put out a fire if thrown on the flames. It takes good force of heat to start such oil to burning, but once started, boiling-hot water is perennially at hand. Space is the great consideration with dining-car housekeeping. The snug way in which the fruits, salads, dressings, etc., are packed in their respective lockers would astonish the hotel cook or waiter used to plenty of room. And the dishes, plates, silver and glassware all must be kept in individual racks to avoid damage when the train makes sharp curves. Within twenty inches of the steaming kitchen range are the refrigerators holding all needfuls, and which must be opened and shut every few seconds to take out and replace things, for nothing can be left out in that intense heat. Five waiters, the cook and the conductor form the dining car's crew.

The main portions of a dinner are begun when the cook comes on board, an hour or so before starting time. A forty-five-pound roast is put on, the soups set simmering. As soon as the majority of tickets are sold, the conductor is informed of the number, and he causes the quantity of other food to be prepared according to his judgment. If any known party of people is to come aboard at some other point he is telegraphed to—that dinner for that number may be got ready. In all standard provisions there is no waste, but in meats and perishable articles no calculation can be made close enough to avoid loss. Much bread is thrown away or given to the cleaners and helpers about the station. And there are waste fowls left over or dishes requiring long preparation that are left untouched because the

number of passengers was less than expected. The buffet car loses extensively in such matters, the patronage being uncertain, and already-cooked food bound to be provided in case of call. "The efficiency of the service," said the superintendent, "is tested by special agents. These board the cars simply as passengers, note any imperfections, and report to us by letter. When there are many lines extending over a large territory such an agent is not recognized by the train people. He buys a meal like any passenger, and looks out for flaws and defects. A printed list of questions that will help him to tell us what we want to know is furnished and he answers them candidly. If the partitions between staterooms and compartments creak when the door is opened or closed, he tells us, and the fault is remedied. If the carpet is worn anywhere, or the vestibule lamps don't burn clear, we are informed. Also whether the attendants are solicitous or indifferent to passengers' comfort. If the porters are slack in assisting people to take the train, in placing steps for their convenience, etc., we learn the fact through the place where the misdemeanor happened, be it a thousand miles away. If a porter hands a passenger a check without using a salver, we know it. There are only a few ladies' maids on the extra smart drawing-room cars, and on some special trains that go out to Mexico and up through Canada. Of these conscientious service is exacted. Women look after the laundry work and the cleaning of bedding at the terminal stations, but owing to limited space, men's services are preferred, they being able to do with less conveniences than women."

OLIVE F. GUNBY.

NOVELIST'S FAVORITE HEROINE.

THE HONORABLE VIOLET VIVIAN SAID TO FIGURE IN HALF A DOZEN ENGLISH NOVELS.

By a Special Contributor.

The world is blessed with so much feminine beauty today that a young woman must possess an uncommonly fair face in order to inspire wide-spread popular admiration with the adulation of poets and painters. Perhaps since Mrs. Langtry fairly startled London with her youthful physical perfection, no like sensation has been known until the Hon. Violet Mary, sister of Lord Vivian and daughter of an ancient noble Cornish family, made her debut.

The house of Vivian, old and very honorable though it is, has not, in later times, known great wealth, so that the Hon. Violet and her twin sister, the Hon. Dorothy Maud, made a very modest entry into fashionable society. Almost at once the Hon. Dorothy was selected as a maid of honor to the Queen, and quite as promptly was her sister pronounced by competent judges to be the fairest nymph of every social gathering she attended. It was not very long before the opinion of the social powers was ratified by the artistic side of London, and the Hon. Violet very evidently supplied valuable inspiration for one of the most successful pictures that hung in the Royal Academy last spring. A famous American portrait painter has frankly said that had he the peculiar gifts of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and were he a struggling artist, he would win immediate recognition by painting this young lady's portrait. As it is, she has been compared to most of the famous beauties immortalized on canvas, and has been acknowledged as the heroine of more than one novel.

For allied to her poetic beauty, Miss Vivian possesses as well a pretty wit, softened by extreme sweetness of nature, and because of her very obliging disposition and the desire of dowagers to earn large sums of money at their charity bazaars, she is pursued with requests to serve as flower vender, stall attendant, indeed, in any capacity where her beauty will serve as a conspicuous attraction not only to appreciative swains, but equally enthusiastic women.

It is one of the charming features of this beauty's reign that little or no jealousy is excited by her superior perfection and the attentions she everywhere commands. Women praise her, give place to her, and admire her as generously as the men. By her sex she is conceded to possess the most wonderful head of hair in all England. Its golden-chestnut color, rich natural wave and splendid abundance are all unrivaled, and yet, to the hand of the smart Parisian figaro it owes none of its splendor. It is inherited from her mother, who was a well-known Welsh beauty when she married Baron Vivian and made her home in Cornwall, at stately and romantic Glynn House, which dates from the days of the seventh English Henry.

SOCIETY GIRLS STUDY NURSING.

EXCLUSIVE CLASS FORMED TO INSTRUCT THEM IN SICK-ROOM LORE.

[Philadelphia North American:] Society girls have taken up nursing. At the commencement exercises of the night class of the Philadelphia Nurse Supply and Medical Dispensary School for Nurses last evening at the New Century drawing-rooms, it was announced that a class would be organized today composed entirely of the daughters of the 400.

Only those who have the entree to the most exclusive sets in the city may hope to gain admittance to this class.

It was organized especially for them, and is designed to make them efficient helps in the sickroom. They will be given their first lesson tomorrow under the direction of Dr. Underhill, the director of the school. At the end of the course they will be given diplomas of efficiency.

About thirty have already joined. The number will be increased to fifty. Dr. Underhill said last night.

"Yes, it is true we have decided to open a day class to which only those young ladies who belong to the very best families will be admitted. There is no doubt that it will be of immense benefit to the young ladies both in their own home life and in later years, when they have homes of their own. We have about thirty applicants already, and will meet to organize the class in the school in the Witherspoon building tomorrow."

"The class which was graduated tonight was composed of young ladies of good family, and the majority of them will never use their knowledge in a professional way."

NEW WORK FOR A WOMAN.

MISS CARPENTER TO BECOME MANAGER OF GREAT RAILWAY LINE.

[Chicago Dispatch to the Washington Times:] It has not been officially announced, it is said, that the successor of B. G. Lennox, the late assistant to President Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, has been selected, and that the prospective appointee is a woman. It will be for the first time in railroad history of America that a woman will be appointed to a position of trust by a railroad, second to that of the president.

Miss I. G. Carpenter, daughter of the late A. E. Carpenter, for many years general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, is understood to be the fortunate young woman selected to fill the position.

Miss Carpenter has been closely in touch with the office of the president, and was confidential friend of Mr. Lennox, whom she has assisted for many years.

It is well known that during the past few years Lennox seldom, if ever, left the city, and that the important work of going over the lines was done to Miss Carpenter.

Miss Carpenter, besides being well versed in railroad matters, is also well known as a book reader. Her work, which has been appearing in the New York papers for several years, has received favorable comment throughout the country, while her criticism of current literature is accepted as being among the best appearing in the daily journals.

MISSOURI GIRL.

MAKES A MATHEMATICAL DISCOVERY THAT BRING FORTUNE.

[Lebanon (Mo.) Dispatch to the St. Louis Democrat:] Miss Gertrude Cutcheon, a member of the 1901 graduating class of the Lebanon High School, is about to become famous in the mathematical world. She has solved a problem in geometry that no man has ever solved before, one which has puzzled the minds of many a brainy person, and if she can succeed in bringing her problem to the attention of educational and mathematical-book publishers, she will not only bring a revolution in mathematics, but will bring a fortune to herself.

The solution which is about to give her a world-wide notoriety is simply trisecting an angle. It is a simple thing that the uninformed do not stop to consider it, but when it is known that this problem has never been solved before, it is surprising that this village girl only 17 years old should give to the world what promises to be of so much value. She is in correspondence with a leading educator of the country who is assisting her in placing her discovery with publishers, with a view to their handling the problem on a royalty. It is said by those who are well informed that this discovery will add a new book to the library of geometry and be of incalculable advantage to engineers and surveyors in general.

WOMAN'S GLOOMY FUTURE.

A FAMOUS STRONG MAN SAYS WE SHALL HAVE NO RACE OF HOMUNCULI.

[London Daily Mail:] Are women destined to be the Sardou, the strong man, who should know all about physical development, has the following to say:

"Experience shows that within recent years the physique of woman has been distinctly on the decline. The health, the beauty which were so dear to ancient nations are with us unknown things."

"The artificial conditions of civilized life, the sedentary life, the irrational hours, the thoughtless errors of the foolish modes of clothing to which women submit, their bodily health and beauty upon the altar of fashion have all brought about at least a physical decline."

"There is, unhappily, but little doubt that the women are following more or less in the footsteps of their French sisters, the results of which will be ultimate degradation and extinction of the race."

"It is true that the various sports of the present are more open to women than they were some years ago, but, after all, how few women this affects? The life of modern life is only too apt to leave out nature and exercise. Where our ancestors walked, we drive; they climbed stairs, we use elevators. In our sports we are tempted to neglect our bodies. When our fathers had their outdoor games and contests, the dame cultivates indoor amusements only. Indeed, she has a vision of a future race of homunculi, all

the body, kept alive from day to day during their pastimes, mechanical little lives by some artificial means.

The changes which I should like to see in the life of the modern woman are three: First, loose, easy dressing; second, freedom to engage in outdoor sports in girlhood; third, systematic exercise carried on throughout life.

Let modern women strive to get back to the type of the Satyrnian Venus, that ideal of life, purity and beauty. The Venus of Milo is for us the absolute type of feminine beauty. If reduced to the height of 5 feet 4 inches her waist would measure 24 inches. If any curious reader takes the trouble to sketch in a corset over the figure she will find how little it improves the statue.

WOMAN BLACKSMITH.

SHES BEGAN WORK TO HELP HER FATHER AND FOUND IT HEALTHFUL.

[Kansas City Correspondence Columbus Dispatch:] Esther Searle of Cawker City, Kan., is the latest specimen of the new woman. During the two months that her brother was absent Miss Searle took his place in the blacksmith shop with her father. Esther was determined that her father should suffer no inconvenience from the absence of her brother. In consequence she took hold of whatever there was to do with a heartiness and vim which astonished everyone. Her prowess at the anvil became the common theme of conversation in the vicinity.

The Searle smithy became the rendezvous for those who had heard of the girl-blacksmith's fame, and curious people from far and wide drifted into the little city to see the prodigy for themselves. Miss Searle seemed to be unconscious that she was the object of so much attention, and continued her duties at anvil or bellows just as if she were doing nothing extraordinary.

Long before the return of her brother from his vacation, Miss Searle received the most satisfactory proof of the advantage to be derived from hard manual labor. Her blings were so developed that she could swing the heaviest hammer in the shop with comparative ease. Her chest measurement had increased two inches in the same period, and she was capable of sustaining the hardest and most protracted labor.

At the same time she was as lively as ever, and enjoyed her games when out of the shop with all the zest of her girl companions. These soon found that where the games required any extra endurance or strength Esther Searle had very much the advantage of them, her wrists being as hard as steel in comparison with their own. The local belles were not slow to perceive the advantage which her training in the smithy had given pretty Esther Searle, who had been rather a delicate girl, and many of them envied her the opportunity which she possessed for taking just such exercise as the swinging of the hammer and other duties necessitated. The various movements coincide almost exactly with those called for by the most advanced rules of physical culture, calling into play almost all of the most important sets of muscles, including those of the back, the arms, the thighs and the chest.

A PINK AMERICAN BEAUTY.

[Philadelphia North American:] Philadelphia has given to the world the first pink American Beauty rose long sought.

The new flower, which excited so much curiosity at the last exhibition of the Chestnut Hill Horticultural Show, now running at Joslyn Hall, is called the Queen of May. In color it is a soft, rich pink. It has bell-shaped buds, close-folded petals, a delicious odor, and art, glossy leaves. The blossoms, when fully open, never six inches in diameter.

Breeding growers all over the country have for years been endeavoring to produce a pink American Beauty which would rival the famous red American Beauty. The Floral Exchange became interested in the subject, and the various nurseries connected with that institution vied with each other in producing the rose. In all cases the American Beauty was used as the parent. Four years ago in the Edgely Nurseries a pink blossom appeared on an American Beauty plant, when all the other buds were red. This freak of nature was picked and carefully tended until the final evolution. Its exhibition at the Chestnut Hill show was one of the features of the display.

It will be at least a year before the new rose will be in the hands of the florists. When that time arrives the price of the blossoms will in all probability be so high that they will be beyond the reach of all but the well-to-do.

ONE PLUCKY GIRL.

[Washington Times:] Miss Esther Bowen of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is but 18 years old, is the only woman mail carrier in that mountainous region, and is exceedingly popular all along her long and most difficult route. On several occasions she has been held up by masked highwaymen, but each time she has managed to get away without losing a penny—due to her handiness with a revolver. Each time she has frightened away her assailants by her coolness and nerve.

Recently her horse ran away while on the brink of a precipice. In the carriage with her were Mrs. James Bowen and Miss Lottie Purgis. All would have been thrown over the precipice and killed had not Miss Bowen skillfully guided the horse into the bank. All were thrown out, but landed in the road. The horse ran down the mountain side, dashed into a passenger car, and was frightfully hurt. Miss Bowen picked up her horse, and pluckily carried it on foot to the railroad station, arriving just in time to catch a train. Then she attended her companions' injuries, next those of the horses, and finally her own.

AS TO MINCE PIE,

NOTHING COULD TOUCH HIM OR HER WHO WAS WORTHY TO EAT THAT CATE.

[New York Sun:] The Boston Advertiser emits this sentence, which, with all just dues of respect, we must call superfluous:

"A whole century has failed to improve New England mince pie."

A thousand years will flap their cloudy wings and crow delightedly and think no small beer of themselves, and yet New England mince pie will not be improved. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily! And not the puritan and pilgrim, the Congregationalist and Brownist mince pie alone. Pie is a matter of pieces and not of sections. The Catholics of Maryland, the Church of England men of Virginia, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, could make the wondrous product. Perhaps it was richer along the James and the York than in the Blackstone Valley or along the Connecticut. But there is no telling now. Perhaps the South had more a gift for plum pudding, and the North a more serious call to mince pies. It is enough to know that great pies are made compositions of genius, dramas in mince meat, and they were eaten by great people. No pastry race could have survived those stalwart dishes.

Do you like them cold or hot? Substitute "and" for "or" and you have the proper answer. Ah, the theology and the politics, predestination and free will, Mexican war and Lee-Compton constitution, heresies of Theodore Parker, rappings of the Fox sisters and of the Atlantic telegraph, all things under heaven that have been talked about over mince pie. Fighters and thinkers have thrived upon it. It thinned out the weaklings. We salute the undiminished prime of mince pie. Malice domestic, foreign envy, nothing could touch him or her who was worthy to eat that potent and opulent cake.

In old, deserted parts of old towns you will sometimes find abandoned churches or meetin' houses. Vestiges of the "sheds," perhaps, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet baited their horses and ate mince pies and considered the good "doctrinal" discourses of the old preachers strong in the faith. The old preachers, with their Greek and Hebrew, with their firm belief in infant damnation, with their scholarship and their farming—the old preachers and ministers that the children used to make a leg to as they passed along the streets. Would Jonathan Edwards have been possible without mince pie? We vote No. There is a fine, strong, fruity flavor about the old clergymen as about the old mince pies. They were solid, and yet they were crisp. And under their crust, too, was a fine strength and sweetness of old brandy and old cider and fruits of strange richness. And in times not yet remote flourished the old squires and the great race of deacons, most of the former and some of the latter in blue dress coat and brass buttons and buff waistcoat like the godlike Daniel—the only trouble with people now is that they are too much alike. They wear clothes of no distinction. They eat food of no distinction. Mince pie was not made every day. It was often kept a long time. It was like a rare vintage. Thanksgiving and Christmas it had a new dignity. Happy year that ran from 'lection cake to mince pie.

You can get all the ingredients of mince pie easily in these easy times. You can buy your mince meat or minced meat, and it is very good, we are told. "But we cannot buy with gold the old associations." As morose canaries steals on, the careful man may be good to himself and eat mice pie by proxy. He may test his children's constitutions, and feel that this robust delight is not for him. But he whose youth was nurtured on this supper of the gods knows some stir and savor of his youth when somebody says mince pie. The chopping knife rings clearly on white trays. There are pristine pewter plates and strange-legged salt cellars, and perhaps "Cupid Behind the Bars," on glorious deep old Staffordshire on the buttry shelves. Cloves were pounded in the mortar with a pestle that would now be preposterous as an apothecary's sign. There is paring of apples and "picking" of raisins. Somehow or other the children manage to get a good many raisins, and the mince meat has to be tested and tasted frequently. Fortunately, the children are viable. Otherwise they would not have lived until those pies were inclosed in crust, that faky, delicate, poetical, ethereal crust.

Probably the pie is just as good now. The secret of the preparation of the mysterious juices and spices, the rolling of the crust, the baking in a fortunate hour and oven, have not been lost. The codier of his own dyspepsia says that mince pies don't taste the same nowadays. Naturally. The memory has more resources than the stomach, and in the memory mince pie tastes and always will taste of youth and health and hope unspoiled.

SNUFF TRADE.

EAST IS TAKING MORE SNUFF AND BOSTON IS THE CENTER OF TRADE.

[New York Tribune:] Last year, contrary to the usual run of the tobacco trade, a large decrease in the manufacture of snuff was reported. In 1899 near 18,000,000 pounds were manufactured, and less than 14,000,000 pounds in 1900. On the face of it, one would say that the taking of snuff was passing away with the nineteenth century, and the lingering "last leaves" who clung to the historic and unesthetic practice. As a matter of fact, however, these figures really show an increase. The average for some years previous to 1899 was between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 pounds. The competition of enterprising firms and the growth of the industry caused no little overproduction, which has now been stopped by a consolidation of the snuff-manufacturing interests. The last year managed, therefore, to raise the average of snuff production some 3,000,000 pounds, besides using the surplus of 1899.

So there is plenty of snuff in the United States. Who takes it? An ordinary mortal probably numbers no

snuff-takers among his acquaintances; but, according to dealers, this may be because he has no access to the sanctum sanctorum. It is in the East that the sale of snuff is most decidedly increasing, and, of all cities, Boston seems most enthusiastic over the gentle art. There is a legend that women are beginning to exchange silver snuffboxes as Christmas presents, but this story seems to bear the light touch of playful fancy. But statistics, in spite of their evil reputation, must tell a certain amount of truth, and figures declare that New England is now the happy hunting ground of the snuff seller. The speculative brain of a mathematical turn may find pleasure in calculating how long it will be before snuff-taking assumes the dignity of a Boston fad, and what will be the effect, if any, on the Anti-Imperialist League.

In the South it is less surprising to find snuff-taking. Among the old negroes and the "po' white trash" the habit is known to be general, but few realize how widespread among the older generation of gentlewomen is the practice of "dipping," or rubbing the gums with snuff. The poorer classes use a stick for the purpose, while the manufacture of little ivory wands for the rich is a steady, if diminutive, industry. But among the well-to-do "dipping" is losing ground, for as the old enthusiasts die none arise to take their places. But "dipping" is said to be on the increase in this State. Certainly the sale of snuff goes merrily on.

Until recent years New Jersey and Pennsylvania made most of the country's snuff. Last year, however, the output of these States showed a decline of 1,000,000 and 300,000 pounds, respectively, while Tennessee alone gained almost 225,000 pounds. In fact, the industry, while more and more supplying the North and the East, is steadily being carried South.

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

[Hon. Hugh H. Lusk in American Review of Reviews:] The influence of the new federation will, from the first, inevitably be great, although it will not at first be pronounced. It will be seen in all that takes place in the South Pacific, and it may ere long make itself felt even farther from home. The new commonwealth, it will be found, will not be too modest in its suggestions in any matter that affects its own interests, and its ideas on the subject of its interests will expand. The result will be inevitable before many years of the twentieth century have passed—England must find a way of taking into formal and administrative partnership the people already one with her in the partnership of sentiment and interests.

It is in this way that the commonwealth of Australia is most certainly destined to become a world influence in the early future. Through her, and probably through her alone, can the knotty problem of a British imperial federation be solved; because between her and England, alone of her possessions of the first magnitude, there exists a full confidence and a perfect understanding. How such a system will be worked out, by what steps it will be reached and the difficulties in its way overcome, it would be rash to prophesy as yet. Two things, however, may be regarded as morally certain even now with respect to it; when accomplished, it will open up a new career to the British people, and that career is likely to be of no little service to civilization and humanity.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

[American Review of Reviews:] Foreign missions have been the glory of the nineteenth century. The contributions of the churches in Christian lands for their maintenance have been swelling year by year. There is no doubt that this growth should continue. The status of Christianity in non-Christian lands is not yet such that aggressive work by foreign Christians for the kingdom of their Redeemer can be diminished. But a certain dismay has beyond question come to many Christians in view of a supposed indefinite and unlimited call upon Christendom for increased contributions for foreign mission work. The question has arisen, When is this to stop? To this question the points presented afford an answer. There will be a culmination in foreign missions. A time will come when expenditures for this work may and ought to begin to diminish. The quickness with which the turning point may be reached depends on the energy and liberality of the Church of Christ in the early years of the twentieth century. The nations of the earth are in a tumult. All the world is about to be open to the preaching of the gospel of Christ as never before. Bold, aggressive labor for His kingdom, on lines of the best methods, will be more effective in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century. By a few years of strenuous labor and liberal giving, a mighty transformation will be wrought. By wise and adequate labors, Christianity may be made paramount in every nation on earth in the early years of the twentieth century.

WOMEN AS BIRD DOCTORS.

[New York Times:] One of the latest schemes of a clever woman forced to earn her own living is establishing herself as a bird doctor. Canaries are her specialty, and she has established a hospital where she attends to the ills of these pets. Broken limbs, disordered digestive apparatus, cataracts and fevers are treated by the woman with benefit to the birds and profit to herself. Other song birds and house pets, and even the repulsive parrot, are treated for their ailments by this bird doctor, who is said to be the only woman in the world making a specialty of this business. So well established is her fame in this direction that she makes visits to Philadelphia, Boston and other cities, when called, and has established a regular clientele there, as well as here, among dealers who make the handling of birds an incident to their other business, as is the case at some of the department stores.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

FLIERS OF THE NIGHT.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE OWLS THAT ARE SEEN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

NO BIRD, save perhaps the raven, has been so interwoven with the lives and superstitions of men as has the owl. Virgil speaks of the hooting owl as a bad omen, and Shakespeare tells us that at noon of the day of Caesar's murder—

"The bird of night did sit, hooting and shrieking in the market place."

Even down to our day the sight of an owl during the hours of day is regarded as a sort of evil omen, especially by the poultry man or farmer, who, ignorant of his best friend, gets down the old muzzle-loader—and does his best to annihilate the odd-looking bird.

Many varieties of owls are found throughout the world, and in America alone they make up a large and interesting family. As with California, in other bird families, so she is plentifully supplied with representatives of the numerous species of this group, from the large horned owls to the tiny elfs. Most common of

whistle, uttered at intervals during flight. This owl is of undoubted benefit to almost every industry of the Southwest, and is quite harmless on account of his lack of strength. This species has the distinction of being found in almost every country of the world in the same form and coloring.

In this respect it is quite different from the great horned owl, which, while found in widely-diversified localities, is always easily separable into different subspecies. This is the largest of our owls, and the only one at all given to the taking of poultry or game. They are essentially a wilder species than the preceding, and lay their eggs in deserted nests of hawks and crows, while not infrequently a sheltered ledge of rock or a small cave in the hillside is made to do duty as a nesting site. Their eggs are two to four in number, pure white in color, and rather larger than those of the domestic fowl, being, of course, globular in shape, as are those of all the owls save the barn owl.

Two species which are but little known are the eared owls—one known as the long-eared frequents the willow groves of the lowlands, nesting also in deserted nests in the willows. This bird, instead of having stiff feather "horns," as is the case with the preceding species, has two very long, slender tufts of feathers, which can be raised or lowered at pleasure. These tufts impart to the face a startling resemblance to the face of a wild cat. The short-eared owl frequents more open country than the long-eared, and nests on the ground, building its own habitation out of dry grasses and other handy materials. Both these species lay the usual "owly" eggs, intermediate in size between those of the barn owl and the great horned. The eared owls are not only harmless, but absolutely beneficial, relieving the lowlands of many thousands of mice and injurious insects yearly.

The rare spotted owl we need scarcely mention other than to note that it, if possible, nests in holes in trees, and is a very secretive bird, being seldom seen, even by the most eager observers. About on a par with this species in the matter of scarcity is the small pygmy owl and the still smaller elf, both of which are about the size of a shrike, or butcherbird, or perhaps slightly larger. Their eggs are, of course, small, but retain a very striking similarity to those of the horned owls. Nests of this species are always in holes in trees, giant cacti, etc., or in deserted nests of the cactus wren.

A perfect miniature (save in color) of the big, horned fellows is the screech owl, so well known in his red dress to the farmers of the East. Here the screech owl is always gray, there he is red or gray, indiscriminately, yet undoubtedly the same bird. This is one of the species of owl which roosts in holes in trees by day, thus securing themselves from unwelcome visitors during the hours of their blindness. Their appetite is by no means proportionate to their size, yet I do not believe that, in this county at least, they do anything but good by the destruction of countless forms of lesser life.

Thus far we have seen all but one of our owls; now let me mention the last, and perhaps best of all of them, the burrowing owl. Two species are found in the United States—one in Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, etc., and one in the Southwest. This is the most prolific of all our owls, the female laying from nine to fifteen eggs at the end of some deserted hole in the ground. At nightfall their melodious cry of "Coo-koo, coo-koo," can be heard wailing over the mesa. They see by day almost as well as by night, resembling in this respect the little hawk owl found farther north.

HARRY H. DUNN.

THE COWMAN'S OBSERVATION.

SHERLOCK HOLMES HIMSELF COULD NOT SHOW A KEENER EYE FOR MARKS.

By a Special Contributor.

"Speaking of the habit of observation," remarked a traveling man just home from a six-months' trip in Texas, "I don't believe Sherlock Holmes himself could beat the average Texas cowman, so far as things bovine, equine, or even porcine, are concerned. While down there, I frequently had occasion to take long trips overland to make certain towns on my route. In this way I had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of cow fraternity, if I may use the term, and notice some of their peculiarities. Right here I want to say that they are the most hospitable lot I ever met. Strike up with them in camp, on the drive or at the ranch, and what's theirs is yours—bed, board or bottle, just as long as you'll stay."

"The peculiarity of their close observation and good memory struck my attention on a drive I took from San Saba to Lampasas in company with a cowman who had a seat with me in the stage. We met a couple of cow punchers out in the hills who rode alongside and asked if we'd seen any cattle back along the road. Probably I'd seen them, but they made no impression on my memory, and I was about to say, 'No,' when my cow friend spoke up and said, 'Yes, about two miles back we passed four head, three steer yearlings and a two-year-old heifer, branded J. T. on the left hip.'

"That's them all right," responded the cowboys, and off they galloped, with assurance of successful search ahead of them.

"Another time it was horses the riders were hunting. A bay mare and dun colt, branded pot-hooks bar, and two geldings—one roan, the other a sorrel, branded O.K. and churn-dasher circle, respectively answered the description given by a fellow-traveler, which for the life of me I could never have given. Just some

horses browsing on the roadside was all I saw, nor color nor brand made any impression on my mind ever. In fact, the pot-hooks and churn-dasher were much hieroglyphics to me, and I couldn't have told what they were even had I seen them.

"One day on another trip up in the neighborhood of Texucana, which from the spelling, no one would suspect its being pronounced Tewankeens, an old horse on foot stopped the stage and asked if we'd 'seen any hog back yonder?' Now all hogs, like Chianines and such, look alike to me, no matter when or where I see them.

"The bunch of pigs we'd passed out on the prairie about half an hour before were in no mood, just a lot of pigs crunching acorns and apparently in a very good time of it."

"Another surprise. A long, lean, leather-jacketed young fellow, disentangled his spurred boots from somewhere and leaning through the window shouting 'I seen a passel 'er shoats, 'bout a dozen 'em, and they's got a crop and under bit in ther right rear, a swaller fork in t'other, ther rest on 'em's over an under slope in left. 'Bout a dozen 'em all told of 'em shoats; reckon them's your'n!'

"They're our'n!" was the rejoinder, and the boy moved on leaving me richer in hog lore, and knowing how the dickens that sleepy-looking fellow got such out of the corner of his eye.

"The habit of the observation of beasts you know I could explain it.

"A good many years ago, when I was a young man I was one of an 'outfit,' as all cattle camps are, that drove a big herd up the old Chisholm trail and used to go through what is now the great wheat belt of Oklahoma. We had more than two thousand of mixed cattle—steers, cows, stags, bulls and heifers—in our herd, driving them to Dodge City out in West Kansas, which used to be a great cattle market.

"I never saw anything like the familiarity of 'Bobs' of that outfit with each individual creature those two thousand and more beasts. On long drives like that the strong animals always lead, the last a whole when 'strung out' on the trail being an indication of graduated energy, the weakest ones strung behind as is the case always. Ward, the boy, to every one of those beasts and right where they had to be in line. If one strayed off at night or morning he'd spot his absence just as soon as the day began again. 'That pot-bellied b'ar an' yearlin' 's not no boys,' he yelled out, and off some cowboy went galloping to hunt ravine and creek bottom until recreant beast was found.

"We had a blind stag in the herd that gave us a good deal of trouble by his imagining that the other beasts always trying to hook him in the ribs and by constantly dashing out of the herd and running as hard as he could foot it. We made it up among men to get rid of him. One day we shot him in his carcass in a creek bottom. Ward dropped his absence, and sent two of the fellows to hunt him up and bring him in. We went, but reported a futile search. It wasn't nice talk to take, but better than chasing that crazy stag every few miles."

PRESSLEY H. DUNN.

BREAKFAST WITH A WIZARD

THE WAY FRANK EDSON SPENT HIS BREAKFAST WITH A GOOD-HUMORED MAN OF MARK.

By a Special Contributor.

Frank Edson had wanted to spend a day with me ever since his nurse had read him a story book when he was a little over six, but his father had said in answer to his repeated requests: "Son, you are thirteen, and if you still wish to visit me, you are welcome."

Mr. Edson supposed that as the boy grew older would outgrow his desire, but the night before his thirteenth birthday he said:

"Papa, may I spend my birthday with a wizard?"

Mr. Edson was vexed, but he had give his word, reluctantly: "Oh, I suppose so. I hope the visit will be enough, however. I don't exactly know of wizards, to tell the truth. Still, I don't suppose you can come to any harm, so tomorrow you may go as soon as you get up."

There were not many wizards in the neighborhood, but there was one who lived about ten miles away, clearing in the forest.

Early next morning Frank mounted his pony and rode to the wizard's hut, arriving there at about six o'clock.

The wizard was standing at the door of his hut in attitude of reflection. He did not look at Frank, the latter said:

"Are you a wizard?"

"I am. Are you Frank Edson?"

"Yes," said Frank. "Well, I'm glad to see you. I've been expecting to breakfast for the last seven years, ever since my nurse told that story. So you want to see how I spends his time?"

"Yes, if you don't mind showing me," said Frank politely.

"I never mind anything or anybody," said Frank, laughing good humoredly. "Had your breakfast?"

"No," said Frank; "nothing but an apple and a piece of bread. I left before the cook was out of bed."

"Well, I might as well breakfast this morning, it is seven or eight days since I last ate. Come in."

The wizard was a tall, handsome man, with



THE HORNED OWL.

all these, and probably most often seen, is the peculiar-looking barn owl. The boys have named him the monkey-faced owl; sometimes a more ambitious youth calls him "human faced," and he is not far wrong. The sight of one sitting in the window of some deserted building reminds me of nothing so much as one of those little elfin men of whom we read in the beautiful legends of the barbaric races. This is the species so frequently seen perching on the rafters of our barns, laying their five or six white eggs on any available shelf. I have even found the female incubating her eggs on the top bale of a pile of hay in the barn. In the hill regions of this county they nest commonly in holes in banks and on ledges of rock; down in Orange county there is a large colony of these birds nesting in the high dirt



THE ELF AND THE PYGMY OWLS.

banks of the Santa Ana River. At the approach of evening (they are poor fliers by day) these cliffs seem to take on new life, as the soft-winged, large-eyed fellows emerge from their holes to begin their noiseless flights over the meadows and fields of the lowland, there to capture their food of mice, gophers, and whatever other prey may offer.

This is the bird of whom the poet, Gray, wrote—

"From yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl doth to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

The only note of this bird is a sort of low, chuckling

low eye, and one green one. His beard was blue, his mustache was a tawny yellow; one eyebrow was black and the other was brown. As Frank said afterward, he had an interesting face.

The interior of the hut was quite without furniture of any kind.

"What do you do for chairs?" asked the boy.

"Never have 'em unless I need 'em. Chairs accumulate dust, and I have no feather duster. Want to sit down?"

"Well, I'm rather tired."

"Sit down, then," said the wizard, and the boy bent his knees and there was a comfortable chair under him.

"I believe that I'll sit down myself," said the wizard. "I haven't sat down for nearly a week. I've been out here by the door thinking."

"Come out there thinking for a week?" asked Frank, raising his eyebrows in surprise.

"Yes, I love to think. It's just a week ago today that I stopped out, and I'd just stopped thinking when you came up. Well, I suppose you'd like a table, wouldn't you?"

"I generally do at home, but I don't want to change your plans," said Frank. His mother had told him never to expect much waiting on when he went away from home.

"Well, a table's handy," said the wizard, and as he spoke a walnut table appeared between them. Frank placed his hands on it just as the wizard said. "I guess we'll have a mahogany table today." The walnut one disappeared, and Frank fell forward. He picked himself up, laughing, and the wizard laughed too.

"I guess that's to remind me that I was leaning on my chair," said the boy.

"Uh, no. You are my guest. I don't presume to correct you for anything. That's for your parents to do. What do you wish for breakfast, oranges or grapes, or both?"

"I'll leave that to you," said Frank.

"Suppose we have a bunch of oranges and a grape," said the enchanter. A china dish appeared in the center of the table with two bunches of oranges in it and two grapes. The oranges were just the size of hothouse grapes, and the grapes were the size of Indian river oranges.

Frank picked up a grape. "How do you eat the big things?" he said, merrily.

"Squeeze 'em slowly into your mouth," said the wizard, smiling with the other grape.

Frank had never imagined anything as sweet or delicious as it was. He squeezed and squeezed, and drank and drank, until every bit of the pulp and juice was gone. Then he tried a bunch of oranges, and found that as they were seedless, and as the skins were soft, he could eat everything except the stems.

"It's better than candy," said he.

The fruit finished, the wizard said: "Now would you like some oat meal with honey on it?"

That sounded very attractive to Frank, so the wizard gave a low whistle, and then bade Frank look and listen. The boy followed the eyes of his host, and the side of the house became transparent. Way up the brook he saw a swarm of bees, and soon he heard their musical hum, which grew louder and louder as they came nearer and nearer, until at last they reached the house, when the wall parted and they flew in, and each deposited a delicious globule of the richest and most golden honey.

"Thank you, little bees," said the wizard pleasantly, and each little bee dipped his wings in salute, and then they flew out in Indian file, and were lost in the depths of the forest, their cheerful buzzing growing fainter and fainter.

In the center of the table was a silver bowl, and it was full of the honey that the bees had brought.

"They," said Frank, "I guess I don't want any oat meal. I'll eat the honey alone."

"Do you please?" said the wizard, with a queer smile, "but you'll find it cloying."

And Frank found his friend was right. After he had eaten ten or twelve spoonfuls of the clear honey his eyes began to close up, and he rose from his seat as a person does who has swallowed a fishbone.

"Take a drink of water," said the wizard, and as he spoke Frank felt a goblet in his hand, full of spring water, and he drank it hastily, and his throat felt just the same as you do when you dive into the swimming hole on a hot day.

Frank sat looking at the wizard for a moment with a long expression on his face. Then he said: "Look here, Mr. Wizard, if I ate as much honey as that at home, it would hurt me just the same, but I should think that you could fix honey so that it wouldn't pinch my throat."

"I could, if it was magic honey," said the wizard, "but the only magic thing about it was the way it came. Now, are you tired of eating, or how would a brook trout taste?"

"Uh," said Frank, with a smile, "that depends on you. Would it be a magic fish?"

"Yes, I can give you a magic one if you want, although for my part I always buy them at the fish market for myself."

Frank looked his amazement, the idea of a wizard going to a dreary, old, fish market for fish, instead of buying his hands.

"Come along," said the wizard. We will go to headquarters for them."

Frank walked right through the wall of the house after him, and a few steps brought them to the brook, where the wizard snapped his fingers and a gleaming trout leaped out of a shadowed pool, its bones bent from it, and inside of a minute it was lying on the bank twisted to a turn.

The wizard picked it up and he and Frank returned to the house, where the boy ate and ate until there was nothing left of the fish but its eyes, nose, ears and tail. Then he gave a sigh, pushed his plate from him and said:

"I guess I'm tired of eating."

"Well, it was about time," said the wizard. "I haven't another thing in my larder."

The struck Frank as funny, and he said: "I should

think that you could get anything you want by asking for it."

"That shows you don't know," said the wizard. "I'm allowed to wish for a certain number of things every day, and a good many of them, too, but one fish a day is all I can get without the trouble of fishing with a regular hook and line. You see, the State of Connecticut protects its trout. If I could wish for all the fish in the brooks, where would you come in when you wanted to go fishing? Now, I don't want to hurry you, but if you want any fun outdoors, you'll have to get to work right away, as it's most your bedtime."

"Most my bedtime?" echoed Frank. "Why, I'm only just through breakfast."

"Well my time and your time are different. You can read a book on a thunder cloud or listen to my band of cricket musicians that play all the popular airs."

"Can't I have both?" asked Frank; boy-like.

"No, you must take your choice."

Frank would have liked to hear crickets playing "The Star Spangled Banner" on their hind legs, but he was more anxious to see how he could read a book on the clouds, so he chose the story of Sinbad from "The Arabian Nights."

They went out of the hut. Up to the north was a great bank of angry looking storm clouds. The wizard covered his head with his cloak and made strange motions with his hands, and there, on the black cloud appeared a page of golden letters, much as pictures appear on a magic lantern. Frank had no trouble in reading the story, and as fast as he came to the end of a page, a new page appeared. When he read five pages, he said, "Any pictures?" and in a second a most gorgeous picture in the most vivid colors was cast on the black cloud by the wizard, and Frank clapped his hands in delight. He could have wished that the story was five times as long, but all too soon he came to the end of it, and with a final picture of Sinbad carrying the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders, the clouds suddenly melted away and showed the clear blue sky.

"Dinner time, old man. Good-by," said the wizard, taking up his station at the door of his hut once more.

Until this minute, Frank had not once thought of his pony, but now the beast galloped out of the woods and stopped before him.

"Come again some day," said the wizard.

"I will, if papa'll let me. What are you going to think about now?"

But the pony gave a jump, and the next minute Frank was dismounting at his own door, the bell was ringing for dinner, and he found himself frightfully hungry and quite willing to eat ordinary food prepared in the ordinary way. But he had so much to tell his parents that his dinner was cold before he had finished it. And if his father allows him to visit the wizard again I'll tell you all about it.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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BOB, THE BABOON.

HIS INTERESTING ADVENTURES, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I was born in Cape Colony, South Africa, about 300 miles north of Cape Africa, and but for my foolish curiosity would have been living there yet. The first thing I remember was riding about on my mother's back, and of her teaching me how to climb trees and what fruits were good to eat. I do not know whether I was smart or dull, but I think I got along as well as most baboons. There were many enemies to fear, and mother was always warning me. There were great serpents ready to bite or crush, together with lions, wolves, hyenas and jackals. We had to look out for ourselves day and night, and I was always hearing of some poor baboon being killed and devoured.

Besides the serpents and wild animals, there were black men living in the forest, who hunted us with spears and bows and arrows. They wanted our skins for clothing, and they loved the meat of a baboon as well as you love chicken. I had escaped all the dangers and got to be about a year old, when my mother said to me one day:

"My son, you are now old enough and strong enough to take care of yourself, and you must go out into the world and do the best you can. Keep your eyes open for danger during the day, and never go to sleep at night except in a tree-top. You have seen black men in the forest, and you know how cunning they are, but let me warn you to look out for white men. They live in the valley below us, and they are far more cunning than the blacks. Keep away from them or they will play some trick on you and bring you to grief."

Next day I set off by myself and journeyed for many miles. I soon found that I could avoid dangers of the forest and get along all right, and for two or three months I had good times. Then I began to get curious about the white men my mother had spoken of. I thought man with a white skin must be a queer-looking being, and I wondered why he should wear a hat and clothing. I had been warned that they were cunning, but I couldn't figure it out how any man, black or white, could be more cunning than a baboon. The more I thought of it the more I wanted to see a white man, and one morning I set off down into the valley. There were farmers living there, and I had seen the smoke from their farm house chimneys and heard their dogs bark. Before I got off the mountain I met a few old baboons who warned me to turn back, but that only made me the more anxious to go on. It was foolish in me not to heed them, and dearly have I paid for my obstinacy.

When I got down into the valley, I found a man ploughing his land. He was a white man and he had clothes on, and I believe I looked at him for a full hour before my curiosity was satisfied. I know that he didn't see me, because I kept in the bushes, but by and by, when I was thinking of going back up the mountains, I heard the dogs at the house begin to bark. They had scented me, and it wasn't long before they came running

—four of them. Had there been only one dog I could have made him turn tail in a minute, for a baboon is a good fighter, but when the four of them pitched into me I had to run. I know I could have outrun them and got away safely, but in my haste I fell into a deep pit which had been dug for the capture of a lion, and there I was helpless. When I tried to climb out the dogs forced me back, and after awhile the white man came with a net and threw it over me and dragged me out and put me in a rough cage. He had a wife and four children, and all were rejoiced at my capture. When I was safe the man said:

"Ah! but I have wanted to capture a baboon for many years past, I will send him down to Cape Town and get \$25 in gold for him. He is young and in good health, and they will send him across the sea to some zoological garden."

And two weeks later I was carried a captive down to the Cape, and the man who bought me said to the one who sold me:

"Yes, he's a fine specimen of the dog-faced baboon, and I have an order to send him to Central Park in New York City. He's got a long voyage to make, and if he doesn't die of sea-sickness he will bring a good round price."

That's how I was captured and sent out of my own country, and in my next I will tell you what happened on shipboard.

THE GAME OF PIRATE.

AN OUTFIT FOR THIS SPORT IS EASILY OBTAINABLE.

By a Special Contributor.

The war of the pirates takes place between and about two rings which can be marked with chalk on an asphalt pavement or with a sharp stick on a level bit of turf. The size of the rings must be regulated both by the number of players who take part and by the space available. A diameter of from five to six feet will generally answer the purpose. The rings should be separated by perhaps thirty feet. I say advisedly that the game is played between and about the rings, for the primary object of every player is to keep himself out of, and get his opponents into one of these inclosures.

The outfit for the game is easily obtainable. Each player must be furnished with a guide, a straight stick three and one-half to four feet in length. Boys should have no difficulty in picking up sticks to answer this purpose. An old curtain stick will do very well. Only one hoop is needed; the sort found on flour barrels are best.

Like most American games Pirate is begun by choosing up sides. The possession of the hoop is decided by a toss up. The side losing the toss up, and so the hoop, are allowed to choose the ring they will defend. The captain of the side to which the hoop has been granted takes a position midway between the two rings and begins plays by placing his guide on the inside rim of the hoop and sliding the wooden circle rapidly toward the feet of one of his opponents or toward his opponents' ring. If he succeed in striking the feet of the man at which he aimed, the man is considered a prisoner and must enter his opponent's ring, helpless until liberated by one of his own side.

Any man at whom the hoop is directed may guard himself in either of two ways. He may jump into the air as in figure 3 or he may stop the hoop with his guide as in figure 2. The man who first places his guide within the hoop after a play has been made is "in possession;" that is, he has the privilege of making the next play.

If, during the play, the hoop touches any part of a player except his guide, no matter how it occurs, he must enter his opponent's ring a prisoner. A play may be made either by kicking the hoop or by sliding it over the ground with the guide. "Babying," moving the hoop along by short kicks or pushes, is not allowed. Each play must be made from the spot where the hoop has been captured. No one must interfere with the play of a man who is "in possession," but the moment the kick or the push has been given, the hoop may be stopped with a guide. Prisoners are liberated by playing the hoop into the ring where they are held captive. If any part of the hoop touches one of the rings, it is counted as in. If a man, not a prisoner, for any reason steps within his opponent's ring, he at once becomes a prisoner. If any one steps within his own ring, he liberates all prisoners held there. After the hoop enters one of the rings play is commenced by the captain of the side guarding that ring.

The side first capturing all of its opponents is of course accounted the winning band.

FRIGHTENED BY PLANTS.

[New York Tribune:] In his "On the Frontier," Mr. Campion says that while he was crossing the Isthmus of Panama some years ago the conductor obligingly stopped the train for him to gather some beautiful crimson flowers on the roadside. "I refused offers of assistance, and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants, knee high, and of delicate form, and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray, and placed it with the flowers. To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright-green plant, and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves. It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me delirious. I went 'off my head' from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down, and was about to run to the train. I looked around; nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse—all right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire. Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and withered. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrunk and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

A Domestic Oil Burner.

THE extremely high price to which coal has been forced in Los Angeles by the existing coal famine, makes the question of a satisfactory substitute for that fuel of special interest just now. When the "black diamonds" began to retail at almost a cent a pound, the thrifty housewife—or at least the "houseband" who pays the freight—will do some close figuring on the fuel proposition.

At the same time producers of petroleum are figuring upon wider markets for their constantly-increasing output, which is now sold at a price equivalent to about one-fourth the present wholesale price of coal. It has been frequently suggested that if a practical method could be devised of burning crude oil or distillate in heating and cooking stoves, the market for California petroleum would at once be immensely increased, and at the same time housekeeping expenses would be greatly diminished. This problem appears to have been solved in what is known as the Larsen oil burner and furnace, a local invention which may be seen in operation on Fourth street, opposite the Chamber of Commerce. The invention has been fully tested in a number of Los Angeles homes and Mr. Larsen, the inventor, has many strong testimonials from well-known citizens who have tried it.

It is claimed for this oil burner, among other advantages, that it is clean, free of disagreeable odor and more economical than any other method of domestic heating and cooking. It is easily attached to any stove. The burner makes gas from the lowest grade of distillate, or from high gravity crude oil, the gas being made by the burner itself while in operation, without any attention, the burners being started by simply turning the valve slightly, allowing the oil to flow into the burner and applying a match. In less than five minutes there is a fire. The gas is forced into an air chamber where the air takes the place of steam, thereby insuring a perfect combustion. A burner can be run without care for eight weeks, and when cleaned is as good as new.

The fuel generally used is a low grade distillate which is said to cost half less than any other fuel in use. It is guaranteed non-explosive, and is approved by insurance companies. It burns with a clear white flame. The burner is placed in the center of the fire box and connected by pipes with the oil tank, which is usually placed outside of the house. The cost of the distillate is less than 4 cents a gallon, delivered. It is claimed that one gallon of distillate will burn from four to five hours in a small-cook stove or range, heating the entire stove and water back. The flame can be regulated so as to give any amount of heat desired. For cooking purposes this burner is said to be specially adapted.

The general adoption of this device would greatly increase the demand for California petroleum, and at the same time go far toward solving the vexed question of domestic fuel, the most expensive item in California housekeeping.

Terminal Railway.

THE passenger earnings of the Terminal Railway for three years were as follows: 1897, \$4,000; 1898, \$46,000; 1899, \$54,000. For 1900 it is expected that a much larger figure will be shown. This is specially noteworthy in view of the fact that the profitable passenger business of the company is almost entirely confined to the line between Los Angeles and San Pedro, only a little over twenty miles in length.

Brooms and Baskets.

ONE of the interesting sights in this city is the broom and basket factory of the Standard Woodenware Company, where in full operation. A representative of The Times took occasion to spend half an hour pleasantly in this establishment, and after observing the different processes of handling broom corn, from the time it is delivered in the factory until the finished product, in the form of a broom or whisk broom, is turned out ready for the hand of the housewife, he was wondering how it was possible to retail this article as low as 25 cents, and still leave a profit to the manufacturer. That this is possible seems evidenced by the fact that twice within the short time of one year has the factory been enlarged, employing now sixty hands, and yet having difficulty in keeping up with the increasing demand for their product. This is the more astonishing because the factory was opened at a time when three-fourths of the broom factories in the United States were compelled to close on account of the high price of broom corn.

By a fortunate foresight, the home institution supplied its wants in corn before the sensational rise in prices, consequently the anomalous situation presented itself that all grades of brooms were being manufactured and sold in Los Angeles at \$1.00 per dozen less than the same grades were being sold in Chicago, Ill. This, in spite of the fact that the corn was imported from Illinois, also the broom handles and all other material going into the making of the brooms, the only home product being the labor. At the present moment all

eastern competition has practically disappeared, and Los Angeles brooms are now being sold in Arizona as well as Southern California, and as far north as Fresno.

The basket factory is also turning out a large number of reed and rattan baskets, and it is said that almost the entire supply in Southern California is now being produced here at home. This factory is a creditable acquisition to the manufacturing interests of the city.

Olivs and Olive Oil.

THE Grogan olive mill in East Los Angeles has been working on the last of the crop of olives. In Oroville, Butte county, about 150 tons of olives have been handled by Mr. Grogan. The total output of the two establishments for the season amounts to about 700 barrels of pickled olives, and 4000 gallons of oil.

At North Pomona, D. H. McEwen, who was a well-known manufacturer of olive oil, until his mill was burned, has a small mill which is operated for him by B. H. Waterman. The Los Angeles Cultivator says:

"The oil made is of high quality and retails in this city for \$3 per gallon, one dealer handling practically the entire output. A ton of olives yields from fifteen to thirty-five gallons of oil, this depending upon variety, size and quality of the berries."

"This mill uses large quantities of olives, paying an average of \$40 per ton, prices varying, of course, as to variety, etc. Rubra ranking first, Columella second, while Picholine are considered poorest."

"The mill itself is quite a simple affair, the mechanical part consisting of the crushing and pressing machinery, a ten-horse power engine furnishing the power. The capacity of the mill is about a ton per day."

"The olives are shaken from the trees onto sheets, then placed in the boxes. No care is exercised to prevent bruising. Picking costs one-half cent a pound. As the berries are brought to the mill, they are dumped in the crusher, which consists of two heavy iron rollers rotating on an upright shaft. The bottom of this crusher is also of iron and the heavy pressure soon grinds the olives to a fine pulp. After being thoroughly crushed, the pulp is put in trays having open places in the bottom and these trays on small carts. They are then placed under the hydraulic press."

"After the juice is thoroughly expressed and drained off, it is allowed to stand some little time, the oil being skimmed off as it rises, the water being thrown away.

"The oil is placed in large metal tanks, each holding about fifty gallons, where it remains until ripened, which usually takes about fourteen days. After it is ripe, it is run once through French filter paper and then bottled ready for market."

"The filtering is an interesting process. It consists of several rows of funnels placed in a rack like stair steps. Under each funnel is a small trough. The filter paper is placed in these funnels and the oil slowly percolates through it, being caught in the troughs which take it to the tanks for bottling. This filtering is a very slow process, but has proved the most satisfactory of the many methods tried, Mr. McEwen having used a good deal of expensive machinery for this, only to discard it all."

Long Beach.

THOSE who went down to the beach recently, on an excursion over the Terminal Railway, and were driven around Long Beach by "citizens in carriages," were much surprised at the great amount of improvement now in evidence there. This includes even those who know Long Beach well, but have not been there for several months or a year. In addition to a number of handsome residences in course of construction, there are four brick business blocks under way on Pine street, and a big frame grammar school back of town. There are two gas works, besides an electric plant; and about ten miles of streets are being graded.

Long Beach is strictly "in the swim." What it chiefly needs is a large first-class hotel on the bluff.

Sugar Beets.

THE Hemet News announces that six plow teams are at work preparing 400 acres of land for sugar beets, to be planted by the Chase Nursery Company at Ethanac, near Perris. Others will plant more beets. The American Beet Sugar Company has contracted to take all the crop.

A New Industry.

THE expectations of the people interested in the new borate and nitrate discoveries in Death Valley are fulfilled, California will soon have a new industry of great importance. The San Bernardino Times-Index says:

"The discovery of an enormous deposit of nitrate of soda will mark a new industry in the United States, for heretofore, none has been produced in this country, and very little in any country save Peru. It has been known for years that sulphate of soda is plentiful in Death Valley, but nitrate of soda has never been mined there."

"The discovery of this deposit of nitrate of soda and borate, is due to a scientific expedition which has just returned from the desert, which was undertaken by G. E. Bailey, E. M. Ph. D., and his brother, Dr. Will C. Bailey. The former has been connected with the United States Geological Survey, and has been sent to foreign countries to carry on geological studies. In that manner he visited Peru a number of years ago, and became familiar with the nitrate deposits which have for several years been a bone of contention between Peru and Chile. Dr. Bailey is well known in Southern California, where

he lived a number of years, although at present he is a lecturer in a medical college in San Francisco.

"Mr. Bailey says that he has a number of rich men interested with him in the project of mining the nitrate, and he expects to commence work in the near future."

An Active Mining Camp.

MORENCI, an Arizona copper mining camp of about 2500 population, is an ambitious and enterprising place, according to a Clifton Ariz. paper the Copper Bug. It has waterworks, on which \$25,000 is to be spent this year for improvement, a well-appointed library and gymnasium, conducted by the Detroit Copper Company, and a modern school building of stone, more than fifty good houses last year, and it is said that more are being drawn for a first-class stone hotel building.

One of the improvements of which Morenci boasts is the department store of the Detroit Copper Company, is said by the Clifton paper to be the "finest and most complete department store west of Chicago." This looks like a tall boast for an Arizona mining camp of 2500 population, but the following description of the store shows that it is quite a pretentious establishment:

"It is a magnificent structure built of a mottled red sandstone quarried in the camp, which for beauty can not be excelled by any building material in Arizona. The building is colossal in size, and artistic in design and finish. Mr. Fred Keys, of Minneapolis, is the architect who drew the plans for the superstructure. The plans for the steel work were drawn by Mr. Van Gorder, the manager of the store, and Mr. J. Delaney of Minneapolis, who has had charge of the work. The main plans for the building were worked out by Mr. Van Gorder, who, in company with his architect, visited nearly all of the large department stores of the East, and from them selected the best features. Van Gorder is a practical man, and when he made improvement on the old methods he adopted it at once. The structure itself is 75x150 feet, four stories in height. The first floor is twenty feet in the clear, two stories above fifteen feet each, arranged in bays with a skylight the full length of the building. The finishing is all in hardwoods and oxidized iron grill work, which gives a rich and tasty effect throughout. The basement in which all of the heavy machinery will be stored is also about fifteen feet in the clear. From the basement to the top of the building is at least seventy-five feet, but it is not so much in the rear of the building, as in the general arrangement of the building, as that it excels all others of its kind on the Pacific coast. In the rear and adjoining the building, is a cold storage plant capable of manufacturing fifteen tons of ice daily. In the same building is a cold storage room for three cars of stuff, while in the other end of the basement of the main building is another cold room which will accommodate two cars of beer and wines. The entire building will be lighted by electricity. There will be twenty-six arc lights, imported from Germany, the finest ever made, and the first of the kind to be brought to this country. In addition to these, there will be two hundred and twenty incandescent lights used in the various rooms. There will be telephones and speaking tubes in all of the departments of the building, as well as a service and hose to be used in case of fire. There will be twelve departments on the first floor. These include jewelry, cut glass, imported china, hardware, men's clothing, cigars, pipes and tobacco, shoes, and a jewelry department is equal to any to be found in the city. The goods will be displayed in mirror plates with velvet trimmings, the cases finished in solid marble. The cigar and pipe department will be with zinc, surrounded with mirrors, and will be illuminated throughout the whole. The shoe department will be divided into five separate departments, in which will be arranged settees for the ladies, and electric chairs. There will be 6000 stock boxes made to order. The ware department will be complete in every particular. The grocery department will be a model. In the coffee and spice department there will be 1000 canisters, which cost \$25 each. They are woven in silk. On this same floor will be the meat department, which is encased with glass, and kept at the same temperature as the cold storage room. All of the meat will be before being brought to this room, hence the customer can see just what he is buying. The offices for the different managers of the store are on this floor, in the rear of the building, cut off from the main building by ground glass and grill work, but well ventilated and lighted. The store vault is in the rear of the building. It is burglar proof, but so surrounded by stone that it would be impossible to approach it directly without giving an alarm in three different places."

"The second floor will be devoted entirely to furnishing goods, in which anything from a picture brush to rare pictures and tapestries can be found. The stock will be as complete as can be found in the West of Chicago.

"There are sixteen departments on the third floor, second or third floors can be reached by means of elevators, which are run for the convenience of the guests.

"The Arizona Copper Company is also erecting a store building at Morenci, to be of stone, 100x100 in dimensions, and three stories high.

[Yonkers Statesman:] (Church:) What do you think of an Englishman coming over here to tell us how to run our newspapers?

(Gotham:) The first thing you know, the Britisher will be coming here to tell us how to get out of fog.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Medical Advance.

In an article on "The Nineteenth Century in Medicine," the *New York Medical Journal* enthuses over the progress made by the medical world during the past century and closes as follows:

"The supreme achievement of the medicine of the nineteenth century is the preventive medicine, the ceaseless effort to stamp out disease. What other body of men than the medical profession has ever bent its energies to the task of annihilating its own means of existence? Without disease there is no need of doctors. Hence there will always be, no doubt. It will come in new forms. In the past century there have come, or been revived, influenza—epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis, and the oriental plague. Diphtheria we have virtually conquered; the twentieth century must struggle with the others and with such still newer maladies of death as will come upon mankind. If sanitation had been thrust upon us from without, and we had simply acquiesced, we could take no particular credit to ourselves, for mere artisans, even the much-abused plumbers, have done that much; but the medical profession itself has been the prime mover in every effort to blot out disease from the face of the earth, and, resting their pretensions on that glorious fact, physicians may confidently trust to the coming historian for that exaltation which shall more than take the place of martyrdom."

It should be remembered, however, that many of these medical "discoveries" of preventives—"serums," anti-toxins" and so forth—that have been heralded over the world with much noise have either proved failures or have not yet sufficiently proved either that they are effective in the direction desired or harmless in other directions.

Special reference is made by the *Journal* to the antisepsis treatment of diphtheria, which is said to have "reduced the mortality from that devastating disease to a point far lower than had ever been attained with any other therapeutical measure." Yet it is a fact that here in Los Angeles—and doubtless in other cities also—there is at least one physician who by a purely hygienic and common-sense treatment of diphtheria, without the use of medicine—unless a simple alkaline drink may be so termed—has in the course of a large practice scarcely lost a single case, while in families where his system is followed, a touch of the much-dreaded disease is not considered as more serious than a common cold. It should be added, however, that some practitioners have great faith in anti-toxine. Among these is Dr. John Haynes, the well-known Los Angeles physician, who has promised a contribution for this page on its use in diphtheria.

In two branches of the art of healing, the century—and mainly the last quarter of the century—has indeed seen a wonderful advance in surgery, which now almost performs miracles, and in hygiene. In the latter the advance, has to a great extent, been made in the face of opposition on part of the medical world, although intelligent and progressive modern physicians are rapidly appreciating its value and enforcing its rules—as far as their patients will let them. As to therapeutics, however—drugs and serums and anti-toxins and preparations of that class—thefad of today is likely to be discarded tomorrow like a hat that is out of fashion.

Meantime the twentieth-century physician who decides to be strictly up-to-date will do well to look back over two thousand years and remember the truthful saying of old Pythagoras—"Natura sanet non medicus"—although Mother Nature will find it hard work to heal a broken leg for you properly unless you call in the help of a surgeon.

* * *

A False and Foolish Theory.

SOME people—physicians and others—appear to propound strange and untenable theories in regard to medicine and hygiene just for the sake of notoriety. One of the latest of these amazing statements to appear is from a Chicago physician—who will not here be named, by naming. He declares that "after years of patient research" he has discovered that exercise is positively harmful for men past thirty-five years of age—and presumably for women also.

What do the many enthusiastic middle-aged golf players of Los Angeles, who attribute—and rightfully—such good health to active pursuit of the elusive game, think of this brilliant theory? Really, it is scarcely worth thinking about at all, much less writing about. It were not a libel on the prospector's best friend, if we should say that the Chicago doctor is an Ass, with huge capital A.

* * *

Following Life.

THE latest "fad" in the medical world appears to be the raising of the dead. Not a small thing, surely! Recently a theory was advanced that life could be recovered by an injection of common salt. Since then a Chicago physician—toujours Chicago!—claims to have recovered that "life taken by electricity can be restored to the same power." His experiments were on cats. Anyhow, these speculations add a new horror to the list. The animal had probably only lost one of them.

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There is also an account of a grottosome experiment of

another kind on a human being. It is from the *Minneapolis Times*:

"Dr. Soren Christiansen, of Missoula, Mont., was in Minneapolis yesterday on his way home after a two months' visit in Denmark. Dr. Christiansen was present at a remarkable attempt to bring back to life a man who had died in a hospital at Naestved, Denmark, two weeks ago. The experiment was measurably successful, as resuscitation was effected several hours after the man was pronounced dead. Dr. Maag, who was in charge, was unable to maintain life, however.

"The patient had died from typhoid fever and Dr. Maag decided to try an experiment. Respiration had ceased completely and the body was cold. Direct massage of the heart was resorted to. The chest was cut open directly over the heart, and through the incision the physician passed his hand and seized the heart. He commenced a series of compressions, and in a short time the heart commenced to work of its own accord. The action of the heart gradually became stronger, but the man had not commenced to breathe. Only after the heart had been acting half an hour did the first gasp for air come.

"The patient was then assisted in this for about an hour, until finally he was able to breathe quite freely. At the same time his cheeks began to assume a natural color. He lay in this condition another half hour, but without regaining consciousness or appearing to feel the effects of the incision. Then there was a reaction and respiration ceased, although the heart continued to act eight hours longer. A second effort was made to induce heart action, but without result."

Now, wouldn't it be a good idea for these medical scientists in the opening days of the new century to quit squabbling over trifles and endeavor to ascertain, once for all, the great broad facts in regard to this life we live—where and what it is and what certain proof there is that it has departed, so that we may not have cause to be in dread of premature burial? Surely, this is not too much to ask of the twentieth century.

* * *

Paradise of Quacks.

THE quack doctors—the "faker doctors," mind readers, hypnotists, mesmerists and all that class—continue to reap a rich harvest in Los Angeles, while many honest, able and conscientious physicians find it hard to make a living. That such is the case is not creditable to the intelligence of what we are apt to regard as one of the brightest communities in America.

* * *

Hypnotism in Surgery.

A BOSTON dispatch to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* tells of a man who was operated on surgically for lumbar bursitis, and felt no pain, being under the influence of hypnotism. There is nothing new about this. Hypnotism was thus used in Europe, fifteen years ago, if not much earlier.

* * *

Eucalyptus as a Stomachic.

A GOOD thing to take on rising in the morning, is a glass of hot water, with from one to three drops of eucalyptus oil. Or a decoction of eucalyptus leaves may be substituted for the oil. This acts as a corrective of impurities in the digestive organs, and should be a good preventive against such diseases as the grip.

* * *

Immortality and Imagination.

A SUBSCRIBER sends *The Times* some pages of a pamphlet in which the author attempts to prove that it is foolish, if not criminal, for men to die when they don't need to. It is, it appears, all a question of utilizing the "magnet-like mental force of the subjective mind," which mind does not die with the body. The author says:

"We have all at the present time the forces at our immediate command, which when set in operation will insure the perfect bodily regeneration necessary to physical immortality."

"To attain physical immortality it is necessary to adjust the mind, so as to bring a correspondence between mind and body. To do this, the mind must recognize the continual molecular change of the body and renew itself by expecting eternal physical existence through the virtue of this change. A lack of correspondence would mean a lack of affinity and this lack of affinity would eventually cause disruption or death."

"It is, therefore, a matter or irrefutable science that death is due to an ignorant submission to the law of change, for while change is inevitable, yet it may be accomplished without the death of the body as a whole."

"Do you expect to die?"

"If so, you are literally committing suicide, for by such expectancy you actually prevent the generation of vitality which is necessary for the continual regeneration of the body."

"This looks comparatively easy. But then, perhaps it is not quite so easy as it appears to be."

* * *

Fashionable Poisons.

T HE list of fashionable poisons is being rapidly extended. What will be the result on the present generation, not to speak of the next? It is about time for the W.C.T.U. to turn aside from fighting the workingman's beer and pay a little attention to the society woman's "bracer." Following is from the *Peoria (Ill.) Star*:

"The recent sad death of Miss Jennie Kilpatrick has drawn attention to the fact that the habit of taking drugs is almost an universal one. The coal tar products are extensively used as 'pick-me-ups,' and it is singular to see how mortals specialize their hop. In the Star office yesterday afternoon three men were talking of this latter-day tendency, and one of them pulled out a box of anti-kamnia tablets. Another produced a few tablets of acetanilid. The third seemed to be embarrassed, and in a tone of apology said: 'Gentlemen, it's up to me, but all I can show you is a chunk of common

old-fashioned blue mass.' It was not quite so fashionable, but it was a good deal the safer dope."

Following details of the case are from a previous issue of the same paper:

"Her case is an awful warning to the public to beware of excessive doses of the deceptive Orangeine, a patent medicine, which has been largely exploited during the past year as a headache cure. Miss Kilpatrick is widely known in this city from the fact that for a long time she has been in charge of the pattern department at the store of Schipper & Block. On Thursday she was suffering from a headache and took two Orangeine powders, which afforded her only slight relief. She took three more, or five in all, and their effect soon became apparent. Paralysis of the phrenic nerve, which largely controls the heart, ensued, and she was removed from Prof. Loeb of Chicago, has announced the discovery that the healthy condition of the heart is largely due to the presence of common salt in the blood, and that it is its great stimulant. Working upon the Loeb theory an attempt has been made to bring Miss Kilpatrick back to life, by freely injecting a strong solution of salt into her veins, but this has been attended with little effect.

"Orangeine, which has wrought her all this woe, is composed largely of acetanilid, or an analogous preparation. There are about a score of these comparatively new drugs, and they are known as 'coal tar products.' Among them are anti-kamnia, anti-febrine and acetanilid, and while there may be a little variance in their action they all have a depressing effect upon the heart. When taken in excessive doses they stop its functions altogether by paralyzing the nerves which control the heart, and death is inevitable. The great function of the heart is to keep up such a pressure within the arterial section of the vascular canals as will suffice for the maintenance of the circulation of the blood; and all the organic functions of the body depend upon it. When this circulation is brought to a standstill the machinery of life stops. Had it not been for the unremitting and skillful service rendered by the hospital physicians, Miss Kilpatrick would have been dead two days ago, and even as it is they are making a tremendous fight for her life against very discouraging odds."

* * *

Chewing Gum.

THE chewing of gum is essentially an American practice, like the chewing of tobacco, which, across the Atlantic, is confined to the lowest classes. The constant imitation of the patient cow is also probably, to some extent, responsible for the protruding lower jaw which is a disfiguring trait of many American women. Gum chewing, however, is not only disfiguring and unesthetic, but is also positively injurious to the health, as is shown by the following remarks in the *Public Health Journal*:

"The constant titillation of the salivary organs kept up by chewing this stuff not only causes a steady drain of saliva, which is most wasteful, but, what is more serious still, in consequence of the frequently-repeated stimulation to which these organs are thus exposed, they fail to respond to the normal excitation which ought to rouse them to action when food is taken. A constant dribble of salivary secretion is substituted for the healthy flow which should occur only at meal-times. The glands fail to respond to any stimulant less potent than the peppermint, aniseed, or other constituents found in chewing gum; and the more insipid foods, such as bread and other starchy compounds, pass into the stomach unchanged. This is disturbing to digestion at its very commencement, and it is extremely probable that the indigestion for starchy substances, which is so commonly met with at the present day is largely due to the waste of saliva caused by smoking and by the constant chewing of various substances, which is going on all around. The chewing of gum is thus not only a nasty habit, but is provocative of ill-health. Unfortunately, when 'chewing-gum' is sold in the form of a sweetmeat, it may cause still more serious consequences, being apt to be swallowed by children, who like their first parents, when they see that it is apparently good for food and pleasant to the eyes, are undeterred by the superscription 'not to be eaten.'"

* * *

The Sleep Cure.

FREQUENT reference has been made in this department to the curative value of rest and sleep. A German medical journal has the following on this subject:

"Albu draws attention to the frequency with which neurasthenia, anaemia and malnutrition are associated and the great amount of injury to the system at large that may be produced by such a trial. The deficiency in nerve energy and the consequent imperfect innervation of the tissues lead to a general lack of muscular tone which finds expression in different ways according to the region of the body affected. In the abdomen the general relaxation has for its consequences, viscerotaxis and atony of the stomach and intestines with their attendant evils and in proportion as the lack of proper nutrition increases the somatic weakness, the debilitating events move in a vicious circle of greater and greater circumference and consequently involve more remote regions in the disease. Under such conditions, the evident indications are rest and feeding. But to be properly effective the patient must completely change his previous faulty mode of life, and be treated in a wholly alien environment."

"As a routine for such cases at least three weeks of absolute rest in bed in some institution away from home is to be advised together with a full diet, for even though the state of the stomach may seem to contradict this overfeeding, in most cases, it will relieve the symptoms more quickly than the most carefully adjusted but quantitatively insufficient regime. By these means bodily waste of all sorts, nerve and muscle, is reduced to a minimum, and the depleted cells are enabled to regain their normal tone and vigor."

[January 27, 1901]

THE DEPRAVED ANT.

SCIENCE PROVES THAT HE IS A TYRANICAL SLAVE OWNER.

By a Special Contributor.

SCIENCE is, after all, your real inconoclast. Not content with toppling the little busy bee off her pinnacle of virtues, it goes on to attack the ant, for so long held a pattern and moral of thrift. Ants' say the wise men, have pretty well every bad trait of humanity—they are lazy, greedy, tyrannous, given to conquests, and rank expansionists, in that they never done coveting the territory of their neighbors. Along with the territory they often take not the neighbors themselves, holding them ever after in s'avery.

Just how this comes to pass is something of a puzzle. There are seven hundred-odd species of ants duly classified. Several of these species, say the observers, must possess hypnotic power, since they attack, subjugate and reduce to slavery other species which are much bigger, stronger, and more populous in the nests. After they have got their slaves, many other queer things happen. The slaves in some nests are classified, so many told off as soldiers, to defend the gates, so many for domestic duties, foraging, the care of eggs, and so on. The soldier ants are further subdivided. The larger moiety, by constant exercise, develop fierce snapping jaws, and poison stings. The others, in some curious fashion, increase the size of their heads, especially if they happen to be considerably bigger than their masters. Thus the big heads enable them to block a passageway solidly against an invading foe.

Exceptionally elastic slaves are transformed into living honey bottles. They are found with abdomens enormously distended, and full of the honey-dew the working slaves bring in. Honey-dew, be it said, is a secretion of the aphids, or plant lice, which the ants swarm domesticate and keep in herds within the nest. But many more remain outside. Ants are passionately fond of honey, indeed of all sweet juices. They are further great mushroom eaters, and grow them within their nests. They also cultivate certain species of orchids, and bring about distinct modifications of the plant form, stinging the young tender stems so fiercely they swell, become almost globular, and distill a thin semi-saccharine juice, which the ants no doubt regard as rare wine. One particular species of orchid, indeed, is so infested with a virulently stinging ant, the collection of it is very dangerous. The minute the plant is touched all the ants swarming over it rush to the point of attack. That is, however, less curious than the fact that the orchid will not flourish without the ants, but withers away after a feeble straggling year's growth.

Some few among slave-holding ants remain capable. The most part become utterly demoralized. They cannot build nests, care for their young, or even feed themselves. Not a few, when the slaves have chosen and built a new nest, ride to it upon a slave's back. One species is noteworthy for having only slaves for workers, yet never containing within the nest any slave-eggs or young. As with bees, the queen-ant is the mother of the swarm. Unlike bees, however, there are often several queens in the same swarm. The workers are rudimentary females. In slave-making the victors kill all the perfect ants, and take home the others.

Perfect males and females have wings, which they drop as soon as the marriage flight is over. Worker ants have no wings. Worker ants, or rather slaves, and the aphid-cows, by no means exhaust the list of ant dependents. They keep various smaller insects as men keep domestic animals. Just why is not yet clear. The fact remains, though, that in the crannies of some nests, herds of a thousand almost invisible small creatures have been found. A year is the average span of ant life, but some species live five years, and exceptional individuals as much as seven. All species show the liveliest concern for their eggs, lugging them up into sunshine upon fair days, and scuttling back with them the minute the sky is overcast. Upon a fickle April day the eggs may be moved half a dozen times. They are nearly as regardful of the aphid-eggs. Indeed throughout they protect their milk-kine, shelter them well, and take pains in rearing their young.

Hospitality is not unknown among ants. A stranger guest is shown distinguished consideration. But woe to the stranger-ant who comes uninvited to the shelter of an unwelcoming nest. He is hustled and pummeled, and finally maimed fatally unless he saves himself by superior fighting power, or possessing a clean pair of heels. After he is down a mere squirming trunk, bereft of legs, unable to bite, the slaves lay hold on him, and drag him outside the nest to die. Possibly it is an ant superstition that bad luck follows a stranger death in the house.

Formic acid the distinctive ant-product, is one of the greatest vegetable stimulants known. The earth of a nest becomes so saturated with it, some people explain the famous Hindoo "mango trick" by supposing that the mango seed which comes to flower and fruit before your eyes, is planted in a pot of ant-heap earth. However, that may be, it is established beyond cavil that ants of some species cultivate and presumably fertilize their favorite food stuffs. Cases in point are the trimmer ants and the harvesting ants, both of which abound in the State of Texas. The trimmers prune a sort of weed which is to their taste, so it shall grow strong and sturdy. The harvesting ants go even beyond that. They clear disks several yards across round about their nests of all the manner of vegetation, then plant the disks with ant-rice, which they watch and tend until it ripens, letting no vagrant nor alien twig show its head unclothed.

Ants are entitled to plume themselves as the very first discoverers of the X-ray and its mysterious powers. Sir John Lubbock experimented exhaustively as to the ef-

fect of colored light upon ants in captivity. He laid strips of colored glass over the nests, first putting the ant-eggs all under one special color. In the end he determined that the ants did not much mind red light, that green light was also, in a measure, innocuous, but that invariably the eggs were hustled from underneath the violet rays. In no case was more than a single egg left there at the end of two hours, and oftener than not the removal was accomplished, within less than an hour.

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

BOSS TWEED'S DIAMONDS.

BISHOP POTTER'S STORY OF A DIAMOND SUSPENDER BUTTON—A JOKE ON TOM FIELDS.

[New York Sun:] Bishop Potter said recently that a friend of his picked up a diamond as big as his thumb in the office of Boss Tweed one day, and that it turned out to be one of the Boss's suspender buttons.

"Now, with all due respect to the bishop's friend, I do not believe that diamond story," said a man who saw much of Tweed in his days of power. "Had the old man ever worn a diamond suspender button, I certainly would have known of it. The fact is, the only big diamond the boss ever displayed was a large solitaire that he never failed to have in his expansive shirt front. Tweed was a jolly old dog, and often in his stuttering way used to get off some queer remarks just for effect or as a gibe on his hearers."

"It would have been just like him to say, when his diamond solitaire was picked up by the bishop's friend: 'Oh, that's only a suspender button of mine; I didn't miss it.'

"This suspender button story puts me in mind of a genuine diamond tale about the Boss. Tweed's spokesman on the floor of the Assembly was Thomas C. Fields of this city. He, like the Boss, wore a large diamond in his shirt front. But it had a little chain and pin attachment to it that the Boss's diamond had not. One evening Field had dined, not wisely, but too well, and during the sitting of the Assembly fell into a heavy slumber with his head on his desk. Alec Frear was also a member from this city. He saw that certain bills could not be handled properly unless Fields had a clear head, so he got the Speaker, Billy Hitchman, to secure the passage of a motion to adjourn. John J. Blair and Billy Cook, members from this city, quietly got possession of Field's diamond pin. Then the lights in the Assembly chamber were turned low and Fields was left sleeping there.

"It was dawn the next day when Fields woke up. Fields rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, yawned and then looked around. He said nothing, but quietly walked out and down State street to the Delavan. When he turned up at breakfast, Boss Tweed and Alec Frear were already at the table and so was Hitchman. Fields was wild. He had missed his diamond when he got to his room. He had already gone to police headquarters and told how he had been robbed. He said that while not feeling well he had gone into the Assembly Chamber, and imagining that there was to have been a night session, he had taken a ten-minutes' nap and that during that time some one who must have followed him had taken his diamond. Fields told his story at the table, and raged like a madman about the loss of his pin.

"Well, Fields," said Tweed, "what made you think there was to be a night session and go to the Assembly chamber at all?"

"Hanged if I know," said Fields, "but —"

"At this stage of the proceedings Boss Tweed pulled at his napkin which he had the habit of tucking under his big double chin. There on the Boss's big white shirt front glistened Field's diamond made unmistakable by its little gold chain and pin.

"There was a general laugh all round the table. No; Fields did not laugh. Half raising himself up from his seat with his fat face flushing as red as a beet he exclaimed in a voice that could be heard all over the dining-room:

"Tweed, I always knew you were the damnedest thief on record, but before this session is over I'll make you pay me in cash ten times the price of that pin." Of course Fields got his pin.

"At the close of the session one night he was with Alexander Frear and Speaker Hitchman enjoying a cold bottle in a corner of the Boss's room at the Delavan. Putting his hands into his pocket he drew out a roll of white tissue paper. 'S-a-y,' said he to Hitchman, with a laugh: 'a month ago I told Tweed he'd pay heavy cash for that pin business, didn't I? Well, I compromised, and he unrolled the paper and exhibited three immense solitaire diamonds, worth, it was afterward learned, \$3500. So the joke on Fields proved a costly one to Boss Tweed. Fields had actually made Tweed believe that he would kill one of his pet bills if he did not settle in that diamond way."

"Let me say this: No one who knew the way the Tweed ringsters revelled in money in those days would think the diamond suspender button an impossibility. Diamonds were worn in profusion by all the Tammany officials and the bigger the diamond, the bigger man in the estimate of the heelers. It is said that many men in the Legislature who helped Tweed in 1871 to pass certain ring measures were paid with diamonds. One of them, it is said, once remarked to the head of the lobby of that day: 'Checks can be traced and bills can be marked and gold eagles nicked for future identification, but valuable unset diamonds tell no tales out of school.'"

[New York Tribune:] Railroad men in Atchison, Kan., are puzzled over a question of duty or orders. On one of its sections near Atchison a railroad has just two men, the foreman and one hand. The printed rules of the company require that in case a rail should be found broken one section hand must go in one direction and another in the other for the purpose of flagging trains. Now, the question troubling Atchison is, how could the rail be mended with the entire force away flagging trains?



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THE DEER MOUSE.

A DAINTY INHABITANT OF OUR WOODS—STORY OF TWO DEER MICE.

[Ernest Harold Baynes in Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] If we carefully examine the old birds' nests to be seen in the fields on every hand at this season, we shall now and then notice one which differs from the rest in a particular way. Instead of finding it bowl-shaped and filled with fallen leaves, we shall see that the hollow part has been neatly roofed over with some soft material, and that it presents a little gray dome to the sky. This is the home of the white-footed or deer mouse, one of the daintiest little animals in America.

He took possession of the nest last autumn, after the young birds had flown, and began by lining it with the dry down and thistles and milkweed. Presently he put on a roof of similar materials, and then he and his mate began to lay in little stores of grass, seeds, wheat, corn, cherry pits and acorns to serve them for food during the coming winter.

If we touch the nest with a finger, a little whiskered head will come sniffing out of a small round hole in the side, and if we do not retire at once a mouse will pop out, and running onto one of the branches near his home, will pause with his head on one side to look at us. As he does so we shall see that he is of slender build and about the size of a common house mouse; his body and his tail being of nearly equal length. The fur on his upper parts is yellowish brown and if we could touch it we should find it fine and soft. Underneath he is white. His nose is sharp pointed, his ears well developed, his whiskers long and his black eyes round and large. His tail is round and tapering, and covered with short silky hair, which lies flat and points toward the tip. His legs and his feet, from which he gets his name, are white. If we move toward him he will drop to the ground and gallop away through the snow.

Next to the house mouse, he is probably the commonest mouse in this country. He is found in every State of the Union, but as he is chiefly nocturnal in his habits, and seldom comes into dwelling-houses, except in those few places free from cats and brown rats, comparatively few people even know of his existence.

The nests of deer mice, which I have found, have usually been in old bird's nests in creeper-covered bushes. I once found a pair of these mice in an old sparrow's nest in a cedar tree, whose branches were connected with the ground by green-brier cables, and I have seen several nests made entirely by the mice themselves. These were always made of such things as grass, leaves, and bits of cedar bark, chopped very fine with the teeth. Sometimes bits of paper had been used in its construction. I have also caught deer mice in deer traps and stamps, which they had tunneled for their own purposes, and other observers have found them in hollow trees and under stone heaps. Sometimes they make holes in the ground, and sometimes they take use of the burrow of a chipmunk or other small animal.

They sleep a good deal in the very cold weather, but not for any length of time, and their footprints may often be found in the snow near their nests. When the snow is deep they burrow under it, and the little ridges we sometimes see radiating from the trunk of a beech tree show where the mice have been out after the snow.

These little rodents have many enemies. They are preyed upon by hawks and owls, crows, snakes, foxes and men, and worse than all by the relentless white-tailed kite.

For some time I have kept a number of these mice in captivity, and they have become so tame that they will sit or drink from my hand, and allow me to scratch their backs. They will eat almost anything, and out of scores of different kinds of food offered them, they have refused nothing but cranberry pie. They are fond of lettuce, cheese, bacon, roast chicken, apples, nuts and cake, and they are very partial to sweet things like honey and condensed milk.

Their home consists of a wooden box with a front of fine wire netting, through which may be seen everything that goes on. The box is divided into two stories, with two compartments on the upper floor and one on the lower. Convenient round holes form the doorways connecting the compartments, and a standing ladder of wood does duty for a stairway. One of the upper compartments contains a nest of hay, cotton, wool and twine—the latter they carried up themselves from the

floor of the cage. All the paper and cotton has been chopped up very fine.

A handful of rice put in the lower compartment is the signal for an interesting performance. Two or three mice run down, fill their mouths as fast as they can, using their forepaws, and then whisk upstairs into the nest. They don't use the stairway, but go up the wall, and though they have to pass through two small holes and turn a corner at right angles, there is no perceptible halt in the movement; they seem to swing rapidly through the arc of a circle on each trip. How they empty their mouths so quickly is a wonder, for they are back again at the rice heap almost instantly. They usually keep at it until every grain is hidden behind the nest.

Exercise seems to be one of the necessities of life with them, and they sometimes spend hours at a stretch performing athletic feats, merely pausing occasionally to take a hurried nibble at the cheese, or to lap up a few drops of water. Each one of them seems to have a specialty at which he is better than any of the others. One of them dashes round the floor of the cage like a wheelman going round a track, and he goes so fast that he is often forced to use the walls in making his turns, just as the wheelman uses raised corners to turn on. The specialty performed by another mouse consists of running across the floor of the box, up the wall of it, across the ceiling and down the opposite wall, at the rate of about one revolution a second, for an indefinite period, with an occasional pause for a nibble and a drink. A third performs the most remarkable feat I have ever seen—an untrained animal perform. He runs toward the wall of the cage, pauses for an instant, and then turns as neat a back handspring as any acrobat in Barnum's circus. He does this by the hour, and when he stops, he usually turns around a few times as though on a pivot, and then begins to do handsprings again.

In the wild state, deer mice do not usually have young until May, but captivity modifies the order of things, and on the 30th of last December some little mice were born in my cage. I could hear their needle-like squeaks, and I opened the nest a bit to have a look at them. The mother promptly resented my impudence by biting me through the finger, and then with her paws she hastily covered her darlings up again with cotton wool. But I just got a glimpse of what looked like three small pink caterpillars, hairless and blind.

Next day as the other mice interfered with her, I moved her, nest, young and all, to a smaller box which I placed in the corner of my bedroom. That evening I could hear her trying to take exercise, even in those confined quarters, so, before retiring, I shut the door, removed the lid from the box, and gave her the run of the room.

First thing on New Year's morning, I went to look at the mice, but alas! the nest was empty and cold! I searched the room in vain for any trace of the mice, and was about to give up, when it occurred to me to examine the bedclothes. I removed the coverlet, and pulled off the quilt, when a shower of rice fell onto the floor. I raised a blanket just in time to see the mouse scramble down to the floor with the little ones hanging to her nipples.

She then dragged them across the carpet to a corner, where she sat up with her back to the wall, and began to clean herself with her front paws; the babies meanwhile taking their medicine as though nothing had happened. During the night she had torn open the quilt, and in the soft lining had made a snug nest for the children. She had stolen the rice from a bag in the pocket of my coat, which hung on a chair.

At the time of this writing they are four days old. They are still blind, of course, and there is no sign of any fur; but their lower incisor teeth are plainly visible, and their whiskers are nearly an eighth of an inch long.

A NOVEL DAMAGE SUIT.

[Omaha Correspondence Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal:] The damage suit filed in this city a few days since by David Kolmitz against Dr. A. F. Jonas, besides being a novelty in litigation, opens up some vexing questions among professional men. Kolmitz recently had a son Isadore, who was a victim of appendicitis. An operation became necessary and Kolmitz claims to have arranged with Dr. Jonas to perform it. When the time came his professional reliance was out of the city, as a result of which condition he was obliged to secure another surgeon. The operation was performed, and the boy died. Now Kolmitz sues Dr. Jonas for \$5000,

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and puts up the somewhat hypothetical claim that if the operation had been performed by Dr. Jonas the life of his son would have been saved.

It is probable that in his attempt to prove the proposition upon which he claims damages, Kolmitz will not rely upon the testimony of the surgeon who performed the operation. If it be true that Dr. Jonas's performance of the operation would have saved the lad, it is a question among both surgeons and lawyers whether or not an action would lie against the operating surgeon for incompetency or malpractice or some other offense the naming of which is fraught with terror to the physician. If a surgeon can be thus mulcted in damages because he allowed some other surgeon to get the case, there is no reason why a lawyer may not be sued by the man whose case is lost because he did not try it. In the petition filed in court by Kolmitz, if correctly reported in the local press, the plaintiff does not say that he had paid the surgeon's fee, or any part thereof, which, it would seem, is an essential allegation to the maintenance of such a suit.

INDIANA'S BIRD AND BEE MAN.

[Kokomo (Ind.) Correspondence Indianapolis News:] Isaac W. Brown of Fulton county, the "bird and bee man," who, for several years, has been working to impress the people of Northern Indiana with the importance of protecting native birds and bees, has been given an attentive hearing in Kokomo. The public schools of the city are now giving much attention to nature studies, and Mr. Brown has given a series of talks to the pupils.

He has advanced the idea that for every grain and fruit-destroying insect there is in the economy of nature a bird, whose province is to destroy that insect. The meadow lark, he says, has a special appetite for worms that destroy clover, while the mission of the bumble bee is to distribute the pollen of the plant. The robins and bluejays are the natural protectors of the orchard, and every bird has an especial use to which the naturalists would again return them. Mr. Brown lectures without pay, and says he will speak to as many people as possible during the next few months.

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